THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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In This Number

Edwin Lefèvre—James H. Collins—Samuel G. Blythe—Julian Hinckley
Irvin S. Cobb—Frederick Irving Anderson—Will Payne—James Hopper

W

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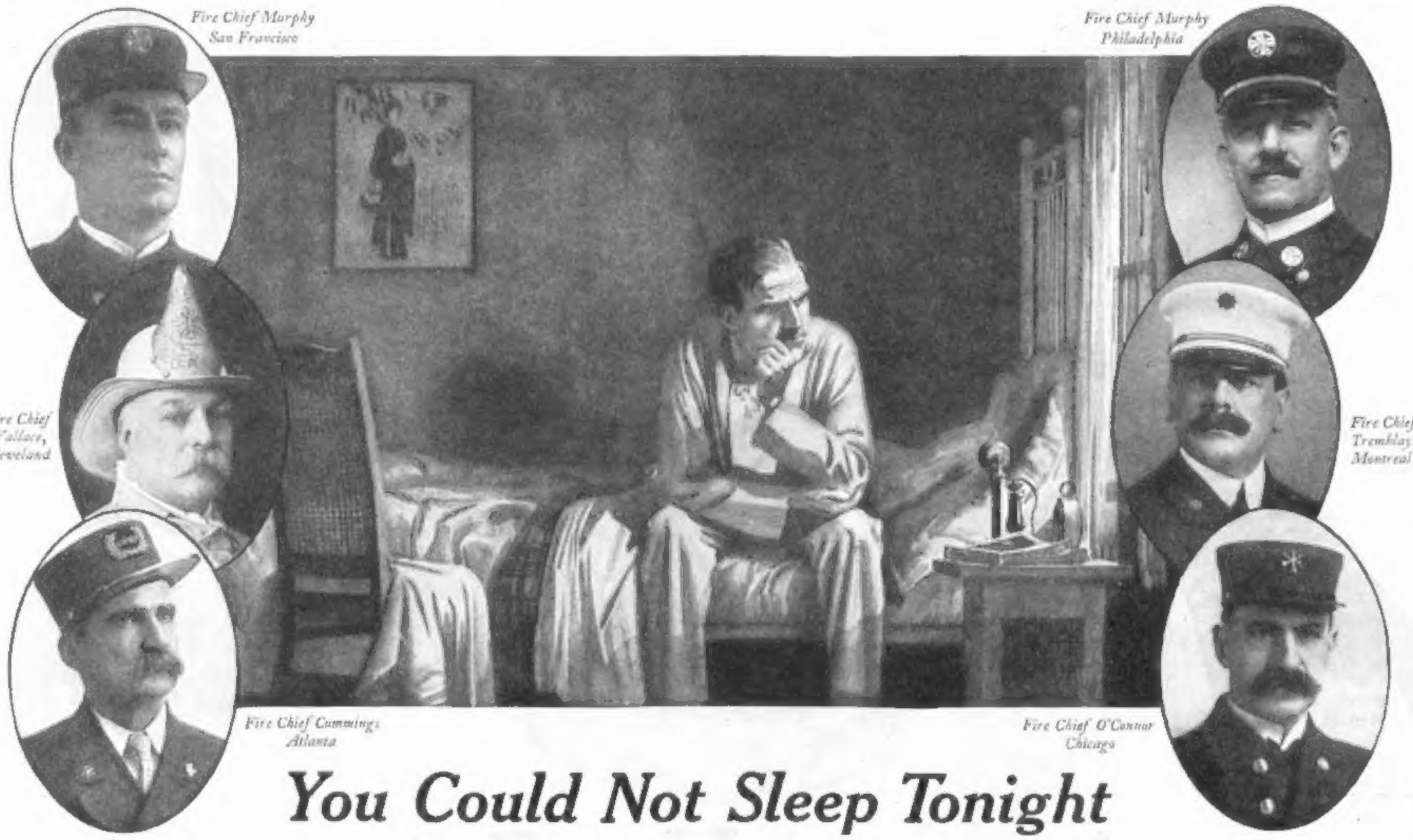

Fire Chief Murphy
San Francisco

Fire Chief Murphy
Philadelphia

Fire Chief
Wallace,
Cleveland

Fire Chief
Tremblay,
Montreal

Fire Chief Cummings
Atlanta

Fire Chief O'Connor
Chicago

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If You Knew What These Fire Chiefs Know

FIRE in *your* building is, to your mind, not only improbable, but foolish.

But—these Fire Chiefs know that your building is *full of lurking fire dangers*. They fear it may be burned, cooled and ready for the ash-wagons in a week. Tens of thousands of fires have taught them that fire, like lightning, strikes where least expected.

You stake your business life on your insurance policy, and forget the danger that threatens everything your policy does not cover.

When you hear the cry of "Fire!" you will know what we mean. Then you'll want the fire chief, and want him quick, to save you from business demoralization, loss of markets, good will, organization, and years of business effort.

You will want the fire chief quick when it is *too late*. But, if you take his advice *now*, you will not need him as much then. If you ask them now, these six great Fire Chiefs will tell you that, without an Automatic Sprinkler System, the fire will start and spread, the floors will smoke and split, and your business be demoralized, while the fire horses are still munching hay, the fire engine motors still cold, and the fire alarm yet to be turned in.

These Fire Chiefs will tell you, on the other hand, that "Grinnells" fight for your *going business*. When no one is there to be alarmed for your business life, the "Grinnells" are alert. They start fighting *when the fire starts*. They let loose an endless alarm on the street. In the boiling smoke they are steadfast. Scorching heat makes them fight the harder. They fight for your past efforts; your continued success. And they do not stop fighting until the odds have turned and the banner of your going success is again made safe for you.

Ten thousand times business men have said, "Thank God for the 'Grinnells'."

Such protection to business is not an expense. Your Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System will reduce your insurance premiums 40% to 90%. Thus it pays for itself by premium savings in a few years. You can secure it through a construction company without investing a dollar.

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THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF FIRES PUT OUT. AVERAGE LOSS IN REPORTED FIRES: $265.

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Information given us will be held strictly confidential.

Total floor area of buildings to be equipped (inc. basement and attic) _____

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Agree on Van Camp's

Less Work for the Woman
Better Meals for the Man

This appeal is to all of you—housewives and husbands. It is to settle forever this question of Baked Beans.

Serve a meal of Van Camp's. Know the joy of having it ready-baked. Note the mellowness and tang. Mark the fresh oven flavor.

You'll agree that the old dish was crude indeed compared with this modern delicacy. If you don't, tell your grocer to give back your money. We will pay him for the meal.

Not Like Mother's

It will not be a dish like mother's. Mother rarely could get the right beans. Some always baked hard. That's never so in Van Camp's.

Mother never knew such sauce. And she could not, in her way, bake the sauce with the beans. So her beans never had—as do Van Camp's—a tang in every atom.

Mother had no steam oven. Her top beans were crisped—her middle beans mushy. And none, in her way, could be even half baked. They never came out nut-like, mealy and whole—like Van Camp's.

Not Like Others

Nor will Van Camp's taste like any other baked beans. It's an entirely new creation.

There's a difference in form and flavor.

This is our specialty. The fame of this kitchen is based on it. We have brought chefs from everywhere to help better this dish.

The result is unique and distinctive. It will change your whole conception of Baked Beans. There are no imitations of Van Camp's.

A Man-Style Dish

The great difference is this: Most beans are baked to please women. And a woman naturally judges ready-cooked dishes by how nearly they approach home cooking.

We have none but men chefs, and they cater to men. By countless experiments they have studied what men like. And today there are thousands of restaurants and lunch rooms which buy Van Camp's to please men.

Men like beans nutty, mellow, whole. They like sauce that has zest. Home-baked beans, or any beans like them, are tame when compared with Van Camp's.

So prove this now. Learn how Van Camp's delight men. You will then serve beans five times as often, and they'll save countless hours of cooking.

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PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
Also Baked Without the Sauce
10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

(351)

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THE TWO ACORNS

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

FOR four years Walter Low faithfully served as doormat—that is to say, he was the private secretary of a great statesman.

He was the possessor of a memory that enabled him to repeat verbatim a four-hour speech by his chief as easily as it enabled him absolutely to divest himself of all recollection of a No! or a Yes! uttered by the same chief under unforgetable circumstances.

He always had a pleasant smile for all visitors before the visitors were admitted to the presence—the smile serving as the red and cheerful Welcome! on the doormat. Whenever the proletariat or some political Jesse James came in, with muddy boots, to speak plainly to the great statesman, said boots found themselves wiped clean on said W. Low. And so the great statesman, on the eve of his temporary retirement from the political arena, in order to retain a faithful follower, had W. Low appointed Collector of the Port of New York. All the venom and abuse that foiled or detected smugglers can hold are always poured out on the chief of the rude men in uniform who rummage among perjured baggage. In other words, Walter Low still remained the doormat.

"I'll Smuggle Just to Prove to You That the Game is Too Easy to Appeal to a Lover of Real Sport"

Practical politics, of course, is the greatest business school in the world. That is why, whenever a bank or a trolley line or a lighting company can secure an ex-secretary or an ex-assistant anything, they grab him and impale him on a big golden spike. In order not to go to jail they label the spike Presidency. W. Low knew full well that if he made a success of the collectorship an aureate torture awaited him. He did not flinch.

Politicians, like avowed bunko steerers, theatrical managers and pickpockets, depend directly on the wide-awake public for a living. That is what makes all of them so observant and inventive. Low dramatized his career in advance in detail. He saw what he had to become and how. He converted himself not only into an incorruptible patriot but also into a fearless champion. By so doing he became utterly unbounceable. This, he clearly foresaw, would enable him later on to capitalize the seventeen miles of newspaper clippings he had to get to win the golden spike.

The easiest way to get the seventeen miles was by detecting smugglers. He knew there was graft in the Customhouse, as there is in every institution that has for an object making people pay money and, therefore, logically makes people not wish to pay money; but firing grafting clerks was not picturesque, or even desirable, where expert knowledge and experience were needed at any cost.

Being a modern business man he guaranteed to the newspaper men four front-page stories a month. He proposed to do it by catching smugglers in the act; and, as he understood the news value of names, he nabbed local magnates whenever he could. When he could not he caught an upstate millionaire's wife or two in the act of not paying duties on a string of imitation pearls, which always were perfectly matched and worth one hundred thousand dollars on said front page.

And then, to show he was not playing to the gallery, he scooped in a specialist in garlic and compelled him to pay $81.63 in back duties, or stopped an importer of Limburger cheese from trying not to tell what he had in his pocket—and on a warm day too! No crook was too rich or powerful, or yet too insignificant, to escape this argus-eyed and fearless collector. See?

The newspapers proved it from four to fourteen times a month, and published statistics showing how many million dollars Uncle Sam had recovered and how many more would be recovered—if Washington allowed W. Low to stay on the job. So the Administration, pestered to death by leaders of all parties, who sought Low's scalp, could only gnash its teeth and loudly exclaim, "Keep it up, collector!" and under its breath—this weekly does not print that kind of whisper. Not to be able to bounce an official of the Government is one of the most exasperating situations that can exist in any government, imported or domestic.

On this beautiful day the collector—a tall, wiry man with sharp brown eyes and a sharp brown beard—was standing by the window gazing at the very blue New York sky. He turned, went back to his desk, sat down and stared pensively at the lunette by Elmer Garnsey—the bow of an old ship on its way to a Greek headland, whereon stood a Temple of Poseidon—a customhouse of the gods. Thither the old Greeks had been wont to take votive offerings.

He loved the picture for its many appeals to his sense of beauty; but at this particular moment what he was trying to see was another front-page story. He needed it. His former chief had definitely broken with Washington and Low had to be loyal because loyalty is the one best asset in politics as it is almost everywhere. He must be loyal and yet not be asked to resign.

It was the off season. Not a single millionaire smuggler in sixteen days; not one three-column Fifth Avenue undervaluer; not even a United States senator's lady friend with an undeclared pearl or two! In a more gorgeous age a predecessor had stooped to frame-ups, but that was worse than criminal—it was unsafe, with so many millionaire enemies ready to frame him up.

The collector had a determined chin which the Vandyke beard did not quite conceal; a grim voice, and eyes that were at once inquisitive and accusing—eyes that forever seemed to be asking: "In which pocket are you hiding it?"

A clerk from the anteroom, where the assistant deputy collectors were, came in with a card and silently laid it on the desk of his saturnine chief. The collector read:

MR. CECIL CALDECOTT

Then he frowned inquisitively at the clerk. The inquisitive frown meant exactly:

"Who in hades is he and what in blazes does he want?"

"He says," answered the clerk with a curious, meek defensiveness, "that it is a personal matter of the utmost importance and he refuses to speak to either Mr. Leigh or Mr. Thornton. He says if you won't see him to-day he will call to-morrow; and if you won't see him to-morrow he will come on the day after, and every day until your successor is appointed. And then he will see him—your successor. We told him you wouldn't see him; but he asked that we at least bring his card to you. He was very polite. And—and—he looks like a gentleman."

The collector nodded, not unkindly, to show the clerk that he also believed in taking the cards of people who looked like gentlemen, and then said:

"Show him in! And take the card to Colonel Glover for a report."

Colonel Ira A. Glover was the living Almanach de Gotha and animated Bertillon Measurement of all smugglers, high and low, imported and domestic, past and present. He knew who was who and why, and even why not! While waiting for a report on Mr. Cecil Caldecott, the collector composed his features to that state of impassive equilibrium which makes a frown or a smile equally easy to negotiate. Also he appeared to be absorbed in a sheaf of guilty-looking papers, which he was reading with care, severity and impartiality. He was very accomplished.

"Good morning, Mr. Low," said a voice quite fearlessly.

The collector raised his head with a near approach to majesty.

"Good morning, sir." He spoke in his most noncommittal tone and looked inquiringly at Mr. Cecil Caldecott—a man of thirty-five, blond, square-shouldered, with eyes of a cold blue-gray that turned to a warm gray-blue whenever he smiled.

The visitor had the outdoor complexion and a habit of looking unblinkingly at men and things and events that you see in children who do not know why they should fear, and in grown-ups who do not know how. There was about his face a suggestion of temper, but temper under control; a frown checked on the very brink by constitutional unwillingness to indulge in any form of self-betrayal.

However, all the collector noticed was that there was nothing furtive or apprehensive about the stranger. Any inspector will tell you that most smugglers detect themselves by means of their eyes or their faces, for all male smugglers are amateurs—smugglers of the occasion who have never learned to be self-unconscious facially.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the collector with that reluctant willingness to listen which always shortens narratives.

Mr. Cecil Caldecott looked at the collector with eyes that overflowed with incredulity. It was quite plain that he did not expect sincerity from Mr. Walter Low. This annoyed Mr. Walter Low, who permitted himself to show it. Only when the collector's annoyance was unmistakable did the stranger speak—slowly and in a coldly skeptical voice:

"What you can do for me is to answer one question."

Mr. Walter Low, poker expert and consummate politician, was also human. He asked impatiently:

"What?"

"Yes," replied the stranger, nodding, as though the collector had agreed with him. "Yes, sir. One question. Ex-actly!"

"What? What?"

The collector's irritability had risen. This man was a time-waster, a thought-distracter, a foe to concentration—no fit person to break in on the meditations of a Federal officeholder who was trying to tie the hands of unfriendly superiors in Washington.

"That! Yes, sir—that!" repeated Mr. Cecil Caldecott. Then, with an air of explaining the obvious to a dull-witted person, he added: "Answer one question. Yes, sir! One!" He held up one finger before the collector.

Mr. Walter Low, still not perceiving the strategic disadvantage of being annoyed, snapped back:

"What's the question?"

The man frowned straight into the collector's own angry eyes and, thrusting out his chin, asked:

"Why am I annoyed?"

"Annoyed?" repeated the collector blankly.

A dangerous paranoiac? Or plain crank? Why in blazes could not the unbounceable Civil Service stenographer use common sense?

"Yes, Mr. Collector. Why am I annoyed by your imbecile agents?"

Ah, yes; delusion of persecution! It is the second stage. But the collector was a politician. He recovered his poise. Politeness always pays until it no longer pays to be polite. And, besides, they are liable to do anything. They are incredibly quick. So Mr. Walter Low said soothingly:

"I am very sorry to hear what you tell me. When was it?"

"Oh, always!"

"Surely," politely expostulated the collector—"surely you don't mean always, without interruption, perpetually?"

"Possibly not; but it is a long time since they began. I don't mind the over-rough rummaging among my luggage at the pier, but this summer it included some of my friends; and I tell you it's too much!"

"Would you mind giving me dates, places and the circumstances?"

"Certainly not. Last month, in Paris, a friend, Mrs. Francis Ostiguy, of Cleveland, asked me to go with her to Perrier, on the Rue de la Paix, to see that she did not pay too much for a pearl necklace. So I went with her; and I said to Perrier, whom I've known for years: 'Louis, Madame Ostiguy is the wife of a good friend. She is not from Pittsburgh; and, also, she loves her own husband. Now rock bottom, as though it was for me. Net!' He had been asking one hundred thousand dollars, but he came down to forty thousand dollars and I made him take thirty-six thousand dollars—or, to be exact, one hundred and eighty thousand francs. Mrs. Ostiguy bought the necklace. It so happened that our families were stopping at the same hotel and we went to Lucerne together; and your idiot men followed her and followed me from place to place, and spoke to the concierges, and made it known that she and I were under surveillance. It was very unpleasant for her.

"Then, in London, my friend, Lydia Lorrimore, the Fay in Fortunato and the Fairy, wanted to buy a ruby with her own hard-earned dollars; and, by jingo, it was dreadful the way your idiots carried on! She was in hysterics and had to give back the ruby. I tell you I no longer dare take a stroll anywhere in Europe in the company of a good-looking friend without being trailed and annoyed in innumerable ways, and under constant espionage. That makes the ladies hate me—and I don't want any human being to hate me. Besides, there is the stigma of an implied immorality. It is too much, Mr. Collector, and I came here to ask you to end it."

Mr. Caldecott made an end of speaking by tightly compressing his lips, as though he had forced himself to stop for fear of speaking until he had rid himself of all his grievances—which would take three and one-half years. He looked at the collector with a cold, almost menacing stare; but before the collector could say anything in reply the clerk came in and laid on the desk in front of Mr. Walter Low half a dozen cards such as libraries use for indexing.

"One moment, please," said the collector, and calmly began to read on the cards what Colonel Ira A. Glover had on file concerning Mr. Cecil Caldecott. The collector's face did not change in the slightest as he read:

CALDECOTT, CECIL: Single. American. About thirty-five; self-styled gem expert. Office, 333 Maiden Lane, New York. Ostensibly confidential agent for importers of precious stones. Has done some importing on his own account. Method: Buys one thousand two-carat cut diamonds in Amsterdam or London, and ships two hundred to New York, on which he pays duty. Asserts he sells the balance to South American trade. Sells in the United States to manufacturing jewelers. Has had his premises searched and his books examined a dozen times and has personally been under surveillance by our best men for years; but never caught. Said to have bought the famous Faith ruby, the three thirty-three-carat Lockwood diamonds, and other historic stones for the accounts of collectors. James J. Mount, president of the Great Pacific Railroad, acknowledged that he paid three hundred and fifty thousand dollars to a man answering Caldecott's description for his collection of diamonds, on which no duty was paid by anybody. The collection, consisting of sixty-six diamonds of all the known colors, including the famous Amethystine Almond, of Dom Pedro of Brazil, was delivered to Mr. Mount's residence in Minneapolis by a messenger boy whose number Mr. Mount did not take. No suit brought by the department under verbal instructions from Washington. C. C. said a man took collection to him and he introduced man to Mr. Mount, the man agreeing to give him a ten per cent commission. Which C. C. says never was paid. Caldecott is the most skillful smuggler in the world.

When the collector finished his reading he turned to his visitor and said calmly:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. —— Er—you were saying?"

"I was saying that I'd like to know why I am so persistently annoyed by your agents."

"You mean," said the collector politely, "why do they watch you?"

"No. I mean, Why do they annoy me?"

"I'll tell you if you wish to know."

"I do."

The collector picked up Mr. Caldecott's card, read it and said:

"My men annoy you, Mr. Cecil Caldecott, of 333 Maiden Lane—and heaven knows where else—they annoy you because they naturally desire to catch you in the act of smuggling; but I'll tell them to catch you without annoying you."

Mr. Cecil Caldecott Absent-Mindedly Jabbed a Pencil Through the Margin of the Newspaper

A look of intense astonishment came over the face of Mr. Caldecott.

"Smuggling?" He frowned. Then he repeated: "Smuggling?" and laughed. "Surely, Mr. Collector," he said pleasantly, "you don't mean that—of all things!"

The collector had become so accustomed to the cringing of men whose consciences made cowards of them that he resented the insulting insouciance of this guilty but uncaught smuggler. The thought of the offense made him say angrily:

"Caldecott ——"

"Mr. Caldecott, if you please, sir," interrupted the stranger frigidly. "Kindly bear in mind that I am neither your friend nor your enemy."

The collector saw the error of getting angry. Moreover, he was powerless to punish this man. So he retorted with exaggerated politeness:

"Mr. Caldecott, sir. I will pay you the compliment of admitting that thus far you have been too clever for us. We haven't been able to get you with the goods on; but we intend to. Kindly remember that. We will, as sure as pumpkins!"

"Surely you are not serious, Mr. Collector?" asked Caldecott incredulously.

"You'll think so," answered Walter Low. Then he added, very politely: "Very soon, I hope."

Mr. Caldecott looked at Walter Low, a meditative expression in his gray-blue eyes. Then he said:

"Will you let me tell you something?"

"I warn you that your own words may be used against you," said the collector, feeling that the usual ending was approaching. It is the consciousness of guilt that usually does it.

"Mr. Collector, what I wish to tell you is that I have a great regard for you. The way you have handled the newspapers is marvelous; positively astounding. You are a genius. I similarly approve of your work among the undervaluers and other pitiful cheats, and the perjured ladies and gentlemen—or should I say gents? But, Mr. Collector, I ask you, as one intelligent man of another: Why should any really intelligent man be a smuggler?"

"To cheat the Government seems to ——"

Mr. Caldecott shook his head in dissent and interrupted:

"No, sir. Intelligent people sometimes allow unintelligent people to cheat themselves; but really there is no motive for wanting to smuggle. There is not enough money in it and there is certainly no glory, for it is too easy to be good sport. What remains? Nothing! No object!"

"You are," said the collector with mock admiration, "quite funny—are you not?"

"No, indeed."

The stranger looked at the collector and then began to laugh. The collector frowned, whereupon Mr. Caldecott ceased to laugh and said, seriously enough:

"I thought there were heights to which the superlative stupidity of customs officials could not rise. I see I was mistaken. I a smuggler? You might as well think of yourself as the greatest living authority on Celestial Mechanics."

"You professionals ——"

"Hold on, Mr. Collector; don't get yourself in worse. You know as well as I do there are no professional smugglers. Perhaps you do not know why there are not."

He looked inquiringly into Mr. Walter Low's shrewd brown eyes and considered whatever he saw there sufficient answer, for he proceeded:

"I'll tell you. Because it does not pay. People have gone into every possible thing to make money, and have made a profession even of keeping a morgue or conducting

The Customs Officials Did Not Bother Senator Nelson and His Party

a bank; but never of smuggling. Everybody, more or less, tries to smuggle; but only as an amateur. That is the reason you catch so many. The men who defraud the Treasury Department by undervaluation and similar commercial devices are mere cheats, not smugglers. Their actions are part of their business game; they make their money by buying, by selling and by cheating—triple-cheating, threefold business men. Antique rugs, vases, cheese, jewels, onions, furniture, essential oils—professional cheats, not professional smugglers. Believe me, there is no money in smuggling; the best you can get is chicken feed."

"No money in it!" And Mr. Walter Low smiled.

"No! Say, for example, that I had a million dollars and I wished it to earn more than four or five per cent. Would I go into smuggling? No—not because it is difficult or dangerous, or even unethical; but simply because to go into it on a sufficiently large scale to be profitable would require cumbersome machinery and annoyance of one kind or another. It is no trouble to get dutiable goods into the country free of duty, but the merchandising of the goods requires the usual machinery of distribution if you are to make it a regular business."

Mr. Caldecott shook his head and the collector nodded his, which made Mr. Caldecott continue very earnestly:

"Mr. Collector, to be a successful smuggler requires qualities that would pay much better in Wall Street or in certain industries, or in politics—even on a big up-to-date farm. And I tell you frankly that smuggling does not appeal to me, as graft or as sport. Therefore, why should you go to the bother of suspecting me?"

"Oh, it's no bother at all—really," Walter Low courteously assured him.

"Mr. Collector, you are highly efficient in your own specialty and you will die both rich and respected, which in itself is no mean achievement; but you have some things to learn in the matter of smuggling. Obviously if I wished to be a successful smuggler the first thing I'd do would be to get myself suspected."

"You are," the collector assured him pleasantly.

"But I do not wish to be, because, since I am not a smuggler, your suspicions merely annoy me."

"After we catch you, Mr. Caldecott, we shall immediately cease to annoy you with our suspicions."

"But don't you see that your very suspiciousness makes me absolutely safe? You give all the warning any reasonable person can ask for. A man who is always suspected is a man who is always on his guard. That is why I should get myself suspected if I went into smuggling as a business; but, as I have no intention of doing so, I beg you to desist."

"We are not fatigued," said Mr. Low.

"It is useless."

"We don't think so. We are certain to get you."

"Less eagerness, I beg of you! Buck ague is merely a form of pardonable eagerness; nevertheless, it enables the deer to keep its antlers on its head and its head on its neck. Your eagerness, my dear sir, is no more pardonable than buck fever in a professional hunter. As I've told you, if there is neither money nor the spice of danger in smuggling, why should I waste my time—or yours?"

"It won't be time wasted if we get you—as we will."

"My dear Mr. Collector, incredulity does not necessarily imply intelligence. I again ask you, as one man to another: What motive can I have for smuggling?"

"What motive does any one have for smuggling?"

"There are many motives. They differ with temperaments. You must remember that smuggling is not one of the natural crimes. It is both a sin and a crime to steal; but it is neither a sin nor a crime to buy a piece of lace in Venice, put it about your neck and wear it on the day of your arrival at your native shore. Neither Nature nor man has ever made a crime of smuggling and no existing religion has ever condemned it. A change in political parties can change it in a week. Therefore one who smuggles does not endanger anybody's life or morals, or even comfort. The English law holds that contracts to defraud the revenues of a foreign state are not illegal. A man, Mr. Collector, may conceivably be a smuggler as a matter of sacred principle—say, for example, an ardent free trader, a man who is opposed to certain forms of taxation or believes certain features of the tax to be unconstitutional."

"Are you a single-taxer?" inquired the collector.

"I was merely giving you reasons that explain why nobody feels guilty of anything in smuggling. There is, of course, the attraction of pitting your brain against the brains of the customs men. I should say, sir, that the desire to avoid the payment of duties—that is, the mercenary side of smuggling—is the least common motive, except in the case of those importers who, as I said, are merely common cheats. I myself have devoted the best years of my life to learning one thing; and to-day, as an expert, I capitalize

You Could Not Have Kept the Reporters Away With Dynamite

my knowledge and find myself rich in the possession of what neither fire nor flood, neither a Wall Street panic nor a dishonest partner, can take away from me—Knowledge! I get paid for knowing!

"My income is more than enough for my wants. And, as I told you, I do not consider that smuggling is an attractive sport, because the customs authorities are so stupid that a child could smuggle without the slightest danger of detection."

The collector felt a wave of anger dash against his own common sense. He braced himself against it by thinking that this uncaught smuggler was an interesting person and perhaps might betray himself, as most people do, if permitted to talk unhindered. Moreover, this man was saying what would look well in print some day. The cleverest smuggler in the world this man was! All the more credit for catching him! The failure of former collectors would be duly printed. Fine article, that!

"It may be easy," he said to Mr. Caldecott, "to exceptionally able men—like yourself."

"To anybody," retorted Mr. Caldecott impatiently. "I see one, six, twenty, two hundred ways of smuggling, every one of them absolutely safe—so far as your men are concerned. You could not possibly catch me in the act. There are so many ways of smuggling, my dear sir, so many ways in which one man may bring dutiable things into the country, that no system of detection can avail against the individual. At best, you can but make smuggling in bulk too difficult or too costly to tempt any one.

"The amateur sends a left-hand glove through the mail in a bundle of newspapers. Even if detected, what can you do—and to whom? You can't tell who sent it; it has no value and you can't punish the recipient. The right glove comes the following week in a second bundle of papers. Same thing! You know it is done right along and you can't stop it! What is the reason diamonds are not sent in the same way? Because you can't insure against shipwreck or fire aboard ship, or loss in transit; because if you win you make ten per cent, and if you lose—through any one of fifty causes besides detection—you lose one hundred per cent, or more if you are caught and fined.

"Suppose I wished to bring in pearls or opium. Bringing them in duty free would not be my problem, but the marketing of the pearls or opium. Confederates, accomplices, commercial inexperience—those would make the transaction one of difficulty, and not you poor helpless customs inspectors and secret-service men. I could, at best, get but a portion of the duty—don't you see?"

"Oh, yes, I see. But, without confederates, it is easier and cheaper, as you well know; for instance, when you buy one thousand diamonds in London, and pay duty on only the two hundred you declare, the duty on the other eight hundred is something!"

Mr. Caldecott laughed pleasantly.

"You confound me with a Rhode Island manufacturing jeweler's brother-in-law who has paid for his summer vacations the past twenty years in that way. What is ten per cent on one hundred thousand dollars to a man like me? I don't do it."

"We are so sure you do"—the collector was using a particularly polite tone of voice—"that I don't hesitate to admit it frankly to you."

For all the politeness, there was in the collector's eyes so unmistakable a threat that Mr. Cecil Caldecott said very earnestly:

"Mr. Collector of the Port of New York, I'll make a proposition to you."

The collector's face did not betray his hope that this man was at last going to acknowledge defeat. What it showed was the usual I-knew-it-all-the-time! expression he put on when smugglers gave up the fight against Mr. Walter Low, the incorruptible patriot and extraordinary detective. He shook his head in advance. By saying No! to the first proposition the collector had been able to recover huge back duties from guilty consciences that did not know how much he knew.

Mr. Caldecott shook his head impatiently.

"Don't bluff! It isn't what you think. I simply wish to end the annoyances to which the Treasury agents abroad have subjected me for months. My proposition is this: I'll engage to bring in, right under the noses of your inspectors, something of about the same bulk as a two-hundred-thousand-dollar pearl necklace. I'll ask your chief man in London, Jameson Smith, to give me a package of waste paper about so big, properly marked and sealed, and I'll bring it to this office. I'm coming back on the Ruritania about September sixteenth—Stateroom 182. You write to Smith that I've challenged your entire force to catch me. He can give me the package at Queenstown to make sure I don't send it by mail or get some hireling to bring it in for me. The object is to show you how easy it is to smuggle even when your fellows are looking for it. If I succeed will you stop annoying me in Europe? You can keep on searching my luggage and drilling my walking sticks and spoiling my umbrella handles, and so on."

"Do you, also," said the collector, looking as though he were a philanthropist, "propose to pay back duties?"

"How much are the back duties that I don't owe you?"

"I leave that to your own sense of honor," replied the collector.

"That being the case, it is up to you to apologize to me for your cruel suspicions."

"Oh, we'll tell you the exact amount very, very soon."

The collector looked steadily into the gray-blue eyes. After all, it was a relief to deal with a man like Caldecott after the whines or execrations of most men who were told of their misdeeds by Mr. Walter Low.

"I am willing to pay," said Mr. Caldecott slowly, "for being let alone if you will consider it as a tip or ordinary hotel blackmail; but certainly not in payment of debts that have no existence except in your suspicious mind. To bother me in vacation time and shadow my fair but strictly respectable friends gives me a deuce of a reputation! If you'd confine your activities to searching my luggage, and even my person, on my arrival at the pier, I wouldn't say anything. If I bring in the package from any of your agents in Europe, right under the noses of your best men, will you let me alone?"

"When you stop smuggling we'll stop bothering you. And I warn you that when we do get you I shall personally see to it that you get the limit, the maximum, up to the hilt."

"Very well; but don't follow my friends."

"You should tell them what you are."

"I do—so far as my modesty permits; but that only makes them all the friendlier," expostulated Mr. Caldecott.

"Then they must expect to be followed; and we'll search them with particular care on their return to New York."

"Do we make the dicker?" asked Mr. Caldecott earnestly.

The collector smiled grimly and answered:

"The only dicker I can make with you is to accept a lump sum and enable you to keep out of jail; but if we catch you through our own efforts we'll put you where you won't smuggle for a week or two."

Mr. Caldecott smiled and rose as if to depart.

"Well, Mr. Collector, I'll smuggle just to prove to you that the game is too easy to appeal to a lover of real sport. And after that, if I am not let alone I'll tell the newspapers. The more successful you are in catching stupid smugglers and undervaluers, the more the great American public will laugh at you for failing to catch the one smuggler who tells you that he is going to smuggle and gets away with it. Your discomfiture, honored sir, will be viewed with pleasure and satisfaction in many circles. Good day, Mr. Collector."

"*Au revoir!*" retorted Mr. Walter Low, so meaningly that Mr. Cecil Caldecott laughed outright and said:

"I'll cable you when I am coming—with the goods, Mr. Collector; with the goods! Tell your men to be very clever now; real smart!" And Mr. Cecil Caldecott went out.

The collector, notwithstanding his rage, was not overlooking anything. He sent for Colonel Ira A. Glover and told him of his conversation with the most skillful smuggler in the world. They wondered whether Mr. Caldecott's visit really had for an object the making of the collector ridiculous in the eyes of that same public which had been taught so carefully to regard Mr. Walter Low as the greatest smuggler-catcher in the history of the New York Custom House.

The matter thus suddenly assumed a serious aspect, for Low knew he had many and powerful enemies; and, also, that ridicule can kill in three seconds a reputation which might have taken three years to establish.

They sent for Leroy, the chief of the inspectors, a man of much experience and amazing ingenuity and resourcefulness. They then paid Mr. Cecil Caldecott the compliment of taking him very seriously.

"You know we've tried every way we could to catch him. The last time I had Miss Renwick do her best. He is the only man who did not succumb. It vexed her almost to death, particularly when he wrote her thanking her for bringing in a little package for him in the valise in which she brought her soiled linen. The valise mysteriously disappeared and a few days later was returned by express to her apartments."

"I don't care about what has been done, I want to get that man."

"Of course," said Leroy a trifle uneasily, "we could always ——"

"No frame-up!" interrupted Mr. Walter Low. "Think up something and let's put it through, for we've got to get him this time."

A fortnight later, when Leroy reported to the collector what he proposed to do, Mr. Walter Low said, in a voice in which there was no trace of amusement: "I don't laugh very often in this office, but I am looking forward to the laugh I'll give this Cecil Caldecott when he returns."

And, curiously enough, that same day the Collector of the Port of New York received by mail a card:

MR. CECIL CALDECOTT

P. P. C.

Caldecott's name appeared on the list of passengers of the Steamship Ruritania.

On September fourth the Collector of the Port of New York received a cablegram from Mr. Jameson Smith, special agent of the Treasury Department in London, whose business was not to frame-up the innocent or even the suspected, but to furnish tips and information to the customs authorities in New York. The cablegram read:

Cecil Caldecott has purchased the pearls of the Dowager Countess of Arlington, consisting of twelve perfectly round Bahrein Islands pearls, weighing from seventy-one to seventy-seven grains each. Price said to be a record breaker. Believed here to exceed a hundred thousand sterling. The duty should be levied on string, as they have been so worn by the countess. Caldecott says he has sold the pearls to an Argentine millionaire. Am watching carefully. Inquire in New York from E. S. S., A. McC. E. and L. C. T. Find out who is in the market for such pearls.

The collector imparted the news to Colonel Glover and to Leroy, the chief inspector, whose smuggler-catching record was the envy of the office. They prepared for Caldecott—without telling the newspapers this time.

On September eleventh Jameson Smith cabled:

Caldecott sailed to-day—Ruritania. Stateroom 182; alone. Carries pearls with him. Have learned that just before sailing he cabled to New York World, Herald, Sun and Times. Could not ascertain message. Inquire locally.

When it came to the newspaper game Mr. Walter Low knew as well as any one that news was news and that no amount of personal friendship would weigh for a moment if a big story came in the way of the papers. He realized that he had many enemies—enemies with money and influence, and with brains actuated by bitter enmity. He also knew that Mr. Cecil Caldecott was a person of brains who might find Mr. Walter Low an obstacle to his continued success in smuggling, and therefore would not hesitate to attempt in ingenious ways to have him removed and a less vigilant collector appointed. Mr. Caldecott, in his efforts, could count on the aid of all of Mr. Walter Low's foes. The collector, therefore, did not relish the information that Mr. Cecil Caldecott had cabled to the leading newspapers of New York. What had Caldecott cabled and why? And what could be found out?

"Are You Married?" Asked General Wilkes Point-Blank

He was on the point of sending word that when the newspaper men came in for their daily interview they should be told to wait, when Colonel Ira A. Glover walked in, carrying in his hand a bundle of newspapers.

"Have you seen the latest from our friend, Mr. Collector?" asked the living edition of Who's Who in Smuggling.

"What?"

Mr. Walter Low read—first in the Herald, then in the other papers—the same advertisement, running across two columns in bold-faced type:

I will pay fifty dollars for one setting hen, Barred Plymouth Rock preferred, provided she will set seventeen days consecutively. I will arrive on the Ruritania on September sixteenth—wind and tide permitting—and will be at my office, 333 Maiden Lane, on September seventeenth at eleven A. M.

Must be good setter and free from lice. Fifty dollars! Fifty dollars! Fifty dollars! CECIL CALDECOTT.

"What do you make out of that?" asked Colonel Glover.

"What do you?" retorted the collector with a subtle challenge in his voice. It came from having been private secretary to a great statesman.

"I think he is having fun with us," ventured Glover.

"No," said the collector. "He has some practical purpose. It is meant to throw us off the scent. Now what can a man mean by offering to pay fifty dollars for a setting hen in September that will set seventeen days consecutively unless it is to make talk, to rouse curiosity, to get the newspapers interested?"

"Do you think he is going to attack?"

"No—not to attack, but to forestall attack. He starts with a tremendous advantage if he starts by being sought at the pier by fool reporters. This is more than a clever advertising dodge. It is part of an ingenious scheme. He said, you know, he would get Smith to give him a package, which he proposed to smuggle into this port right under our noses."

"Smitty should have given him a pound of opium and we'd have nabbed him; and ——"

The collector interrupted impatiently:

"That wouldn't do. I want to get him for keeps—once for all. We have a right to search his premises and ——"

"Mr. Collector," interrupted Colonel Glover in turn, glad to get even, "that kind of chap expects from us precisely such things, and expectation means preparation. Neither his premises nor his books will show anything of value to us; you may be sure of that. And if this man is really clever and has a sense of humor——"

"He is! He has!" cut in the collector angrily. Then he frowned and added: "Damn him!" Then he smiled and finished: "You bet!"

"Perhaps it would be best not to let him think we are particularly keen to catch him."

"He knows it," said Mr. Walter Low with conviction.

"Let it not be official knowledge, as it were," persisted Ira A. Glover.

"That advertisement is undoubtedly designed to have reporters meet him at the pier. He will be searched, with the limelight turned on full blast."

"I believe you are right," said Colonel Glover in a congratulatory tone of voice, as though he admired his chief's sagacity. "Yes, sir. You've hit it again!"

Mr. Walter Low felt much pleased with himself, nobody being immune, but shook his head gloomily.

"We'll never catch him at the pier," said he; "and to keep him under surveillance for months, when he is likely to talk to scores of people, any one of whom might buy the pearls ——" He paused thoughtfully.

"That's our only salvation," broke in Colonel Glover. "There are not many people who will pay half a million for twelve pearls. The stock market has been too dull for too long; and, of course, anybody who owns such a string would want everybody to know it. That's where we come in."

"Tell Leroy I expect him to be on the job."

"He will without being told," Colonel Glover assured him.

II

IN LONDON on the eighth of September an elderly man went into the office of the Bonard Line and said to the ticket clerk:

"I am General Wilkes. I have Stateroom G and Stateroom 118 on the Ruritania. Mrs. Wilkes is too ill to sail."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk eagerly. "Very good, sir."

Always at that season of the year there were dozens of Americans who wanted to get home and had not booked return accommodations, or possibly desired to return before

(Continued on Page 26)

LOCAL COLOR

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

With Him to Sing Sing Went Four Others

FELIX LOOMS, the well-known author, disappeared—or, rather, he went away—on or about June fifteenth, four years ago. He told his friends, his landlady and his publisher—he had no immediate family—that he felt run down and debilitated and that he meant to go away for a good long stay. He might try the Orient; then again perhaps he would go to the South Seas. When he came back, which might be in a year or two years or even three, he expected to bring with him the material for a longer and better book than any he had ever written. Meantime he wanted to cut loose, as he put it, from everything. He intended, he said, to write no letters while he was gone and he expected to receive none.

He gave a power of attorney to a lawyer with whom he had occasional dealings, left in bank a modest balance to meet any small forgotten bills that might turn up after his departure, surrendered his bachelor apartments in the Rubens Studio Building, paid off his housekeeper, said good-by to a few persons, wrote explanatory notes to a few more; and then quietly—as he did everything in this life—he vanished.

Nobody particularly missed him, for he was not a famous author or even a popular one; he was merely well known as a writer of tales dealing in the main with crime and criminals and criminology. People who liked his writings said he was a realist, who gave promise of bigger things. People who did not like his writings said he was a half-baked socialist. One somewhat overcritical reviewer, who had a bad liver and a bitter pen, once compared him to an ambitious but immature hen pullet of literature, laying many eggs but all soft-shelled and all of them deficient in yolk.

Personally Felix Looms was a short, slender, dark man, approaching forty, who wore thick glasses and coats that invariably were too long in the sleeves. In company he was self-effacing; in a crowd he was entirely lost. If you saw a hundred men together he would be the hundredth—he was that kind, if you know what I mean. He did not know many people and was intimate with none of those he did know. Quite naturally his departure for parts unknown left his own little literary puddle unrippled.

Looms went away and he did not come back. His publisher never heard from him again; nor did his lawyer nor the manager of the warehouse where he had stored his heavier belongings. When three years had passed, and still no word came from him, his acquaintances thought—such of them as gave him a thought—that he must have died somewhere out in one of the back corners of the East. He did die too; but it was not in the East. He died within a block and a half of the club of his lawyer and not more than a quarter of a mile from the town house of his publisher. However, that detail, which is inconsequential, will come up later.

Probably the Night Watchmen Had Not Come on Duty

At about seven-forty-five on the evening of June seventeenth, four years ago, Patrolman M. J. Clabby was on duty—fixed post duty—at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Second Avenue. According to the report made by him at the time to his immediate superior and subsequently repeated by him under oath before the grand jury and still later at the trial, his attention was attracted—to use the common formula—by a disturbance occurring on a crosstown trolley car, eastward bound, which had halted just west of the corner.

Patrolman Clabby boarded the car to find a small, shabby man endeavoring to break away from a larger and better-dressed man, who held him fast by the collar. In reply to the officer's questions the large man stated that he had detected the small one in the act of picking his pocket. He had waited, he said, until the other lifted his watch and chain from his pocket and then had seized him and held him fast and called for help. At least three citizens, passengers on the car, confirmed the main points of the accuser's story. For added proof there were the watch and chain. They were in the thief's side coat pocket. With his own large firm hands Patrolman Clabby fished them out from there and confiscated them for purposes of evidence. As for the prisoner, he said nothing at all.

The policeman took down in his little book the names and addresses of the eyewitnesses. This done, he put nippers on the right wrist of the small man and led him off afoot to the East Thirty-fifth Street Station, the owner of the watch going along to make a formal charge. Before the desk in the station house this latter person said he was named Hartigan—Charles Edward Hartigan, a private detective by occupation; and he repeated his account of the robbery, with amplifications. The pickpocket gave his name as James Williams and his age as thirty-eight, but declined to tell where he lived, what occupation he followed, or what excuse he had for angling after other people's personal property on a crosstown car.

At this juncture Clabby grabbed one of his prisoner's hands and ran a finger over its inner surface, seeking for callosities of the palm; then he nodded meaningly to the desk lieutenant.

"I guess he's a dip all right, Loot," said Clabby; "the inside of his hand is as soft as a baby's."

"Take him back!" said the lieutenant briefly.

Before obeying, Clabby faced the man about and searched him, the search revealing a small amount of money but no objects that might serve for the prisoner's better identification. So, handling James Williams as casually and impersonally as though he were merely a rather unwieldy parcel, Clabby propelled him rearward along a passageway and turned him over to a turnkey, who turned him into a cell and left him there—though not very long. Within an hour he was taken in a patrol wagon to the night court, sitting at Jefferson Market, where an irritable magistrate held him, on the strength of a short affidavit by Clabby, to await the action of the grand jury.

Thereafter for a period James Williams, so far as the processes of justice were concerned, ceased to be a regular human being and became a small and inconspicuous grain in the whirring hopper of the law. He was as one pepper-corn in a crowded bin—one atom among a multitude of similar atoms. Yet the law from time to time took due cognizance of this mote's existence.

For example, on the morning of the eighteenth a closed van conveyed him to the Tombs. For further example, an assistant district attorney, in about a month, introduced Clabby and Hartigan before the July grand jury. It took the grand jury something less than five minutes to vote an indictment charging James Williams with grand larceny; and ten days later it took a judge of General Sessions something less than three-quarters of an hour to try the said Williams.

The proceedings in this regard were entirely perfunctory. The defendant at the bar had no attorney. Accordingly the judge assigned to the task of representing him a young and downy fledgling graduate of the law school. Hartigan testified; Clabby testified; two eyewitnesses, a plumber and a bookkeeper, testified—all for the state. The prisoner could produce no witnesses in his own behalf and he declined to take the stand himself, which considerably simplified matters.

Red and stuttering with stage fright, the downy law-school graduate made a brief plea for his client on the ground that no proof had been offered to show his client had a previous criminal record. Perfunctorily the young assistant district attorney summed up. In a perfunctory way the judge charged the jury; and the jury filed out, and—presumably in a perfunctory fashion also—took a ballot and were back in less than no time at all with a verdict of guilty.

James Williams, being ordered to stand up, stood up; being ordered to furnish his pedigree for the record, he refused to do so; being regarded, therefore, as a person who undoubtedly had a great deal to conceal, he was denied the measure of mercy that frequently is bestowed on first offenders. His Honor gave him an indeterminate sentence of not less than three years at hard labor in state prison, and one of the evening newspapers gave him three lines in a column devoted to City Brevities, in the appropriate ratio of one line for each year. In three days more James Williams was at Sing Sing, wearing among other things a plain gray suit, a close hair-cut and a number, learning how to make shoes.

Now then, the task for me is to go back and begin this story where properly it should begin. Felix Looms, the well-known writer who went away on or about June fifteenth, and James Williams, who went to jail June seventeenth for picking a pocket, were one and the same person; or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that James Williams was Felix Looms.

Lest my meaning be misunderstood let me add that this is no tale of a reversion to type. It has nothing whatever to do with any suddenly awakened hereditary impulse. In the blend of Felix Looms' breed no criminal strain persisted. His father was a Congregational preacher from Massachusetts and his mother a district school-teacher from Northern New York. His grandsires, on both sides, were good, clean-strain American stock. So far as we know, never a bad skeleton had rattled its bones in his family's closet. He himself was a product of strict training in a Christian home, a Yale education and much book reading. No; the transition from Felix Looms, bookworm, author and sociologist, to James Williams, common rogue and convict, was accomplished deliberately and, as it were, with malice aforethought.

Here was how the thing came about. Secretly, through a period of years, Felix Looms had nursed an ambition to

write a great novel of prison life. It is true he had written a number of short stories and at least one novelette dealing with prison life, and, what was more to the point, had sold them after writing them; but they lacked sincerity. There was neither sureness nor assurance about them. He felt this lack; his publishers felt it; and in a way his readers no doubt felt it too, without knowing exactly why they felt it.

It is one of the inexplicable mysteries of the trade of writing that no man, however well he handles the tools of that trade, can write convincingly of things about which he personally does not know. A man might aspire, let us say, to write a story with scenes laid in Northern Africa. In preparation for this task he might read a hundred volumes about Northern Africa, its soil, its climate, its natives, its characteristics. He might fairly saturate himself in literature pertaining to Northern Africa; then sit him down and write his story. Concede him to be a good craftsman; concede that the story was well done; that his descriptions were strong, his phrasing graphic, his technic correct—nevertheless, it would lack that quality they call plausibility. Somehow the reader would sense that this man had never seen Northern Africa with his own eyes or breathed its air with his own nostrils.

To this rule there are two exceptions: A writer may write of things that happened in a past generation, after the last man of that generation is dead—therefore historical novelists are common; or, provided his imagination be sufficiently plastic, he may write of things that are supposed to happen in the future—he may even describe the inhabitants of the planet Mars and their scheme of existence. None will gainsay him, seeing that no contemporary of his has been to Mars or knows more of the conditions that will prevail a year or a century hence than he knows. But where he deals with the actualities of his own day and time he must know those actualities at first hand, else his best efforts fall to the ground and are of no avail. He simply cannot get away with it. Hearsay evidence always was poor evidence.

Felix Looms knew this. In his own case he knew it better than his readers knew it—or even his publisher. Critical analysis of his work had revealed its flaws to him until in his own soul he was ashamed and humiliated, feeling himself to be a counterfeiter uttering a most spurious coinage. So one day he said to himself:

"The worst thing in our modern civilization is a prison. It is wrong and we know it is wrong; and yet we have devised nothing to take its place. A prison is crime's chemical laboratory; it is a great retort where virulent poisons are distilled. Civilization maintains it in the hope of checking certain gross evils; yet in it and by it evils as great are born and fostered. And the truth about it has never been told in the *form* of fiction, which is the most convincing form of telling the truth. Always the trouble has been that the people who have been in prison could not write about it and the people who could write about it have not been in prison.

"I know I could write about it, and so I am going to prison. I shall go to prison for one year, perhaps two or possibly three years; and when I come out I shall write a novel about prison life that will make my name live after me, for I shall know my facts at first hand—I shall have the local color of a prison in my grip as no other man has ever had it who had my powers as a writer. I am going to gamble with this thing—the prison. I will give it a slice out of my life for the sake of the great work I will do afterward."

Mind you, I am not saying he put his big idea—for surely it was an idea and a big one—in exactly those words; but that was his thought. And when he came to work out the plan he was astonished to find how easy it was to devise and to accomplish. Thanks to his mode of life, his practical isolation in the midst of five million other beings, he needed to confide in but one person; and in Hartigan he found that person. Hartigan, a veteran of the detective business, who knew and kept almost as many intimate secrets as a father confessor, showed surprise just twice—first when Looms confided to him his purpose and again when he learned how generously Looms was willing to pay for his coöperation.

Besides, as Looms at their first meeting pointed out and as Hartigan saw for himself, there was no obligation for him to do anything that was actually wrong. Aboard that crosstown car Looms did really take a watch from Hartigan's pocket. Whatever the motive behind the act, the act spoke for itself. All that Hartigan told under oath on the witness stand was straight enough. It was what he did not tell that mortised the fabric of their plot together and made the thing dovetail, whole truth with half truth.

He Intended, He Said, to Write No Letters While He Was Gone

At the very worst they had merely conspired—he as accessory and Looms as principal—to cheat the state of New York out of sundry years of free board and freedomless lodgings at an establishment wherein probably no other man since it was built had ever schemed of his own free will to abide.

So Hartigan, the private detective, having first got his fee, eventually got his watch back and now disappears from this narrative. So Felix Looms, the seeker after local color, gave up his bachelor apartments in the Rubens Studio Building and went away, leaving no forwarding address behind him. So James Williams, the petty felon, with no known address except the size number in his hat, went up the river to serve an indeterminate sentence of not less than three years.

From the hour he entered the Tombs on that morning of the eighteenth of June, Felix Looms began to store up material against the day when he should transmute it into the written word. Speaking exactly, he began storing it up even sooner than that. The thrill and excitement of the arrest, the arraignment before the cross magistrate in the night court, the night in the station-house cell—all these things provided him with startlingly new and tremendously vivid sensations. Indeed, at the moment his probing fingers closed on Hartigan's watch the mind pictures began to form and multiply inside his head.

Naturally, though, the Tombs had been most prolific of impressions; the local color fairly swarmed and spawned there. He had visited the Tombs once before in his life, but he knew now that he had not seen it then. Behind a mask of bars and bolts it had hidden its real organism from him who had come in the capacity of a sightseer; but now, as an inmate, guarded and watched and tended in his cell like a wild beast in a show, he got under the skin of it. With the air he breathed—and it was most remarkably bad air—he took in and absorbed the flavor of the place.

He sensed it all—the sordid small intrigues; the playing of favorites by the turnkeys; the smuggling; the noises; the smells; the gossip that ran from tier to tier; the efforts of each man confined there to beat the law, against which each of them had presumably offended. It was as though he could see a small stream of mingled hope and fear pouring from beneath the patterned grill of each cell door to unite in a great flood that roared unendingly off and away to the courts beyond.

Mentally Felix Looms sought to put himself in the attitude of the men and women about him—these bona fide thieves and murderers and swindlers and bigamists who through every waking hour plotted and planned for freedom. That was the hardest part of his job. He could sense how they felt without personally being able to feel what they felt. As yet he took no notes, knowing that when he reached Sing Sing he would be stripped skin-bare and searched; but his brain was like a classified card index, in which he stored and filed a thousand and one thoughts. Hourly he gave thanks for a systematic and tenacious memory. And so day by day his copy and his local color accumulated and the first chapters of his novel took on shape and substance in his mind.

Lying on the hard bed in his cell he felt the creative impulse stirring him, quickening his imagination until all his senses fairly throbbed to its big, deep harmonies. The present discomforts of his position, the greater discomforts that surely awaited him, filmed away to nothingness in the vision of the great thing he meant to accomplish. He told himself he was merely about to trade a bit out of his life for that for which a writer lives—the fame that endures; and he counted it a good bargain and an easy one.

In the period between his arrest and his conviction Felix Looms had one fear, and one only—the fear that at his trial he might be recognized. He allowed his beard to grow, and on the day the summons came for him to go to court he laid aside his glasses. As it happened, no person was at the trial who knew him; though had such a person been there it is highly probable that he would not have recognized Felix Looms, the smugly dressed, spectacled, close-shaved man of letters, in this shabby, squinting, whiskered malefactor who had picked a citizen's pocket before the eyes of other citizens.

With him to Sing Sing for confinement went four others—a Chinese Tong fighter bound for the death house and the death chair; an Italian wife-murderer under a life sentence; a young German convicted of forgery; and a negro loft robber—five felons all told, with deputies to herd them. Except the negro, Looms was the only native-born man of the five. The Chinaman, an inoffensive-looking little saffron-hided man, was manacled between two deputies. Seeing that the state would presently be at some pains to kill him, the state meantime was taking the very best of care of him. The remaining four were handcuffed in pairs, right wrist of one to left wrist of the other. A deputy marched with each coupled pair and a deputy marched behind. Looms' fettermate was the Italian, who knew no English—or, at least, spoke none during the journey.

A prison van carried them from the Tombs to the Grand Central Station. It was barred and boarded like a circus cage—the van was—and like a circus cage it had small grated vents at each end, high up. A local train carried them from the station to Sing Sing. From start to finish, including the van ride, the journey took a little less than three hours. Three hours to get there, and three years to get back! Felix Looms made a mental note of this circumstance as he sat in his seat next the car window, with the wife-murderer beside him. He liked the line. It would make a good chapter heading.

The town of Ossining, where Sing Sing is, is a hilly town, the railroad station being at the foot of a hill, with the town mounting up uneven terraces on one side and the prison squatting flat on the river bank on the other. Arriving at Ossining, special and distinguishing honors were paid to the little yellow Chinaman. In a ramshackle village hack, with his two guards, he rode up a winding street, across a bridge spanning the railroad tracks, and then along a ridge commanding a view of the Hudson to the prison.

The four lesser criminals followed the same route, but afoot. They scuffled along through the dust their feet kicked up, and before their walk was done grew very sweaty and hot. The townspeople they met barely turned their heads to watch the little procession as it passed; for to them this was an every-day occurrence—as common a sight as a bread wagon or a postman.

It was not a long walk for the four. Quite soon they came to their destination. An iron door opened for them and in they went, two by two. Felix Looms saw how the German forger, who was ahead of him, flinched up against the negro as the door crashed to behind them; but to Looms the sound the door made was a welcome sound. Secretly a high exaltation possessed him.

For a fact, this man who meant to learn about prison life at first hand went to the right place when he went to Sing Sing; for Sing Sing, the main part of it, was built in 1825-28, nearly a hundred years ago, when the punishment of imprisonment meant the punishment of soul and body and mind. In 1825 the man who for his misdeeds forfeited his liberty and his civil rights forfeited also the right to be considered in any wise a human being. As an animal he was regarded and as an animal he was treated, and an animal he became. The institution made a beast not only of him but of the man who was set to keep him. Also, in such by-products as disease and degeneracy the plant was especially prolific.

The cell house, the dominating structure within the prison close, must look to-day very much as it looked along toward the end of the third decade of last century. Straight-walled, angular, homely beyond conception, it rises high above the stone stockade that surrounds it. Once its

interior was lighted and aired only by narrow windows. You could hardly call them windows—they were like slits; they were like seams. About seventeen years ago large inlets were cut into the walls. These inlets admit much air and some light.

As the cell house is the core of Sing Sing, so the cell structure is its core. In the exact center of the building, steel within stone, six levels of cells rise, one level on another, climbing up almost to the roof, from which many hooded, round ventilators stare down like watchful eyes that never sleep. In each tier are two hundred cells, built back to back, each row of cells being faced by narrow iron balconies and reached by narrow wooden stairways. The person who climbs one of those flights of stairs and walks along one of those balconies passes a succession of flat-banded, narrow iron doors. Each door has set into it an iron grill so closely barred that the spaces between the patterns are no larger than the squares of a checkerboard.

Not a single cell has a window in it. Even at high noon the interior is wrapped in a sourish, ill-savored gloom as though the good daylight had been addled and turned sour as soon as it got inside this place. The lowermost cells are always damp. Moisture forms on the walls, sweating through the pores of the stone like an exhalation, so that, with his finger for a pen, a man may write his name in the trickling ooze.

A cell measures in width three feet four inches; in length, six feet six inches; in height, seven feet and no inches. It has a cubic capacity of about one hundred and fifty feet, which is considerably less than half the cubic space provided by our Government for each individual in army barracks in time of war. It contains for furniture a bunk, which folds back against the wall when not in use, or two bunks, swung one above the other; sometimes a chair; sometimes a stool; sometimes a shelf, and always a bucket.

For further details of the sanitary arrangements see occasional grand-jury reports and semioccasional reports by special investigating committees. These bodies investigate and then report; and their reports are received by the proper authorities and printed in the newspapers. Coincidentally the newspapers comment bitterly on the conditions existing at Sing Sing and call on public opinion to rouse itself. Public opinion remaining unroused, the sanitary arrangements remain unchanged.

The man who occupies the cell is wakened at six-thirty A. M. At seven-thirty he is marched to the mess hall, where he eats his breakfast. By eight o'clock he is supposed to be at work somewhere, either in the workshop or on a special detail. At noon he goes to the mess hall again. He is given half an hour in which to eat his dinner. Half an hour is ample. At twelve-thirty he returns to his task, whatever it is. He works until quarter past three.

He gets a little exercise then, and at four he is marched to his cell. On his way he passes a table piled with dry bread cut in large slices. He takes as much bread as he wants. Hanging to his cell door is a tin cup, which a guard has just filled with a hottish colored fluid denominated tea. Being put into his cell and locked in, he eats his bread and drinks his tea; that is his supper. He stays in his cell until between six-thirty and seven-thirty the following morning.

He knows Sundays only to hate them. On Sunday he is let out of his cell for breakfast, then goes to religious services if he so desires, and at eleven o'clock is returned to his cell for the remainder of the day, with his rations for the day. When a legal holiday falls on Monday he stays in his cell from four o'clock on Saturday until six-thirty Tuesday morning, except for the time spent at certain meals and at divine services.

This is his daily routine. From the monotony of it there is one relief. Should he persistently misbehave he is sent to a dark cell, from which he emerges half blind and half mad, or quite blind and all mad, depending on the length of time of his confinement therein.

This, in brief, is Sing Sing; or at least it is Sing Sing as Sing Sing was when Felix Looms went there. Wardens have been changed since then and with wardens the system is sometimes altered. Physically, though, Sing Sing must always remain the same. No warden can change that.

Had he let it be known that he was a man of clerkly ways and book learning, Felix Looms might have been set to work in the prison office, keeping accounts or filing correspondence; but that was not his plan. So, maintaining his rôle of unskilled laborer, he was sent to the shoe shop to learn to make shoes; and in time, after a fashion, he did learn to make them.

He attracted no special attention in the shameful community of which he had become a small and inconsequential part. His had been a colorless and unobtrusive personality outside the prison; inside he was still colorless and unobtrusive. He obeyed the rules; he ate of the coarse fare, which satisfied his stomach but killed his palate; he developed indigestion and a small cough; he fought the vermin that swarmed in his cell and sought to feed on his body. By day he watched, he learned, he studied, he analyzed, he planned and plotted out his book; and at night he slept, or tried to sleep.

At first he slept poorly. Bit by bit he accustomed himself to the bad air; to the pent closeness of his cell; to the feeling in the darkness that the walls were closing in on him to squeeze him to death—a feeling that beset him for the first few weeks; to the noises, the coughing, the groaning, the choking, which came from all about him; to the padding tread of the guards passing at intervals along the balcony fronting his cell. But for a long time he could not get used to the snoring of his cellmate.

Sing Sing being overcrowded, as it chronically is, it had been expedient to put Looms in a cell with another prisoner. To the constituted authorities this prisoner was known by a number, but the inner society of Tier III knew him as The Plumber. The Plumber was a hairy, thick-necked creature, mostly animal but with a few human qualities too. The animal in him came out most strongly when he slept. As the larger man and by virtue of priority of occupancy he had the lower bunk, while Looms, perforce, took the upper.

The Plumber slept always on his back. When his eyes closed his mouth opened; then, hour after hour, unceasingly, he snored a gurgling, rumbling snore. It almost drove Looms crazy that snoring. In the night he would roll over on his elbow and peer down, craning his neck to glare in silent rage at the huddled bulk beneath him. He would be seized with a longing to climb down softly and to fix his ten fingers in that fat and heaving throat and hold fast until the snoring was shut off forever.

After a while, though, he got used to The Plumber's snoring, just as he had got used to the food and the work and the heavy air and the cell and all. He got used to being caged with a companion in a space that was much too small, really, for either of them. A man can get used to anything—if he has to. He even came to have a sort of sense of comradeship for his cellmate.

The Plumber was not a real plumber. By profession he was a footpad, a common highwayman of the city streets, a disciple in practice of Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard; but he was possessed of none of those small graces of person, those prettified refinements of air and manner with which romance has invested those masters of the calling.

His title was derived from his method of operation. Dressed in the overalls of an honest workingman and carrying in his pocket a pair of pliers, a wrench and a foot-long scrap of gas pipe, he ranged the darker streets of his own East Side at night on the lookout for business. Spying out a prospective victim, he would first wrap the gas pipe in a handy newspaper; then, stalking his quarry from behind, he would knock him cold with one blow of the gas pipe on the skull, strip the victim's pockets of what cash they contained, and depart with all possible dispatch, casting aside the newspaper as he went. If there was any blood it would be on the newspaper; there would be none on the gas pipe.

Should suspicion fall on its owner—why, he was merely a straight-faring artisan, bound homeward, with certain of the tools and impedimenta of his trade on his person. It had been The Plumber's own idea, this device of the gas pipe and the evening paper, and he was proud of it and derisive of the imitators who had adopted it after he, growing incautious, had been caught, as it were, red-handed and sent up the river.

With pride and a wealth of detail he confided these professional secrets to his spectacled little bunkie after he came to know him. A fragment at a time he told Looms of his life, his likes and dislikes, and his associates in crimedom. He taught Looms the tricks of the prison, too—how to pass messages; how to curry the favor of the keepers; how, when so desiring, to smuggle contrabands in and out; how to talk with one's neighbors while at work or at mess, where silence is demanded, which same is accomplished with the eyes facing straight ahead and the words slipping sidewise from the corners of the mouth, the lips meantime moving but little. Considering the differences in them, they came to be pretty good friends.

Evenings and Sundays and holidays The Plumber would take the floor, literally as well as figuratively. He would stand at the door of their cell, shifting from foot to foot like a caged cat-animal in quarters too small for it, and sniffing like an animal through the small squares of the iron lattice; or else he would pace back and forth the length of the cell, constantly scraping his body between the wall and the edge of the upper berth. In these movements he found relief from his restlessness.

And while The Plumber walked and talked Looms would lie prone on his bed listening or making notes. For making these notes he used an indelible pencil, and for greater security against discovery he set them down in shorthand. The shorthand was partly of his own devising and partly based on an accepted stenographic system. As fast as he filled one sheet of paper with the minutely done, closely spaced lines he pasted it to

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That Must be It! Fifth Avenue Was Not for Him Any More

"What's Teddy Going to Do?"

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

WHEN the news came that the Colonel's throat is affected and that he can make but few speeches this fall it was received in two ways. The Progressive leaders and the Democratic leaders were saddened thereby and hoped the report was exaggerated, and that the weakness would be only temporary. The Republican leaders gave three cheers, and instituted inquiries to discover whether there are any traces of pen paralysis as well.

It is quite true that before these remarks appear in print the throat of the Colonel may be restored to its pristine vigor and he may be out on the stump rallying the boys to the standard of 1912. My own opinion is that the English expert was a bit too pessimistic concerning that larynx; or, on the other hand, maybe the Colonel was spoofing a trifle with a view to the easy elimination of a large number of requests to come out and help the cause by means of the perfectly tenable excuse: "I'd like to, gentlemen, as you well know, for my heart is in the cause; but positively I cannot accept one-tenth of the invitations to speak because of the condition of my throat."

However, as I was saying, the news of the lame larynx cast much gloom over two certain political circles and was hailed as a just retribution by the members of another circle. One thing is reasonably sure, which is that, though the leaders of the Progressives are just as progressive and just as firm in the faith and as active in its propaganda, there has been noticed a gradual slipping away on the part of the rank and file. It was not a retreat or a flight, but a sort of movement to the rear, a veering toward the old allegiances. Some of the boys were going back to the Grand Old Party—not all, but enough to make the backsliding a cause for concern.

Pinchot

Then the Colonel came out of the jungle, with his boils and his river and his clarion cry, and the effect was marked. The backsliding stopped. He sort of revived the whole proceedings. It was like turning a button and starting the electric fan going in a hot room. Things began to stir; the whole Progressive outfit chirked up, drew a few long breaths and said: "What is all this about the Progressives losing strength? Not a word of truth in it! The Colonel is back and now for another rassle with the special privileges."

That was the way it happened in the beginning. Hence it is easy to understand the anxiety of the Progressive leaders over this report that the Colonel's voice has failed or is failing, or is frayed or something, and that he will not be able to do much stumping this fall. The Progressive leaders have been busy organizing, but most of their organizations are skeleton organizations.

What they need is the urge. The urge they need is Roosevelt. They had planned to put him across the country and back again in order to stir them up, hold them fast, and incite them to their former enthusiasms; and it can be done effectively in only one way. That way is by the personal appearance of the Colonel. He can circulate tracts and speeches until he has the mails clogged and it will not help half so much as a few speeches here and there. What the boys want is to hear the Colonel, to see his teeth, to watch him get red in the face as he lambastes all who do not agree with him.

The Democratic brethren also went into the dumps over this report. They were figuring on Roosevelt as their greatest asset. They know that, if he does not keep the Progressives steady and if a lot of them slide back into the Republican party, it won't be half so easy to hold Congress as it would be if the Progressives retained a fair portion of their former strength and made active campaigns in the districts. The Democrats profited by the Progressive movement in 1912 and they were figuring on profiting extensively by it this fall. They want the Colonel to spread himself over every state where there formerly was a majority of Republican Representatives that the old split of 1912 may continue in force.

Barnes

The Democrats are selfish about it. A large share of their hope in retaining the House of Representatives depends, of course, on the presence of old-line Republican and Progressive tickets in many districts, thus splitting the vote where the normal majority used to be Republican and letting the Democrats in because of the divided opposition.

The Doctor Doubted and Endorsed

THE Democratic leaders deprecate the statement of the London throat sharp that the Colonel must do little talking. They cannot understand how any specialist should be so lost to the necessities and exigencies of the political situation in the United States as to pronounce any such verdict over the Colonel's vocal cords. They have been banking on a whirlwind campaign by the Colonel this fall through various states that would stiffen up the Progressives and hold them fast to their party alignment, and thus make it a cinch again for the Democratic candidates. There are about a hundred of the two hundred and ninety Democrats in the House of Representatives who never would have been there at all had it not been for the split in 1912; and the Democratic leaders know that and have longed for a continuation of those pleasant conditions, revived and made active by the exhortations of the Colonel.

There is no caveat on this knowledge. The few remaining old-line Republican leaders know the situation as well as the others. They received the news with considerable satisfaction—not, of course, that they desire anything worse will happen to the Colonel than, say, a total and painful disability, but that they were beginning to feel that if the Colonel kept out of it they might get back some of the boys who left them in 1912. And they had quite a foundation for this feeling. There were apparent movements back to the old party in various parts of the country. The old-line patriots beat themselves on the chest and shouted that the Progressive movement was petering out, and manufactured figures by using primary returns as bases for computations which showed a great loss to that organization and a regaining of former adherents by the Republicans.

There was not half—or a quarter—the return the old-line leaders claimed; but there was a return. There is no doubt of that. Now the old-line boys, the protection patriots, felt sure that if the Colonel would say nothing this return would grow, and they could again claim that the Republican organization had resumed a semblance of a party. They know and knew that if Roosevelt should get to work again along the lines of 1912 the shift back to the Republicans would be halted to a large degree, if it were not stopped entirely.

So when the news came about his throat they could not refrain from cheering a little. They felt a real sympathy for him in his affliction on grounds of general humanity; but, looking at it politically, they merely hoped he would remain dumb for some convenient period—until 1917, say, or some such approximate time. In their opinion that throat sharp in London is a wise man, fully cognizant not only of the difficulties that may beset a throat but also of the difficulty that was sure to beset the Republicans should the throat not be as poorly conditioned for political speaking as he said it was. They are all for the London doctor and think him a very capable practitioner.

This, however, is the immediate or 1914 situation and its present angle. The Congressional elections will be important for several reasons. If the Democrats should lose them heavily it would be a case of handwriting on the wall in letters forty miles high; and though it would not necessarily mean that the Democrats will not win in 1916, it would mean that they must mend a considerable number of their ways or be defeated. President Wilson and his supporters, of course, desire a House of Representatives that shall be in harmony with the Administration, but they hardly expect to retain the present enormous majority.

Foraker

They will be satisfied with a reduction, provided that reduction is not so great as to become an obvious rebuke.

The old-line Republican leaders—men like Crane and Hemenway and Root and Lodge and Barnes, and various others—have canvassed the situation. They are not so sure they want the Republicans to regain the House. They have been trying to impress that idea on the men who are in charge of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee.

Common People

The fact is, the old-line leaders have been cheered up considerably by stories of adversity. They think they see in a season of business depression a chance to get themselves back into power. They are hoping for hard times and are disappointed because they have not had their hope. Still, they think they have a sort of resurrection coming to them because of what they fancy they have found in the dissatisfaction with the tariff reductions and the tolls repeal, aided by the general campaign of calamity howling that has been carried on to prove that business is bad.

These gentlemen are highly strategic as well as cheerfully sanguine. Like all politicians, they believe what they hear when what they hear is to their own advantage. They have bolstered themselves up with the idea that they can win all along the line this fall; and the object of their strategic discussions is to decide whether it would be better to go ahead and win as strongly as they think they can, or only win three-quarters of what they might and allow the Democrats to hold the bag.

They think it would be well to reduce the Democratic majority in the House to such an extent that the reduction

would be a distinct rebuke to President Wilson and his party, and would show that the Republican party still has the breath of life in it; but that it would be better politics not to gain the House entirely. They think if they leave the House in the hands of the Democrats for two years more it will be very easy to elect a Republican President and a Republican House in 1916; and they may be right.

Penrose

At any rate, that is the strategy; and, though they are having some difficulty in getting the men actively in charge of the Republican Congressional campaign to accept this view, the elder statesmen and patriots, not giving a whoop about a Republican House while there is a Democratic President and a Democratic Senate, are looking forward to 1916; and they are extremely political persons.

Of course all this is predicated on their assumption that they can do what they like with the House—which they cannot—and on the further proposition that the Progressive movement has disintegrated—which it has not. The fact is, the elder Republican statesmen and patriots are in no higher favor than they were in 1912, nor is their party; and the further fact is, the Progressive movement still attaches to itself a large number of votes.

Crane

The Optimists

THERE are no men who optimize themselves so easily and so completely as these elder statesmen. They hear stories that business is bad and that there is dissatisfaction with Democratic policies on the tariff, on tolls, on Mexico, and in other respects; and as those stories coincide with their hopes, which, in their turn, are based on their frantic desire to get back their power and the perquisites thereof, they debonairly assume that they can get any sort of Republican representation in the House they choose; reduce the Democratic majority by fifty or a hundred, or a hundred and fifty—it is one hundred and sixty-three now over the Republicans and one hundred and forty-five over all—or wipe it out entirely.

They overlook the fact entirely that the two most popular men in this country are Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, and Theodore Roosevelt, former President of the same; and that neither of these is operating along Old-Guard-Republican lines so far as can be observed.

If the Republicans do make a great showing in the Congressional elections it will have a good effect on their campaign of 1916; and whether they do depends entirely on the cohesiveness of the Progressive movement and party, and on what sort of favor the Democrats will be in when election time comes. Any showing the Republicans make will not be the result of Republicanism. The Old Guard, which is now perked up and thinking that outside influences, like business depression and tolls dissatisfaction and Mexican dissatisfaction, are going to help them, may as well know that whatever does help them, if anything does, will not be of their own making, but of the making of their opponents.

The only way they can get out of the hole is to have the Democrats and the Progressives pull them out—the Democrats by legislative and political blunders, and the Progressives by desertions from their party and principles. The Old Guard Republicans will never get out by themselves. Whatever they win or get will be a gift—not a reward of merit.

The fight this fall will be but preliminary to the fight in 1916. Most people, when thinking or talking of national politics, forget the fact that a presidential battle is no sooner over than another is begun. It is the general opinion that, once a presidential campaign is concluded, the whole thing is allowed to simmer until a few months, or a year at most, before another is due. So it is, so far as the public is concerned; but so it is not, so far as the interest of the politicians goes. On the day after the election of a President the campaign begins for the election of his successor.

It took a little longer than that in 1912 for the Republicans, because they were so badly beaten and demoralized they could not get together in so short a time. However, there was no delay on the part of the Progressives or the Democrats. On the morning after election Colonel Theodore Roosevelt began looking and planning ahead; and so did Colonel Woodrow Wilson and Colonel Champ Clark and Colonel William Jennings Bryan, and various other colonels who might be mentioned.

One thing which held the dazed Republicans back was that they had no colonel—not a solitary one! They had a few lieutenants and first sergeants, but not a colonel. And they were so impressed with the fear that Colonel Roosevelt would grab them they held for a long time to the thought that the best thing they could do would be to grab him—beat him to it.

Let us get the Democrats out of the way, first off, for their situation is as simple as can be. Notwithstanding the plank in the Democratic platform that pledges the Democrats to the principle of one term for the Presidents of their party, there is no serious disbelief of the proposition that if President Wilson continues as he has started he will be renominated. Nothing can stop that; and his position on the tolls repeal, specifically protested against in the same platform, and the majorities he received for that repeal in both House and Senate, show how much of a figure the violation of a party platform cuts in concrete instances. And it would not be much of a violation, at that, if he is as strong with his party throughout the country as he is now. It would be a necessity.

Cummins

The friends of Champ Clark, and the Honorable Champ himself, still hold that he should, by right, be in the White House instead of Wilson; and that he would be there if it had not been for Mr. Bryan. The Clark contingent took it out in growling, which was the only thing they could do in the circumstances, until there came that episode of the Memorial Day exercises at Arlington Cemetery. The President was asked to speak there and refused. Champ Clark was asked, and accepted with such alacrity that he almost rode on the engine to get there quickly.

Bryan

As soon as it was known at the White House that Champ had accepted, the President revoked his refusal and accepted also. Without consideration of the incredibly bad politics of the original refusal, there is where the Honorable Champ made his first dent in the Wilson armor. And it was quite a dent. It cheered up the Clark people amazingly. Likewise it gave the Wilson people an acute pain. Of course, having made so great a showing at Baltimore in 1912, Clark wants to try again, and is likely to unless the Wilson sentiment is overwhelming.

Mr. Bryan's activities in the State Department have not helped him any if he still hankers for another nomination. Mr. Bryan is an evangelist, not a diplomatist. Besides, he cannot stay much longer in the Wilson Administration if he intends to contest for the nomination in 1916. That would not be clubby. And about the only other candidate who has his eyes set toward 1916 as yet is Colonel Joseph W. Folk, who by his prosecutions of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad and other railroads hopes to keep in the presidential limelight; or, failing that, to enhance his lyceum value. There is no doubt that Colonel Folk cherishes 1916 ambitions.

If it should so fall out that Mr. Wilson shall be rebuked by a great defeat in 1914, and if the House should turn or remain only scantily Democratic, there would come doubts of his availability for 1916; for if he does not carry the coming House, and carry it substantially, it will mean but one thing, and that one thing is that his prestige is gone. He is the only candidate who has so concrete and crucial a condition confronting him.

President Wilson

It is very true that a Republican House could do nothing except harass the President, inasmuch as the Senate will probably remain Democratic; but neither could Mr. Wilson do much. Staring him in the face, and staring his hopes of renomination in the face, and staring his party in the face would be the popular repudiation of all the present Congress has done and all the President has proposed; for that is what the 1914 elections will be, and that only—either indorsement or repudiation of the President and his policies.

Wherefore it would not be at all surprising to find Colonel Roosevelt marking time in a political way and awaiting the event of the elections this fall. He has everything to gain and nothing to lose by doing a little watchful waiting himself. It is quite true that if he goes into the campaign, or can, he will do much to hold the Progressives steady; and it is equally true that if he does he will be sure to make it easier for the Democrats to retain control of the next House of Representatives by keeping the split split.

"I suppose," I said to a Democratic politician in Kansas, "you will welcome Colonel Roosevelt to this state."

"Oh, I don't know!" he replied.

"But," I persisted, "if he does come he will keep the Progressives and the Republicans split, won't he?"

"I suppose so; and it will be all right if he will stop there."

"What do you mean by that?"

T. Roosevelt Some Splitter

"I MEAN that if he don't split anything but the Republican party it will be all right; but maybe he will do some splitting in the Democratic party. Believe me, son, when he gets in action that man Roosevelt is some splitter!"

I asked about Colonel Roosevelt and I asked about President Wilson all the way across the continent and most of the way back again, and I discovered two things: The first is that President Wilson, except in localities where there is a local grouch, as on the Pacific Coast, where they are incensed about the repeal of the free tolls for the Canal on the ground that free tolls would have helped them commercially, is as strong with the people as he was the last time I went across, which was last October.

So far as the Democratic party, as a party, is concerned, it has gained no strength. President Wilson is the Democratic party—just that, no more and no less. There is not a thing in this world to the Democracy except the memory of Thomas Jefferson and the actuality of Woodrow Wilson. He is the top and the bottom and the middle of it. More than that, he is wholesomely respected by his political opponents, and is universally held to be an honest, sincere, high-minded man who is doing a difficult task in a most patriotic manner.

Clark

The second is that it would be the utmost

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YOU BRAT!

By JULIAN HINCKLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

There Was Scarcely Enough Breath Left in Him for More Than an Inarticulate Choking Sound

ORSON LANIER had imagined his heart was broken when he boarded the transatlantic liner, bound for Gibraltar, Naples and Alexandria; but already, only the second day out and not yet beyond wireless communication with the young lady who had broken the aforesaid organ, he stood by the rail of the forward deck watching a game of shuffleboard and smiling—quite oblivious of his consuming sorrow—for among the players was a young girl, certainly not more than twenty, with the prettiest giggle he had ever seen.

Yes, it was a giggle; but then a giggle can be a very pretty thing indeed sometimes. It is such a spontaneous expression of merriment, and of simplicity of heart too. There was something particularly contagious about the giggle in question; even Lanier, with his broken heart, smiled unconsciously as he stood there watching her. It might not have been so contagious had she not been so very young and so exceptionally pretty; but her prettiness was nothing as compared to the brightness of her expression.

There was a friskiness, too, about her whole person that suggested a fallen leaf or a dancing patch of sunlight on water—not boisterous, mind you, but merely a sort of effervescence of youth and happiness, and a heart untouched by affectation; in fact, her giggle was a sort of silent giggle that inspired uproarious laughter without taking the least part in it. In this curious quality lies the beginning of our plot; for as Lanier stood smiling she turned her eyes unexpectedly to meet his.

Now as their eyes met the laughter died suddenly out of hers, and he felt with horror his own features relaxing from a grin. The blood rushed to his face, and with the agony of a shy person he turned and fled.

He was perhaps the shyest young man who ever lived. In the matter of courage, moral and physical, he was as lion-hearted as any one could wish; but the smaller offices of sociability filled his soul with trepidation. He was, for all that, a handsome, well-spoken young man with an exceedingly taking manner. He was not so very young—not nearly so young as he looked, for he was almost thirty—and almost famous too. He was a writer of children's stories, fairy tales; and already one or two persons eminent in the literary world had spoken of him as a second Lewis Carroll, ranking him with the immortal author of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.

As the matter of his shyness is essential to our story, we shall go back—'way back into the pluperfect tense—and tell how he came to be so shy; and how, also, he came to be a writer of children's stories, which we shall see was one of the reasons why he was taking the southern trip to Gibraltar—and all this is very essential indeed.

He had been an odd little boy who differed in some strange way from other little boys, whether because he was closer to the type of the universal boy or farther from it we shall not undertake to say. He had built houses in trees; had dug caves in the ground; had collected birds' eggs; had kept a private zoo; had possessed, also, a miniature museum, with the mounted remains of birds and animals in prominent place; had built his first boat at the age of ten, putting on the bottom after the manner of shingles; had taken excellent photographs with a camera of his own invention; had connected himself with the railroad station by telegraph; and had in all these and many similar activities called down on himself the reproof of the neighbors but once—which was when he had evolved a wonderful violoncello out of materials found in the cellar, including an old cheese box and a section of discarded stair rail.

He had wooed sweet music from this instrument until his father, acting on the advice of his neighbors, had arranged to have him take music lessons. Even music lessons had not stilled the true artist's desire for expression, and he had acquired an ability as a violinist far above that of the average amateur.

Such activities had not brought him into close association with other boys, who were more given to destruction than construction, and who thought more of pounding each other's heads than of improving their own. And so, having traveled up through boyhood, school days and college with no companion that could equal his own imagination, he had grown shy—shy, but he was no fool, you must understand, nor coward either.

In that universal business, love, he had been most strangely unfortunate. The one woman he had wished to marry had married another—in each case. Perhaps this was because he lacked experience, even elementary experience. He had, of course, fallen in love some score of times during his adolescence, but had never manifested any of the outward semblances of juvenile passion. The objects of his adoration had probably never suspected it. Never once had he held a girl's hand; and as for kisses in piazza corners on moonlit summer nights, he probably did not know that such things existed. In making this statement we are not forgetting for a moment the little girl who had once sat on his knee and made him tell her fairy stories at the contract price of a kiss apiece.

Silvia her name was, and he had made her acquaintance eight years before when, still only a college sophomore, he had first taken this southern crossing. His shy nature was just such as a child might have taken advantage of; and Silvia—aged ten years—temporarily orphaned by the seasickness of her maternal escort, had attached herself to him like a barnacle for ten long days—very wonderful days to him—that had been the beginning of his career as a writer of fairy tales, and incidentally of his having taken this southern trip every year for eight succeeding years.

For this particular trip another young woman, who may as well remain nameless, was in part responsible. She had treated him cruelly. For years—three years—he had been encouraged to believe that she was his whenever he should find sufficient courage to propose. Then, only five days ago, she had announced her engagement to another. So he had changed his passage to an earlier steamer and had embarked with his broken heart, which we have seen was not so irreparably damaged after all.

If the reader does not consider all this essential let him take to heart this much at least—that our hero was very, extremely, extraordinarily, superlatively shy. And so it was that, finding himself smiling in a familiar manner at a strange woman—girl if you prefer—he had fled in an agony of mortification.

He spent two bitter hours in his stateroom, reflecting on his act, suggesting to himself a hundred different ways in which she might have construed it. At best he must have appeared a vulgar masher, who had stood there ogling her until with a look of indignant scorn she had sent him about his business. She was pretty; he had ogled—that was the whole thing in a nutshell.

His first thought was to keep to the seclusion of his stateroom for the rest of the trip. Fourteen days! Still, this was nothing to the knowledge that five years hence he should start up out of sleep at the memory of the incident. He was the kind of person who lost a good deal of sleep in such painful recollections.

His second thought was to make her an apology—indirectly, of course—through one of the gentlemen on shipboard of her acquaintance. This was in many ways the better plan. There was the third officer, Von Dietrich; he had spoken to her during the shuffleboard game, and had even laughed, though he was a solemn fellow. Yes; Von Dietrich would do.

Lanier set out immediately to find the third officer, which he had no difficulty in doing.

"See here, Von Dietrich," he said, touching him on the shoulder. "I'm in a deuce of a fix. Will you do me a favor? I'm afraid I've caused myself to be misunderstood by one of the passengers—a certain young lady to whom I noticed you speaking this morning on the forward deck. You know; the pret—the one with the white Angora sweater and tam-o'-shanter."

He plunged at once into a full explanation of the incident—how he had been thinking of something of a humorous nature that had happened years and years ago, and had not realized that he was grinning directly at the young woman. He asked that this explanation be conveyed to the young woman in question. Of course he made a formal request for the honor of a presentation, as the occasion demanded, that he might repeat his apology in person.

"And tell her I'm a perfectly innocuous person—that I write fairy tales for children," he added.

The German accepted the commission as one might have expected a German officer to accept a commission involving a friend's honor. Within an hour he waited on Lanier in his stateroom, proud to report that he had been in every way successful; that the lady was entirely reconciled and had granted an appointment for an immediate presentation.

With sinking heart, yet resolute spirits, Lanier permitted himself to be led down the long line of steamer chairs. Confused, blushing, he heard the dire formula of presentation being pronounced like a blessing over the joined hands of himself and a young lady in a white Angora sweater and tam-o'-shanter who was reclining palely in a steamer chair. Miss Brown her name was; but that is neither here nor there. The awful fact was that she was not the particular young lady in the white sweater and tam-o'-shanter that Lanier had intended to designate.

"How extraordinary, Mr. Lanier! I really don't remember your smiling at me."

"Oh—oh, I thought you might have thought—that I thought—that I—that ——"

"I'm sure I shouldn't have minded," she said, helping him out of his embarrassment with the experienced readiness of one accustomed to meeting the advances of the opposite sex halfway—she was perhaps thirty-five, was this Miss Brown. "I don't see why people are so afraid to talk to each other. Won't you sit down?"

Desperately, however, Lanier kept his feet. He saw too clearly the common motive she had assigned to his having sought an introduction, the interpretation so flattering to herself that she had put on his inarticulate confusion.

"If—if I may come up later ——" he stammered. "I am so glad to have had the opportunity of apologizing in person." And, smiling and lifting his hat, he hurried after the retreating figure of the third officer.

"Vat! Not the right lady!" ejaculated Von Dietrich with tremendous concern.

"Oh—oh, never mind!" said Lanier. "I'm awfully obliged to you, all the same. Only I meant the other young lady—the pretty one."

"Preddy!" Von Dietrich's look severely questioned whether Lanier were not using his services lightly.

"Of course! If she hadn't been so confoundedly pretty my crime would have lacked motive," explained Lanier, eager to justify himself. "It's an *affaire d'honneur*, not an *affaire du cœur* really."

"But I don't remember any other young lady."

"Oh, I beg you not to concern yourself further," declared Lanier, terrified at the thought of another such introduction. "Forget it! I mean, we'll let the matter rest."

"Very well," returned the third officer with stolid complaisance, and marched off to the bridge.

Lanier spent the rest of the afternoon in his stateroom with a book. His nerves were in a very bad shape; nor did a wakeful night improve them. Timidly he ventured forth from his stateroom the next morning, determined to brazen the thing out.

As he went up on deck his first thought was to pay his respects briefly to Miss Brown and get it over with. He felt obliged to do this for having sought her acquaintance. Her chair, he remembered, was next to the door of the writing saloon.

Yes—there she was, standing with her back to him, apparently just about to sit down. He must speak to her before she got settled. He hurried forward, stifling his natural timidity with a determined boldness that was quite reckless. Approaching her from behind he cried a blithe "Good morning!"

She turned. Oh, *infandum!* Oh, *horribile dictu!* How could he have committed such an insensate blunder! For of course it was the pretty girl who turned.

"Oh, I beg pardon!" he gasped in pulseless horror. "I thought it was Miss Brown." How inadequate the name of Brown!

She gave him a startled look, a sort of flushed recognition, and then coldly turned her back on him. And a second time he fled more ignominiously than before.

At the extreme end of the ship he spent the rest of that day gazing gloomily at the wake of the propellers and composing a curse on Angora sweaters that was a veritable liturgy. He put the blame for his blunder off on the garment the woolliness of which had made it impossible for him to distinguish between the figures of the girl and of the woman. There was an unaccountable coincidence in the fact that she should have been hovering about the chair which only yesterday Miss Brown had occupied. This was the malice of fate.

He lay awake much of that night wondering what he should do to redeem his mistake. As a result of much decision he went on deck the next morning with the bold intention of exhibiting himself in Miss Brown's, that is to say, Miss Brown's sweater's, company, thereby showing cause for his error of the day before; but she was not on deck. A slight rising of the sea accounted for her absence, as well as for the decimation of the steamer-chair occupants. Nor was the pretty girl anywhere to be seen.

He felt greatly relieved. His anticipation of Miss Brown's society had been anything but eager. Now he drew deep breaths of the salt sea air and removed his hat so that the wind might blow through his hair, which was like the sculptor's ideal of hair, that seemed to scorn the comb. With an elastic step that made nothing of the ship's motion he strode once, twice, three times about the half-deserted deck; then paused, with the intention of sitting down and reading.

He had engaged a steamer chair on leaving New York, but had as yet done nothing about securing it. He made a fourth tour of the deck in search of the deck steward, who, being found, said:

"Yes, sir. I'll fetch it immediately, sir. Where shall I put it, sir?"

Lanier looked for a sheltered corner.

"Put it over there," he said, and then went and waited in the spot designated.

It was a sunny spot, quite out of the wind; a retired spot as well, for there was but a single chair in it. This chair was loosely piled with tumbled steamer rugs, on top of which lay expanded a newspaper.

A newspaper! And the fourth day at sea! Dear, familiar thing! Let us have a look at the date. Last Sunday! What happened last Sunday?

The deck steward was a long time in bringing the chair and Lanier turned an idle eye on the events of a week before. He bent close, with one hand on his knee while the other still clasped his hat to his breast. In this attitude he read the headlines and then, putting forth a hand, turned the page.

Of course he had no idea the chair was occupied—that beneath the tumbled heap of rugs was a young woman. He would never, you may be well assured, have raised the newspaper had he known that it was lying there for the purpose of shielding from the sun two eyes which, being rudely uncovered, glared up at him terribly.

"Oh!" he said. He tried also to say: "I beg pardon!" There was scarcely enough breath left in him, however, for more than an inarticulate choking sound. For again it was the pretty girl with—or without—the giggle; decidedly without the giggle in the present instance.

Was ever a man in a more embarrassing plight? He started to replace the newspaper and then drew back as though horrified at having contemplated an act of such rudeness and familiarity. It would be like thrusting the paper in her face; whereas not to replace the newspaper would be plainly inconsiderate and an extension of his original fault.

He tried again to beg her pardon; but for all the words he could bring forth he might as well have been bidding her good morning. Indeed, he had very much the appearance of so doing, for he still held his hat pressed against his heart in a gallant manner.

"Here's your chair, sir. I'll put it close to the other; shall I, sir?"

At the sound of the steward's voice something seemed to burst in Lanier's brain. He dropped the newspaper without further ado and turned and fled.

He did not quite come to for some hours afterward. So great was his tribulation he forgot all about luncheon which was just as well, since he would not have ventured from his stateroom for fifty luncheons. Perhaps it was the pang of hunger that brought him back to consciousness. At about four o'clock he drew his violin case from under his berth with the intention of communing in silence with the one companion that had never failed to understand him—his Amati violin.

The touch of the instrument gave him courage. It always did. He searched the case for a mute, found it, applied it to the bridge of the violin and drew the bow softly across the strings. The violin was much out of tune; so he tuned it. Then he ran a few arpeggios and, taking heart, executed a series of improvisations.

Ah, if he could but explain always in music instead of words! How much more surely could he express himself!

"Oh, I Beg Pardon!" He Gasped in Pulseless Horror. "I Thought It Was Miss Brown"

At the thought he began to pour forth a very flood of musical apology—crescendi, diminuendi, rallentandi, enharmonic changes, and what not—in the midst of which he was interrupted by a loud rat-tat-tat on the door.

He put down his violin in breathless silence. Doubtless it was the protest of some seasick music hater; but then a bluff voice beyond the door said:

"Hello, professor!"

He got up and opened the door. There stood on the other side of the threshold a gentleman with a dental display of good will, who dispensed into the close air of the stateroom an odor of cigars and strong drink.

"I guess I want you for this evening's concert," the gentleman said, producing the rough draft of a program headed by the words: Grand Galaxy of Genius!

"Oh!" replied Lanier, while the thought flashed through him that here—heaven-sent—was the wished-for opportunity to explain, to apologize in music. "Why, I—I shall be very glad to assist."

"Great!" The promoter of the entertainment stepped across the sill and patted him enthusiastically on the shoulder. "Great! Let's get it right down on the program. What shall it be?"

Lanier hesitated a moment.

"I'll play the Adagio Pathétique, by Beethoven. There'll be no difficulty about the accompaniment. May I see the program?"

He glanced over the list of selections rapidly, nervously. They were the usual selections chosen for such entertainments. His eye fell on The Angels' Serenade. Opposite this selection was written: "Madame Turner: By special permission of the Metropolitan Opera Company."

He had no shyness, as a rule, about playing before people; but on this occasion he did not feel entirely sure of himself. Now, as it happened, he knew the violin obbligato of that song by heart, having played it some tens of thousands of times for his sister, who could sing nothing else. Why not make this obbligato a means of warming up for his solo? He offered the suggestion.

"Great!" agreed the promoter of the concert enthusiastically.

"But of course it depends on Madame Turner," said Lanier. "Opera singers are touchy, you know."

The gentleman impresario emitted a sort of bark, the mirthful significance of which escaped Lanier.

"Sure, I'll tell her. Let's have that selection of yours again. I'm rushing this to the ship's printer. Happened by luck to hear you playing as I came by. Beet-hoven, wasn't it? Adagio—yes; I've got that."

In another moment he was breezing out of the stateroom as breezily as he had entered it.

Who has not attended an entertainment on shipboard? Who does not know the quality of talent presented by the performers and the strained quality of the mercy exhibited by the audience? And who, also, does not know the type of breezy gentleman from Watertanks, Indiana, who passes for a card sharp in the smoking room and is always the prime mover in such entertainments—himself the possessor of a strangulated tenor?

Lanier knew, of course—that is to say, he would have admitted the truth of the matter had he been pressed with

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"How Extraordinary, Mr. Lanier! I Really Don't Remember Your Smiling at Me"

THE PERSISTENT LADY

By JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

The Great Prima Donna Would Give Hong-Kong One Night

EVERY morning, as John Martin woke, it was with a little start of happiness; and immediately he remembered the delicious moment which was awaiting him at the end of the day. This memory, held tight, enabled him to bear with detached resignation the day's stupid routine, its loneliness and its heat. At a quarter to eight he left his little home of bamboo and palm-leaf on stilts. His white suit, cut with a roll collar so as to defy any accusation of aping military chic, was immaculate and crinkly; his canvas shoes were freshly clayed; under his Panama the hair was smoothly plastered. He had a turned-up nose, which constantly and wistfully asked a question never answered; and two shallow, china-blue eyes, slightly divergent, as are eyes that seldom focus near, but follow almost parallel lines to distances in haze.

The streets of the pueblo were already fermenting and vibrating with the brown populations; the heat already blinded and stifled; he made his way to the Post. There the fat major dictated to him for an hour, after which he was left alone in the office. He pounded a typewriter behind the shutters, lazily; rolled cigarettes; yawned; let, in the silence, sink into him the desolation of the land; and then it was twelve. Tiffin at the little nipa house; a siesta like a delirium within a buzzing mosquito bar; then back to the office at two. More pounding of the typewriter; long silences; five o'clock!

As he made his way to the little nipa house this time, the feeling with which he had wakened in the morning was stirring a little more urgently, with a sense of nearness; it was as though he were approaching a tryst.

But the moment was not here yet; and the waiting, made sweet by certitude, was still to be prolonged. He climbed the shaky bamboo ladder, passed through the kitchen where his boy was making abominable smoke, entered the little sala, took off his hat and his coat; in his shirt sleeves he leaned at the front window and looked.

The house turned its back on the pueblo; before him was the beach—a long flat of livid-yellow ooze, across which a causeway, sunken and slimy, stretched to the margin of the shore-soiled sea. At the end of the causeway a lorcha sometimes tied up, stayed a few days, then sidled off clumsily, sidewise, like a crab.

John, heavy on the sill, opened his soul wide to the large loneliness. He was that most isolated of beings—a civilian employee of soldiers at a post where the only whites were soldiers.

The sun fell, touched the sea; the horizon glowed with a molten heat of smoky hues. Abruptly all this turned to rags; and the night, rising like a tide from the earth, touched the sky.

Then he turned inward with animation, and called.

"*Muchacho*, a lamp and dinner!"

The boy having brought in the lamp, John slid the shutters to with a gesture that eloquently locked out the land and placed him in an intimacy. When the dinner had been brought, however, it became evident that this, after all, was not that to which he had wakened in the morning and which had made him so patient all the day.

He dispatched the poor results of Julio's efforts with disdain, but the solemnity with which he rose immediately afterward said that the important moment was at length very near. He rose, while Julio ran out with the dishes; he opened a camphor-wood chest and drew from it a little phonograph.

He had bought it second-hand a year before, while on a short, delirious vacation in Iloilo, with its few cracked and worn records; and it had become the tenderness and the solace of his loneliness.

He set it on a table in the center of the room now. He dusted it and adjusted the horn; but he did not open it just yet. Straddling a chair before it he smoked a cigar; and on his face was the look of a kitten that is going to have cream.

Finally he chose one of his five records, put it on, dropped the needle delicately on the revolving surface, sprang back to his chair, and became intent, his head inclined toward his right shoulder. Immediately the room became filled with a small, nasal and brassy uproar. Inside that box a little band was playing. John could see them clearly—little bits of men in red jackets and gilded caps grouped at the foot of a long white pole, at the top of which a banner snapped. The miniature trombones slid back and forth swiftly, the pistons danced, the small cheeks blew themselves round; and blaring harmonies, filling the room, pierced John with stirring vibrations. His feet swung; his head went high.

The record came to its end; the music went out with a moan; the needle began to pound. John rose and stopped the machine.

He remained silent, smoking for a time; then started the same record once more. Through long and careful experiment he had gained a nice knowledge of the manner by which each evening could be made to yield its maximum of delicate enjoyment; the records must be played in an order that furnished a rising ladder of excellence; and each must be played several times, with intervals between as long as possible.

The second disk was a recitation in Scotch dialect. He loved the exaggerated roll of its r's. That the story was humorous he guessed; but he could not quite understand it. The diction disappeared at times in the buzzing of the worn and jaded machine. And this mystery was an added pleasure. Once in a while, sometimes after a patient wait of weeks, he caught abruptly a new word—and slept happy the night long.

A similar incertitude, but more subtly exciting—perhaps very dimly perverse—was the charm of the third disk. This was a darky song of syncopated rhythm, and one could not tell whether the singer was a woman or a man—a woman with a male voice, or a man with a woman's contralto. He listened and listened, and balanced and balanced, sometimes seeing him, dislocated, with cane in hand and hat on back of neck; at other times seeing her, black-faced with white teeth, deep-bosomed, a yellow bandanna round her hair.

The next was Moonlight in Jungle Land. "Moonlight in Jungle Land!" it began—and immediately he saw the white light falling on leaves hard, immobile and glittering as though made of metal; cascading; and, through little holes, cracks, interstices, sliding filtered fine rays into black depths astir and warm with mysterious animal life. The song was sung by two male voices going along together, one always a little higher than the other; and these two reedy voices raised in John a dual feeling—above, a gentle joy; beneath, a melancholy running like a rill, sinking at times into deep pools.

He played this record over and over again, many times, until he had penetrated himself utterly with the sad ecstasy. Then it was evident that he was on the threshold of the moment for which all this had been merely a preparation—for which his entire day had been a preparation. He took up the last record.

This was a wide disk, and the label in the center was red or what there was left of it. It had been scratched and mutilated until the name of the piece had disappeared; but, miraculously intact in the lower right-hand corner, the name of the singer still lived—Carmencita Muir. As he held the disk between two fingers his lips now shaped the name; it rose winged from them and remained poised in the silence like an adoration.

He did not turn on the record immediately. Several little rites came first, and he lingered over them, lengthening the waiting. He drew up his cane chair; he laid on its arm a fresh cigar. He went to the cupboard and returned with a small glass of liqueur. This was a cream of cocoa; always with this record he sipped slowly a glass of cream of cocoa!

He started the disk; then quickly threw himself back into his chair, so that the first note would find him reclined at ease, cigar in mouth, glass in hand, thoroughly ready.

And yet it came always as a miracle, that first note! So pure and yet so colored—a drop of dew holding a rainbow; so fresh and cool and crystalline—like a snowflake—and yet so warm. It was followed by three others, each a like marvel; then the four were repeated—eight notes, each a paradise.

A little grip came to his throat at the sheer beauty of it.

The song went on. It made him think, this song, of a beautiful girl, a little mad, in a lone garden at noon. In an alley between high trees, aimlessly she drew with her fingers vague figures in the sand and hummed to herself, and her humming was sad; but suddenly she rose and began to dance.

The girl of the song was hazy and far, but the singer was very near. She was here, here, near; and there was something in the particular tone of her voice, in the way her lips shaped her words, which was like an intimate whisper. The notes, the music, the purity of pyrotechnic flights might be for every one—for the world; but the adorable peculiarity of her articulation was something for him alone—a message, a promise, a subtle assurance.

About halfway the song rose and rose into a long, high, loud note, held and held until he himself panted. Then, immediately on the termination of this note, without a rest, without the slightest pause, the song began again on low notes, gently, fresh and unwearied, unhurried. It was as though, having sent out a call to one unimportant and far, she had returned to this grave and tender tone for him.

After a while there was another wild, tormenting outburst; and then—he was awaiting that—she breathed. At the end of a long note like a polished rapier she took in breath. One could hear it clearly—and so near—that sweet aspiration; it made her suddenly so alive, so palpitant, and so real. To John suddenly came the sense of her soft bosom; it was as though his ear were against her heart.

He loved her! He loved her! For a year now he had loved her. More and more he loved her!

She was there—so near! So near! She sang; she breathed. She had white garments, with a red flower in her hair. He loved her, so gentle, so gracious, so pure, so warm, so tender—ah, he loved her!

Outside, the tropical night blazed with stars, the tropical night distilled its mysterious perfumes; but he, with doors and windows closed, in the light of a poor lamp listened to the sounds issuing from a box—listened for hours, and trembled a little with ecstasy. And it was no box—*she* was near; close to him; warmly manifest and yet so impalpable. She sighed; he sighed; and the sweet, piercing pain of love held him as a pin holds a butterfly.

In the morning he put on his fresh white suit; he breakfasted; he strolled through the heat to the Post. The major dictated to him. All day he pounded a typewriter and smoked cigarettes—and that day was a blur, with a star at the end. He returned to the nipa hut, he leaned at the window and watched the sun set

And then he was with her. She sang; she breathed. At the end of a long note her soft bosom filled and filled. It replenished itself with his adoration. And that was his life. He was in love with the lady of the phonograph.

When John Martin had passed two years at his post he found himself given, by the regulations, a two-months' leave. Not knowing quite what to do with it, but driven

by the stern command of what others do, he shut up house and, a nostalgia of what he was leaving behind at his heart, wandered along the sunken causeway, across the mud flat, to the lorcha tied up at the quay. This, in creaking tacks, took him to Iloilo, where he caught a little tin-pot steamer to Manila. In Manila, the command of what others do was still insistent: it forced him on another steamer, which deposited him in Hong-Kong, British metropolis of those seas.

He had not been in Hong-Kong two hours, however, when he thought himself mad. He had seen, spread before his eyes, *her* name—Carmencita Muir!

He stopped short; he pivoted; he rubbed his eyes—but still there persisted the knowledge that he had seen her name. And now he saw it again. It spread in large red letters on an orange-hued poster on one of the pillars of an arcade; and, looking along the arcades, he saw other pillars flaming with it.

He studied the poster before him with mingled emotions of pride and regret. It appeared that she whom he had thought his alone belonged to the wide world. The poster spoke of her as "the great prima donna." She was engaged "on a stupendous world tour." And she would give Hong-Kong one night. The night of June twenty-third.

June twenty-third. Twenty-third — twenty-third - twenty-third! In his excitement, now, John lost all memory of dates. He made gigantic efforts to find some anchor date that would enable him to calculate this one, but the efforts only paralyzed him; his mind stuttered. Finally he stalked into the nearest shop.

"The date? The date?" he asked, breathless.

The little tailor, busy with a yardstick, raised his head and gazed round-eyed at the mad American.

"Tuesday," he said.

"The date? The date?" pleaded John, going mad.

"The twenty-fourth of June."

John contemplated the poster again; his shoulders sagged.

It had been last night! She had sung.

Those other pigs who had filled the hall had heard her; they had seen her!

They had seen her, svelte and fine, in her white garments, a red flower in her hair. And they had heard her. They had heard those first four miraculous notes; the way, after that first climax, she began again, so softly, with such tender ease; at the end of the second long note they had heard her breathe.

Those pigs had heard her, had seen her! And he, he ——

"I've never had any luck!" John Martin murmured.

He was on his way back to his hotel as though the day held nothing more for him. And when he arrived at the desk he found that he had forgotten the number of his room. He looked it up in the register, spread wide before him. And doing so he made a stupefying discovery. Her name again! She had stopped at the same hotel!

She had been here, in this hotel where he was. His heart beat hard. An extravagant hope now sent it leaping still faster. He asked the clerk.

"Madame Muir has sailed?"

"The P. O. boat is delayed," answered the clerk as though what he was saying was very ordinary. "She doesn't sail until the day after tomorrow."

Martin could no longer bear the throngs, the blinding light. He went up into his room to meditate. There, in the little cubicle, she again took possession of him. He heard her sing; heard the sweet intake of her breath. He saw her, so white, with the red flower in her hair.

Finally he sat down, and on a dusty sheet of the hotel paper wrote to her. It was hard at first. Then he forgot; and the pen began to race across the paper, jumping now and then with a little whine. He told her of his loneliness and what she had been to it; of the nights spent listening to her. He forgot, as he wrote, that at his Post there was any one at all; from the letter it was perfectly evident that he lived all alone on a sandspit at the center of a pitiless sea beneath a heavy sun.

He slid the letter quickly into its envelope when he had finished, knowing very well that if he re-read it he should falter. When, in answer to the bell, a Chinese servant stood at the door, he gave him the missive for Carmencita Muir.

He waited immobile in a chair in the middle of his room. It was very still here—the sounds of the hotel did not penetrate; but he could hear the beating of the arteries in his ear. And at intervals his stomach made a fluttering descent toward his shoes.

After an intolerable wait the Chinese was again at the door. And he held a note!

It was cream-colored: a subtle perfume came from it. John would have preferred not to open it. Merely to slip it into his pocket against his heart and hold it there, unopened forever; but he tore at it.

"Drop in at four and have tea with me.

"CARMENCITA MUIR."

John actually felt a pain of joy at his heart and dropped back in his chair. The door once more closed on him.

He looked at his watch.

The hand holding it trembled. Three o'clock. An hour! In an hour he should be with her!

He saw her already. She would come to him, rising supple from a chair like a throne; she would come to him, white and glowing as a taper; and he should feel in his upturned palms the pressure of her curled little fingers.

A red flower crowning all this vibrant whiteness!

Inside That Box a Little Band Was Playing

And then—after that? Ah, he did not know: he did not know. A sense of pure serenity. A peace. And a monstrous joy.

Maybe she would sing—sing that song!

She would stand before him, straight and slim, luminously white before a black piano—and those first four miraculous notes would float out of her flower mouth. And further on would come the long note, and the rebeginning, so gentle, so fresh, so unwearied, like sleep turned music. And afterward, after the second high note, she would breathe, her soft bosom very near.

This to him, John Martin! It was impossible! He was mad! But here was the note, its subtle perfume, and its marvelous news:

"Drop in at four and have tea with me."

At four o'clock John tiptoed out of his room and, in the lumberly lift, rose to her; but when the lift had abandoned him in the long corridor, with its many blank doors, one of which was hers, a frightful panic took possession of him, and without waiting for its reappearance, he tumbled down the stairs and out into the street.

Passers-by brushed him. He suddenly imagined himself very conspicuous; and in order to give himself an appearance of ease he drew out his watch and looked at it.

A new and rougher jolt woke him. He was still standing on the street corner, looking fixedly into the face of his watch. He must have been there hours!

The clock across the way reassured him. It was only five minutes past four. He walked round the hotel block.

He walked again round the block.

He walked round the block, and walked round the block, and walked round the block.

Each time that he approached the entrance of the hotel he said to himself: "Now I'm going in!" And knew at the same time that he was not going in.

Finally he forgot his purpose, forgot to say, "Now I'm going in!" mechanically took the lift, went along a hall and found himself before her door! Already he had knocked! the sound of it was in his ears like thunder.

The door was opened by a maid and he went in. There was a short passageway; he went through that, forced on by the maid behind him, and entered the room.

The room was the banal sitting room of a hotel suite; John, even unaccustomed though he was to elegance in living, felt the soiled yellow of paper and upholstery close on him like an omen. In the center of the room was a round table, and on the round table was a siphon with bottles and half-emptied glasses standing in a viscosity made of the mixture of their own oozings with cigar ashes and cigarette butts. About the table sat two men.

"Sit down; sit down; she'll be back in a minute!" they said together.

John sat. The two men were regarding him—one with a frank and friendly curiosity; the other with gloom. The one was fair and thin and washed-out; his meager hair, brushed back, was a little long and uneven behind; his big blue eyes made John think, somehow, of holy pictures; there was something about him at once feverish and very pure—the purity of one utterly spent. The other was swarthy, with an abundance of black oily hair, and a big mustache, at which he tugged as he stared with eyes that bulged opaquely, showing the little veins in their globular whites.

"She read us your letter," said the wan one suddenly. "It's a fine letter! I can't tell you how pleased I am to meet one who holds her at her true worth. She is much, much bigger than the present world knows. I am her husband and ——"

"Pleased to meet you," said John Martin idiotically.

As a matter of fact the room was rolling a bit, as though it had been the cabin of a ship. At this simple news that She was married a vague sickness had come to him. He was fighting it; he was saying to himself: "Well, what of that? What did you expect, you fool? Why shouldn't she be married—she so gifted and so beautiful? What did you

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"Say, You're the Ducky With the Eyes! Don't You Look at Me That Way, Sir"

Government Without Politics

Soldiers Clearing Tracks During French Railway Strike

The German Reichstag Leaving the Castle After the Kaiser's Speech

By WILL PAYNE

IN ZIMMERSTRASSE, Berlin, an American correspondent and a French one have offices together. If the American correspondent wishes to send a dispatch to New York and does not wish to write it out, he may call up the Berlin post office on the telephone, dictate his dispatch in English, and rest assured that it will be promptly and accurately transmitted. At the next desk the French correspondent may call up the post office and dictate a dispatch in French, which also will be promptly and accurately transmitted.

People who use the German post office's telegraph service must have unlimited confidence in it. "I'd lay a wager," said the Berlin correspondent of a London paper, "that if I wanted to send a telegram in Chinese the post office would get a stenographer at the other end of the telephone wire who could take the message in that language and send it without an error. I send hundreds of words a day in English and there is not a mistake once in six months!" The domestic telegraph rate is twelve cents for ten words and one cent for each additional word. Words in the address and signature, of course, are included in the charge.

Outside the United States there is probably no better telephone service than that furnished by the German government; and it is cheap. The rent of a telephone in Berlin is forty-five dollars a year, which gives the renter unlimited service—except that the government, with a prudent notion that all honest citizens should be in bed at ten o'clock P. M., puts on a tax of two cents for every message later than that hour.

The subscriber does not have to buy his own instrument, however, as he does in France; nor is there any particular trouble about getting a telephone, as there is in Italy. Practically it is as easy to have a telephone installed in Berlin as in New York, and the toll charges are very low. For a long-distance conversation anywhere within the empire, from the French border on the west to the Russian border on the east, the toll charge is twenty-four cents for a three-minute talk—that is, for the ordinary service, which is really rather slow. For the special service, which insures prompt connection, the toll charge is seventy-two cents.

The Limited Powers of the Reichstag

YOU hear a great deal about the efficiency of the German government as a manager of public utilities, and much that you hear is true. I have tried to do justice to the excellence of the state-owned railroads of Germany as compared with all other state-owned systems in Europe; but in this connection no one should overlook the fact that the German government is an entirely different affair from ours.

In Berlin there is a lower house of parliament, which in a general way looks about like our House of Representatives in Washington or the House of Commons in London or the Chamber of Deputies in Paris—that is, it is a large room where duly elected representatives of the inhabitants of the country meet to debate and pass bills; but beyond that superficial resemblance there is hardly any other.

True, the three hundred and ninety-seven members of the Reichstag, or lower house of parliament, are elected by universal suffrage, a good deal as the members of our House of Representatives are. In 1912, with a population above ninety-five millions, slightly over fifteen million votes were cast for President in the United States, or roughly one vote for each six and a third inhabitants. In Germany in the same year, with sixty-five million inhabitants, over twelve million votes were cast for members of the Reichstag, or about one vote for each five and a third inhabitants. In short, the electoral franchise is more generally exercised in Germany in national affairs than in this country.

That looks democratic, and it is; but a bill, having passed the Reichstag by receiving a majority vote in that chamber, must also pass the Bundesrat, or upper house of parliament, by a majority vote before it becomes law. The Bundesrat is composed of sixty-one members, who are selected by the governments of the various states that form the empire. The German emperor, as King of Prussia, names seventeen of the sixty-one. Royal and ducal persons who are at the head of the governments of other German states name a majority of the others. In fine, the influence of the emperor is preponderant in the Bundesrat, and it would be quite out of the question for any measure to which he was decidedly opposed to pass that chamber. Besides, the Bundesrat and emperor can dissolve the Reichstag at any time.

The Reichstag, then, is powerless to enact any law the emperor opposes. It can refuse to vote taxes, and that is the theoretical limit of its actual power over the government of the empire.

"What would happen," I asked a number of well-informed Germans, "if the Reichstag should carry opposition to the emperor to the point of refusing to vote taxes?"

The answers were various. "The emperor would dissolve the Reichstag, raise a war scare and win in the general election that followed," said one. "He'd go ahead and collect the taxes anyway," said another. "It could not happen," said a third, "for the Socialists themselves know that in any square-cut fight between the emperor and the Reichstag a majority of the German people would side with the emperor."

Of course, aside from a theoretical power to withhold appropriations the Reichstag has practically nothing to do with the executive administration. When the public was wrought up over the Zabern incident last winter—abuse of civilians by army officers being the cause—the Reichstag passed a formal vote of censure on the imperial chancellor. In England or France that would mean the immediate downfall of the ministry. In the United States it would bode no good for the executive. In Germany this formal condemnation by the popular branch of parliament had the same effect on the Administration that a vote of censure by a woman's club would have on the Administration at Washington.

Even theoretically the Reichstag has nothing to do with the railroads. They are owned, not by the Imperial Government, but by the several states that compose the empire. Prussia, with forty million inhabitants out of the sixty-five millions in all Germany, is the preponderant state; and the Prussian state roads, which are operated jointly with those of Hesse, are far more important than all the rest put together.

Now Prussia also has a parliament consisting of two chambers. The upper, or House of Lords, is composed of princes of the royal family, descendants of some collateral royal families, chiefs of the landed nobility, and some other persons named by the king. The financial and commercial interests, and even the labor interest, are represented—that is, out of three hundred and twenty-seven members there are three bankers, eight manufacturers and merchants, and one mechanic. As a matter of fact this Prussian House of Lords is merely the king's drawing room, the king, of course, being also German emperor.

There is a lower house, elected by the people—after a fashion. Every male citizen above twenty-five years of age is entitled to one vote, but his vote counts according to the amount of taxes he pays. The voters are divided into three classes: Class one comprises the wealthiest citizens, who pay the largest amount of taxes, their number being about two hundred and sixty thousand. Class two comprises the well-to-do citizens, numbering about eight hundred and seventy thousand, who pay, taken together, substantially the same amount of taxes as the two hundred and sixty thousand plutocrats. Class three, numbering about six million and a half, comprises the remainder of the male population of voting age.

The Rule of the Minority

THE total vote cast by class one counts for exactly as much as the total vote cast by class two or class three. In other words, two hundred and sixty thousand affluent citizens have exactly the same voting power as eight hundred and seventy thousand well-to-do citizens or six and a half million poor citizens.

Thus a million voters of class one and class two, comprising the rich and the well-to-do, by combining can outvote six and a half million electors of class three by two to one. And as the rich and the well-to-do often take the same view of political matters, these two classes often do vote the same way, with the obvious result that the great mass of electors composing class three might as well drop their ballots into the sewer as into the ballot box.

Prussian elections show numberless instances where a handful of voters, comparatively speaking, outvoted all the rest of the population. In Düsseldorf, for example, there are a little over seven thousand voters of the first class and second class, and fifty-five thousand of the third class. First class and second class stand together against third class and control the city by two to one, though they compose less than twelve per cent of the total electorate. When voting as citizens of the German Empire, in which case there is equal, universal manhood suffrage, the people of Berlin are overwhelmingly Socialist; but when voting as citizens of Prussia, under the classified arrangement, they can elect only thirty-eight town councilors out of a total of one hundred and forty-four.

As citizens of Prussia, in short, male Germans can vote, but their votes do not count unless they are rich or well-to-do. So the lower or popular chamber of the Prussian parliament contains only seven labor representatives and only thirty merchants, manufacturers and bankers, out of a total membership of more than four hundred. For all practical purposes it too might about as well be the emperor's drawing room.

And this strange popular chamber is not even nominally in control of the executive administration, which is in the

hands of the king-emperor. He appoints the important state officials and they hold office during his pleasure. This is the government that owns and operates the state railroads. You may be sure there is no political interference with railroad management. True, there is an imperial body which has general supervision of all the railroads in Germany those owned by Prussia and the other states, and the small amount of mileage, about nine per cent of the total, which is still in private hands; but the president and members of this imperial railroad office are appointed by the emperor, while its subordinate officials are appointed by the imperial chancellor, who in turn is appointed by the emperor.

Moreover, the imperial railroad office reports to the Bundesrat or noble upper house of the imperial parliament and not to the Reichstag or popular house. The active head of the Prussian-Hessian system of state roads is the Prussian minister of public works, who is appointed by the king-emperor and for all practical purposes is responsible to him alone.

No Hill, Harriman or Morgan, in his palmiest day, ever had anything like the autocratic sway over a railroad system that this minister of public works enjoys. Our American magnates always, at least, have a horde of stockholders to satisfy. The Prussian minister has nobody but the king. They were and are always working in the fear of political intervention—what a hostile state legislature or a vigilant Congress may do.

The Prussian minister is as independent of political interference as Robinson Crusoe was. He need not care a rap how his employees vote, for their votes do not count anyway. No belligerent delegates from Red Dog can threaten him with political reprisal if he does not build a twenty-thousand-dollar station in their ten-thousand-dollar town. No influential Congressman's son-in-law can draw a salary from him for editing last year's time-table.

German Workmen Raising Hands at a Meeting, Signifying Their Desire for the Reichstag to Oppose Some Bills Favored by the Emperor

How Briand Handled the Strike

HE RAISES wages when he sees fit. As a matter of fact he is paying for his railroad labor at this time about a dollar and fifteen cents a day on the average. Ever since the time of Frederick the Great—and before that—the Prussian government has been an exceedingly thrifty employer of labor. District superintendents on the Prussian railroad, each having charge of from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles of line, get twenty-seven hundred dollars a year, or about what the postmaster in an American town of ten thousand inhabitants would receive. A lieutenant in the army, after twelve years of service, gets six hundred dollars a year; a captain, after nine years, gets twelve hundred; and so on.

As regards the rank and file of railroad labor, the Prussian minister is the most independent employer in the world, with the possible exception of Russia. The railroad employees may organize, but only in such manner as the government prescribes. Their organization consists of local unions or committees, but representatives of the different local unions may not meet except when the meeting is presided over by a railroad official. Moreover, military service is universal in Germany and practically every railroad employee is a duly enlisted soldier.

In his book, Government Ownership of Railways, published last fall, Samuel O. Dunn says: "The writer recently asked an official of the Prussian state railways what the government would do if any of the state railway employees should form an organization and strike. He replied: 'They would be ordered to their colors. They would then be directed to return to their work. If they refused they would be shot for mutiny.'"

Personally I am somewhat doubtful about that, for shooting down a large number of workmen is pretty strong medicine even for Prussia's celebrated blood-and-iron stomach; but unquestionably the fact that the railroad employees are also soldiers gives the government a lever of incalculable power in dealing with them.

That fact was brilliantly illustrated in France three years ago. About one-sixth of the railroad mileage of that country is owned by the state, the remaining five-sixths being privately owned; but the government, as guarantor of bond interest, is directly interested in all the roads and exercises a rigid control over them.

In October, 1910, the railroad hands wanted more pay. There was some dissatisfaction over a recent pension law, but the chief grievance was that cost of living had gone up faster than wages, and their principal demand was for a minimum wage of a dollar a day. Representatives of the unions on the Northern Railroad—a privately owned road—met at Amiens and formulated their demands. Directly afterward a meeting at the Bourse du Travail, in Paris, ordered a strike on the Northern Railroad.

At that time M. Briand, an avowed and radical Socialist who had made some speeches in defense of the general strike, was prime minister, and the strikers probably counted on more or less sympathy from him; but they counted wrong. Premier Briand immediately ordered detachments of army engineers to be in readiness to take the places of strikers if necessary and announced that he would not permit traffic over the Northern Railroad to be suspended.

The men struck, however, and the road was pretty completely tied up for two days. Meantime employees of the state-owned Western Railroad met and resolved to strike in support of the demands put forward by the men on the Northern. Employees of the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranean followed suit, and it was evident that a general railroad strike impended.

Nearly all the railroad workmen were reservists—that is, men who had completed their two years of active service in the army but were still liable to military duty whenever called on. On the second day of the strike the Western as well as the Northern road was nearly paralyzed. M. Briand's government then issued a military order summoning some twenty-two thousand strikers on the Northern Railroad to join the colors for twenty-one days, and a further order directing them to operate the railroad as soldiers. In anticipation of this move the strikers had passed a resolution declaring they would not obey an order to join the colors. As a matter of fact they did generally defy the mobilization order for a day.

The government then raided the office of L'Humanité, the leading Socialist paper in Paris, and arrested six strike leaders. And it issued another mobilization order calling for military service a hundred thousand railroad employees who were also reservists. That completely broke the strike. The next day conservative Paris newspapers were applauding the victory of "the strong man"—otherwise their old enemy, Briand the Socialist—and trains were running about as usual. The strike was declared at midnight on Monday and by Friday it was all over.

Where Washington Would be Powerless

ARGUING as to what would have happened if the strikers had persisted in face of the order calling them for military service is like arguing as to what would have happened if Napoleon had won the Battle of Waterloo. They did not persist; and in any country like France, Germany, Austria or Italy, where military service is universal, where the air is always full of war talk, and where the army is an object of deepest popular solicitude, it is not likely that a mobilization order would be defied by any large body of men liable to military service. There is no doubt that defiance of such an order would provoke great public resentment.

This is especially true of Germany, which is even more pervaded by the military spirit than France. Probably no Prussian minister of public works has any greater fear of a strike than he has of the political power of his employees. Obviously this simplifies matters greatly.

Our Government would be in a very different position from that of Germany, France or Italy, because there is no universal military service in this country; and the Government, if it were operating the telephones, telegraphs or railroads, could not shatter a strike by the simple expedient of mobilizing the men. It is quite certain, however, that our Government would exert its whole power to prevent or crush any strike by public employees.

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Famous Caledonian Express Running Between London and Edinburgh

A Member of the Prussian House of Lords Leaving the Election Room

Cutting Down Some Staple Unnecessaries

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Three or Four Generations Back the English Laborer Could Not Afford a Candle in His Home

The Imp of Darkness is the Oldest of Them All

UNTIL yesterday light was one of the most expensive necessities. It could be obtained only by burning costly fats and oils of animal or vegetable origin in candles and crude lamps. Three or four generations back the English laborer could not afford a candle in his home. If he wanted to sit up after dark he went to the public house, where the landlord had candles.

Naturally under these conditions the laborer did little reading, and lack of reading had its effect on his mind. All over the Western World there existed a state of affairs that people of this generation cannot realize. The nearest approach to it is found to-day in China, where the five-cent Yankee lamp and Yankee kerosene repeat history.

The last century brought cheap light in three different forms—illuminating gas, coal oil and electricity. Each year makes light cheaper and more abundant; but it is only now that we are beginning to learn how to use light.

About a hundred years ago an inventor installed a system of gas lighting in an English factory. The gas poured out of an open pipe at first and was burned in a flare, producing less than one candle power to the cubic foot. This seemed wasteful, so the inventor welded the end of the pipe together, bored three small holes through which the gas could pass out and by so doing increased the light yield. From that time forth gas engineers have been increasing the amount of light obtainable for a given sum. The price of gas has steadily gone down—so steadily that in England it has long been the law that for every cent decrease in the price to consumers the gas company is permitted to increase its dividend. And the light obtained for every cubic foot has steadily gone up. With ordinary tips of various forms the average was boosted up to seven-candle power.

Improvements of Lighting Methods

THEN incandescent mantles were made of rare earths and the average rose to fifteen candles. The mantles were then turned upside down, giving the inverted burner, and these yielded twenty-five candles. Now, by burning gas under pressure, thirty-five candles is the average; and this pressed-gas method of street lighting, in Europe at least, has rather shocked electric men, who thought the gasman was bringing up the rear of the lighting procession.

Electric engineers have not been idle, however. If the same coal gas that gives three candles to the cubic foot in an ordinary gas jet were burned in a gas engine, running a dynamo, the resulting electric current would yield about six times the illumination for the money. That would be an expensive form of electricity compared with that which can be produced by steam, blast-furnace gas or water power.

While the cost of electricity has been going down the efficiency of electric lamps has been going up; for the electric men have been busy with the rare metals.

Ten years ago tungsten was a mineral curiosity, so scarce that not all metallurgical museums had a specimen. To-day it is the chief substance used in incandescent electric-lamp filaments. The first incandescent-lamp filaments of charred paper or wood consumed five or six watts of current to one candle power of light. Tungsten lamps in the form commonly used to-day cut that down to approximately one watt to a candle; and the latest invention in the lighting field, an incandescent lamp filled with nitrogen, but made as yet only in very large sizes, gives one candle power of light for half a watt of current.

This flood of cheap light poured into the modern world has had remarkable effects. Slums have been cleaned up morally by brilliant lighting, and merchants in neglected streets have drawn customers their way by the same means. Every year the comforts of cheap light are extended to more homes, while in business the stores have increased sales by light and factories have decreased cost of production and accidents. In outdoor work it is now easy to carry on operations at night that would have been impossible a few years ago. Yet the industrial world is only beginning to realize the full benefit from this advancement, and learning how to utilize modern illumination for what it is.

In the days when man lit his work with a candle or whale-oil lamp he put the light as close to the work as possible, and judged the quality of the light by the brilliance of the lamp. That was all right when the oil lamps gave only small candle power of illumination. It did not greatly matter with the earlier types of gas and electric lights. To-day, however, lamps are so powerful that their brilliance has ceased to be a measure of illumination. Yet people still continue to judge them that way. Old candlelight habits persist. To determine whether a room is well lit they will look at the lamps. There have been cases where factory owners, after paying for a balanced-lighting installation, perhaps on the indirect system, with the lamps out of sight, have declared that there was not light enough and gone back to some former scheme, with forty-candle lamps hung close to employees' noses.

Modern lamps have such intensity that there is more danger of overlighting than underlighting; and the result of using them like candles may be to darken work by the deep contrasts between light and shadow. Light can now be poured into a workroom in such quantities as to create dangerous conditions. The illuminating engineer illustrates this by a white globe hung in a white room and lit in such a way that it loses proportion and appears as a disk. On the same principle, if that room had two different levels of floor, both the same color, and a step between them of similar color, the change in level would be almost imperceptible and therefore hazardous. Articles dropped on the floor of an overlit workroom tend to disappear from view, and for the same reason dangerous equipment placed there is apt to hurt somebody.

He Thought Glass of the Same Sort Would Solve the Skylight Problem

The Birth of a New Profession

ARTIFICIAL light is now so cheap and plentiful that it can be used liberally to get results. It can be thrown from concealed lamps on a light-colored ceiling and diffused downward agreeably through a room, as in the indirect lighting method, which copies Nature's way of lighting from the sky. It can be tempered by globes of different hues or directed through glass prisms. It can be supplied in colors to suit different needs.

In a photo-engraving establishment the ghastly green-blue of the mercury tube may be most effective for photography, while for matching fabrics in a shop a blend of light from lamps giving different color values may be best. Modern light is like heat, and is calculated in quantity, quality and distribution to secure the desired effect. As comfortable heating is a matter of distribution rather than intensity, so comfortable lighting depends on diffusion rather than candle power.

About ten years ago a group of experts in the electric field started a new professional society and called themselves illuminating engineers. There was much professional doubt at that time about the need for such a specialty; but to-day this society has hundreds of members and similar societies have been organized in Europe. The illuminating engineer is found on the staff of every big lighting company. His services are available to anybody with a lighting problem. Scientific lighting arrangements are as much a part of new factories, shops and stores as good power or heating equipment, and thousands of old plants are being provided with modern lighting.

The illuminating engineer's work is quite complicated. He has different forms of artificial light at his command, as well as fixtures, and uses them all to produce different effects. Economy is an important part of a sound lighting installation; and, along with the lights, reflectors and monthly bills, he must deal with the color of walls, ceiling and floor, the arrangement of machines or desks, and finally must combine artificial lighting and daylight. He is not unlike a doctor, who diagnoses the disease, writes the prescription for that particular patient, and gets good results cheaper than the patient could get them himself.

His results are often remarkable. In a big steel plant there were many accidents. Statistics had been studied to find out what was wrong. Mishaps were

grouped by days of the week to see whether some obscure reason existed in the habits of workmen, and by hours of the day to detect the demon fatigue, and so on. Finally an illuminating engineer installed a good lighting system and the accidents decreased amazingly. Not the least interesting point was the cheapness of the cure. That plant was making electricity at a cost of one cent a kilowatt hour. A mercury-vapor lamp large enough to light two workmen could be run ten hours for about two cents. These two men, at forty cents an hour, got eight dollars a day. Therefore if better lighting, quite apart from the accidents, enabled them to increase the quantity or quality of their work by as little as a quarter of one per cent, that paid for the light.

With fine work, such as spinning, weaving, designing, and the like, good lighting has a direct effect on cost of production. A big mill running day and night, for instance, had a production cost twenty per cent higher at night, when artificial light was used, than in daylight. The night costs were cut in half by better lighting.

Good lighting is just as effective in reducing costs on rough work—often more so, because often in such occupations the lighting problem has been neglected. Cars sent to the shops of a big trolley system were being kept out of service longer than seemed necessary, with heavy bills for repairs. Much of the work was done underneath the cars in repair pits, which were dark and damp. The time required for making repairs was greatly reduced by a skillful scheme of lighting in these pits, whereby every bolt, nut, hole and part was illumined so that men could work quickly and accurately without groping. Results were so good that the superintendent went a step further and drained the pits and provided comfortable working floors.

Much has been published about the work of the illumination engineer during the past few years, but information runs to technicalities; and the layman is apt to be confused by different methods and issues that interest the technical men, such as direct versus indirect lighting; semi-direct, general and local schemes; the use of different lamps, globes, reflectors, prism glass, and so on. These are all means to an end, however, and they all simmer down in the end to results which are easily understood.

The illuminating engineer may talk much about the means, but he is after results; and results from any lighting system can be measured as accurately as calico or potatoes.

When the light has been thrown where wanted it can be gauged in foot candles and color value. Then all the technical complexities are reduced to the two points the illuminating engineer considers most important, which almost anybody can judge for himself within reasonable limits, to determine whether the lighting is good.

The first point is contrast. If an illuminating engineer were to be banished to a desert island, with only one issue of his art, contrast would undoubtedly be his choice. Contrast is the right balance between light and shadow in the room where people are working and on the work itself. The right balance is secured with correct lamps and reflectors, correct tone of ceiling, walls and floors, and so forth; and when contrast is good there will be clear perception, absence of eyestrain, comfort and accuracy in work.

The second important point is to keep the lighting in a normal plane. A leading engineer in the illumination field illustrates this with a comparison. If all the merchants in a shopping street have their show windows lit on a normal plane of, say, two foot candles, their goods will be admirably displayed; but if one of these merchants increases his illumination to a plane of four foot candles all the other windows will appear poorly lit by comparison, and everybody will be led to raise the plane in self-defense.

This comparison holds good even in homes; for brilliantly lit stores, theaters and factories influence people to raise the lighting plane in their houses. The sudden flood of cheap light has led to overlighting in most communities, and one of the chief aims of the illuminating engineer is to bring things down to a normal plane. It has been estimated that, with electricity alone, through overlighting and improper use of lamps and fixtures, our national waste of current amounts to a dollar and a half yearly for every man, woman and child in the United States.

Along with better electric and gas lamps, the business world has come into a flood of daylight through the development of wire glass, steel sash, prism reflectors, and similar inventions. One afternoon about twenty years ago a train pulled into a big Eastern terminal. While the passengers were pouring out there was a crash of glass on the platform among them. A large pane in the skylight had given way and dropped. Luckily nobody was hurt.

Next day the railroad management received a letter from an old gentleman who had been in the crowd. He wrote

(Concluded on Page 36)

AN HOUR OF LEISURE

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFE

IT WAS not the first time that Charlin had been sent out in advance of the traveling party of the old Major to clear the bushes of such members of the undesirable family as chanced to be in the vicinity. The task might have been more disagreeable for the secretary had it not been so agreeable to both sides of the bargain. The son of the house of Beeston was interested in nothing so much as himself, and the less his orbit of gyration came in contact with that of his vulgar parent, whose ideas of advertising had made the family name despicable, the better he was pleased. The mistress of the house or houses, for there was a round dozen of them, from which the Major might pick climate and altitude in any calendar month—was so seldom at her post that it was rare indeed Charlin encountered her. Once he had come in contact with her, when it had pleased that hard-working social striver to assume concern for her august consort; but the assumption on her part had been so palpably a mere formality that the shrewd Charlin had calmly waited for the mood to pass and then moved her bag and baggage. To the secretary, indeed, the family was classed among the minor irritations of life, such as cold drafts and unnecessary noises; and, to the family, the father and husband was merely a physical faculty in their existence, which, to be at its best, should be unseen and unthought of, like a good digestion. Of all the family, only the daughter Helen had ever shown the disposition to make trouble on these occasions when the advance guard appeared to beat the bushes and flush her from cover; and the persistence, against repeated failures, with which she had pursued her queer parent, especially since his return from Spain, caused Charlin some misgiving now, the more so because he knew that, of all the magnificent Beeston country residences, she had genuine affection only for this place at Bedford.

"I Am Not Going to Need You. I Want Absolute Quiet for a Few Days."

The Bedford estate included all those elements of privacy with which our superlatively rich so love to surround themselves. On the village side the location of the vast park would never be suspected, so cleverly was it concealed. A natural ridge ran parallel to the main road and shut off the view of the house and grounds from this quarter as effectively as if it had been the Great Wall of China. Entrance was gained through a tunnel under this ridge, a tunnel whose mouth was guarded as that of some inviolable tomb by a huge bronze barrier. Once inside, the vista was magnificent. Charlin never came on it without being impressed by the power of his master's millions. It possessed that delicious softness of landscape picturing to be seen in its perfection only in old English parks which have been in sod for centuries; yet here money had contrived the same effect—a velvety vista that rolled away in gentle undulations of field and dell toward the south, an irregular bulwark of virgin forest looking upon the scene from a distance.

The daughter of the House of Beeston stood at the head of the porte-cochère steps as Charlin's car came to a stop and let him out. She was evidently only now in from riding, for she was dressed in the conventional garb of such occasions. Her hair was concealed in a hard knot under her flat hat; her modish coat fitted her like a husk. As she recognized the visitor she brought her riding crop down with a resounding crack. She didn't like Charlin—not because he was Charlin, but because he represented to her the key of the impregnable defense with which her father surrounded himself against the exacting demands of family. She narrowed her eyes to slits, stood as still as a statue and, without saluting, she waited for him to advance and be done with his errand, the nature of which she knew only too well. This man and the insufferable Hopkinson represented to her the inaccessible side of her father, an unnatural side which, try as she would, she could not reconcile with the ideal she had built up of the great man during all these years he had been a stranger to her. It seemed whenever she attempted to approach, no matter how clever a ruse she might adopt, one of this pair was always in her path to block her, guarding father from daughter as if she were some unnamed pestilence. They had always proved an invulnerable shield; and, as the years passed and she came to reason for herself, she had come to attribute to them the motives, whereas they were merely the instruments, of an irascible old man who possessed kin but no family.

Charlin recognized this instinctive hatred, but he was too much his master's man to let it get under his skin. So impersonal was he indeed in his dealings with this young lady that he had never noticed that she was rather above the average in good looks; and he could not have told for the life of him the color of her eyes, whether it was one dimple or two that gave her face its roguish look, or what she wore the last time he saw her. She was merely an incident in his work, and his whole heart was in the daily task of smoothing the path ahead of his employer so that the great genius might not be harried by unnecessary irritations. So, in an impersonal tone, as colorless a tone as if he were dictating to a typist, he explained the usual object of his visit; and, having finished, he passed on up the steps and was about to enter when she turned and stopped him with a motion of her hand.

"If there is anything in particular necessary to prepare for father's coming," she said in a tone so smooth that it belied the malice shining in her eyes, "I will attend to it myself. I won't bother you to look after the house. It is quite in order, I assure you, Mr. Charlin."

The diplomatic Charlin began: "I am afraid I have grown into the habit of assuming too much, Miss Helen ——"

"You do indeed assume too much," she said uncompromisingly and she advanced, making him give way before her. "I am the mistress of this house, in the absence

of my mother," she went on as she opened the door and faced him. "And what's more," she said, staring him almost out of confidence, "I intend to remain so! You say father is coming at noon! Very well! Everything will be in readiness for him—including his daughter, Mr. Charlin!"

The mother of this family had challenged him in exactly this way once—slammed the door in his face, in fact. The imperturbable secretary met her fierce look blandly.

"I am sorry," he said in his matter-of-fact tone, "but I have my instructions from Major Beeston. Believe me, Miss Helen, I should be derelict in my duty to your father if I did not insist that you aid me in every possible way in carrying out his wishes. He is in no condition for undue excitement, and ——"

"I have noticed," she said bitterly, "that he has been scrupulously avoiding undue excitement for the last month—especially for the last week! No, I thank you, Mr. Charlin, I will not ask you to be derelict in your duty. I am assuming the responsibility, and, take my word for it, if you would avoid inconvenience to yourself you may as well make the best of it. I suppose you are here to wait for my father's coming. Very well," she concluded shortly, "you can find plenty to amuse yourself about the place." She turned and entered.

"Everything Will Be in Readiness for Him—Including His Daughter, Mr. Charlin!"

Charlin followed her into the hall with a curious sense of recognition of the father in the child. He permitted a sardonic smile to play on his usually immobile face, while Helen summoned a maid and sent for Miss Rincely, her duenna. Miss Beeston, with one foot on the step of the stairs, leaning easily against the newel post, was regarding the discomfited secretary. A thin, precise female in a much beruffled frock, her fuzzy hair framing in a would-be youthful countenance, came pattering down the staircase. She was holding her place in a paper-covered book with one finger; the glasses had just been removed from her short-sighted eyes. "Father is coming at noon!" said Helen without removing her eyes from Charlin, anticipating the petulant inquiry of the elder woman.

"Your father!" said Miss Rincely in a tone that conveyed the awe in which she held the head of the family.

"Father is coming at twelve o'clock!" repeated the girl slowly. "I want you to be ready to leave here in an hour. Where are we going? I haven't made up my mind. We'll talk that over later."

Charlin, in spite of the continued scrutiny of the gray eyes, permitted himself another smile, an invisible smile. Miss Rincely now for the first time seemed to see him and she returned his nod with a curt bob of her frizzled head.

She made as if to speak, then turned on her heel and retraced her steps up the stairs. When Miss Beeston sent for her maid, still keeping her point of vantage, Charlin went out and sat down on the rustic seat in the porte-cochère to await events. It seemed after all that he was winning, in spite of the first explosion. Evidently the daughter of the house had no intention of remaining to greet her unfond parent now, if a male member of the human species could judge from the detailed instructions which reached his ears where he sat. He idly regarded the vista that rolled away before his eyes, steeping himself afresh in the beauties of the familiar landscape.

A footman hurried down the steps, saluting as he ran by; shortly he reappeared with a car from the garage. In a moment or two the young secretary's patience was rewarded by the appearance of the daughter of the house and the thin little lady still hugging her book. Charlin noted with a start that Miss Beeston was still in her riding dress. She handed little Miss Rincely into the car and leaned over for a few parting words. Then she shut the door on the little woman, signed to the chauffeur, and the car drew off. In another moment it had been swallowed by the tunnel leading to the outside world.

Helen Beeston watched it disappear; then she turned to Charlin, who had risen impulsively to his feet. There was no smile on her face; her lips were drawn to the thin line so characteristic of her father.

"You are sending her off alone?" said Charlin.

"And if I am?" she said. "What then?"

Charlin threw up his hands in a gesture of helplessness. He felt himself literally at her mercy.

"You have robbed me of my only alternative," said the secretary, looking at his watch. "Ten minutes ago I might have communicated with your father and urged him on some pretext or other to change his plans. But now it is too late! He is already on the road and cannot be turned back. My dear Miss Helen," he cried, advancing and throwing out his hands, "I beg of you to reconsider this step. Your father is a sick man. He must have perfect peace and quiet. There must be nothing to distract his attention. I am sorry to have to say it, but the demands of affection of his own family, those who are dearest to him, are particularly trying to him in his present state, and I fear for the result if he should arrive and find you here against his orders." He paused, but the face that watched him did not relax.

"If my father should find his only daughter waiting to receive him when he comes to her sick," she repeated, paraphrasing his words, "there is nothing so trying in such a situation so far as I can see."

"But you have dismissed your companion!" Charlin was catching at straws.

The girl laughed outright.

"Do you think I may be compromised in receiving my father without proper chaperonage?" she asked as she swung her riding crop in her hand. "Or possibly you are worrying about yourself!" she added, a shade of contempt in her tone. "Lest that worry you, Mr. Charlin," she went on, "I am going to leave you alone. You may or may not prepare my pampered parent for the worst."

And she started off across the gravel drive.

Charlin was accustomed to have people obey him. His power, and by natural sequence his very air of authority, came from the magic name of Beeston, by which he was backed. No one thought of disputing when this cold-blooded, cut-and-dried person announced that Major Beeston wished him to do thus and so. He had become so used to having his directions fulfilled that he had never even considered such a contingency as being disobeyed. Yet here was the daughter of his employer in open revolt, throwing his words in his teeth. Obviously he could not use force. Even if such a thing were possible it was doubtful which might come off the better, the pasty-complexioned indoor secretary or the robust girl now striding freely across the garden with such confidence in the strength of her own position and contempt for the man who was watching her. She struck off boldly across the dull brown turf with its patches of snow and ice. Charlin's first impulse was to run after her. But who could argue with a woman—with such a woman!

He reëntered the house. The butler was standing there, watching him uncertainly.

"The first thing we will do, John, will be to see that the Major's rooms are in order."

"Miss Helen has already given me orders about that," said the butler.

Charlin looked up with sharp displeasure. His irritation had passed the bounds.

"Damn your impertinence! What do I care who has given you orders? Major Beeston is the master of this house and I am here with his commands. Now right about face, and be quick about it, my man, or I'll put you through that glass door."

This butler was not a brave man. He was a butler. He right-about-faced with a grunt, and with the irate secretary fairly treading on his heels, he led the way to the master's apartments on the second floor, a magnificent suite opened only for such state occasions as this. Two maid-servants were busy setting things to rights, preparing a fire on the hearth, dressing the table with flowers from the greenhouses. Charlin noted particularly the presence of the family portraits. A portrait of the beautiful woman who, had this been a normal home, would have been its mistress occupied one wall directly in line with the old man's chair in front of his carved work-table. The portrait of the boy taken when he was still in knickerbockers filled a spot on the mantel where the roving eyes of the master could not miss it as he toasted his shins. On the table in a silver frame was a snapshot picture of the daughter of the house, mounted on a mustang that must have been a villainous creature from the size of the brand on its flank. Evidently it had been decided in the brief space of time since Charlin's arrival that the owner of Bedford Lodge was to be made acquainted with his family on this occasion. Charlin gathered the portraits and passed them to a maid-servant.

"We will remove these," he said in a tone that left no room for argument; "and we will keep them removed."

The woman disappeared with the portraits with such alacrity that Charlin suspected her ready compliance was merely seeming, that the family would return to haunt his august employer as soon as his back was turned.

Before he left the suite Charlin was careful to erase all evidence of the hand of a woman. If there was one thing above all others that Beeston detested it was to be surrounded by a collection of feminine knickknacks. Charlin scooped up a bushel of odds and ends any one of which would have been sufficient, should it occur that the Major was in form, to drive the truculent old czar into a torrent of invective. Then he went below where a hundred details awaited his attention.

VI

AT TWO, when luncheon was announced, no word had yet been received of the headstrong daughter; the interminable forests of the vast estate seemed to have swallowed her up. The Beeston limousine, a great drawing room on wheels, had rolled in through the gates of the tunnel on schedule time; and the Major, who seemed more than usually out of sorts, had retired to his rooms immediately, accompanied only by his precious Hopkinson. Charlin had made several attempts to reach him, but had failed. He learned from the chauffeur that considerable strategy had been exercised in abducting the old man from his apartments in the city. It was indeed an abduction, and the chances were that the huge mob in the street awaiting the Major's daily spectacular parade to the park was a sadly disgruntled army by this time. Old Beeston had been smuggled out of the back door of the apartment hotel, much as if he had been a bit of baggage or an ash can, and had been whisked away in his limousine before any passer-by could suspect his identity and give the alarm.

The run to Bedford had been made without incident. Not even the under-secretaries at the hotel were yet acquainted with the fact of their master's flight, and the gentlemen of the press, if they were still hot on the heels of

The Absurd Hopkinson Sat Staring at Her as if She Were a Phantom

the Major as a sensation, would not discover his absence for some hours. Even then it would be difficult for them to trace him here; indeed, should they suspect his hiding-place their perspicuity would avail them little, for if there was a spot on earth where it would seem that a rich man should be able to command absolute privacy, it was surely here.

The worried secretary took his place at table with an air he vainly tried to render easy. It was a strange meal. The Major was silent during its progress. A vast amount of ceremony was maintained at all times at the Beeston establishments. The mistress of the house demanded this as an attribute of the glittering sphere in which she moved.

The daughter abhorred it. When alone in this big mansion she had her meals served in her own apartment. But when the Major himself appeared the servants attended him with a pomp that was almost regal. Outwardly he was unconscious of it; secretly it pandered to his pride. But to-day the old man for the first time in Charlin's recollection seemed uncomfortably aware of this studied attention. The dining room was of vast proportions and formal magnificence. In the cold and empty setting the two men seemed lost. To the watchful secretary the master appeared almost shy in the presence of his servants. His manner, always rough and unconsidered, now became awkward and embarrassed. Occasionally he shot a sidelong glance out of the corner of his eye at the butler, who stood as immovable as a waxwork. Charlin at length abandoned all attempt at conversation. It was a distinct relief when the dreary meal was over. The Major arose, and on Charlin's arm made his way slowly by way of the great hall to the library. Here he fell into a deep chair before the fire.

"Charlin!" he said; "there is a train back to town at four, eh?"

"Yes, Major."

"Take it!" said the Major without turning his head from his contemplation of the burning embers.

"You are not going to need me here, Major?" cried the disturbed secretary.

"I am not going to need you here," repeated the Major dryly. "I want absolute quiet for a few days. I want you to look in at the office, Charlin—keep your eye on things. Find out what Riley is doing."

Riley was a printer whom the Major had taken from the case and advanced beyond his depth in various executive positions for which he had no training. It was in line with Beeston's pet policies to put a rank incompetent in command now and then just to let his highly developed specialists understand that no man in his employ was indispensable. Poor Riley, deluded, suddenly thrust into shoes many sizes too big for him, had succeeded in making himself famous for the havoc he created during his short reign.

"Riley?" said Charlin reflectively. "Why, Major, you sent him on a six months' vacation with full pay last October. Don't you remember?"

"Bring him back!" snorted the Major. "Put him in charge!"

Charlin could not restrain a smile. It seemed like old times. This impish impulse to stir up trouble seemed to imply the return to normal with his employer.

"Now get out!" snapped the Major as the secretary lingered. Charlin, with the haunting fear of the daughter's return to disturb the privacy of the Major, was in two minds about confessing the fiasco of the morning. He held his ground for a moment.

"Major ——" he began.

"What! What! What!" came the testy voice of the old man. "You here yet?"

Casting his perplexities to the wind the secretary withdrew. After all the Major was himself again for the first time since that million-an-hour bomb had been dropped into their camp.

Major Beeston pulled drowsily at his cigar until the clang of the tunnel gate told him he was rid of his too efficient secretary. Then he rang for Hopkinson. The valet came slipping down the long hall, seeming to look neither to right nor left but as a matter of fact taking in every inch of the way. As he drew the heavy door to after him he turned the key in the lock, then stood for several seconds listening as if he feared some one might be following. He tiptoed to the windows and drew the heavy lace embroideries. This done the valet took up a position against the tall mantel and surveyed his surroundings with a pleased smile. He took stock one by one of the luxurious furnishings, even to the costly bibelots on the table, the desk set of dull gold mounting. He fixed his gaze on the fire and rubbed his nose vigorously.

The master, still pulling at his cigar, looked up and their eyes met.

"Well, my man!" said the Major softly; and a smile spread over the two faces.

Hopkinson, still intent on his inventory, stepped over to the far side of the room where the knob of a built-in safe had attracted his eye. He dropped on his knees and gently manipulated the shining ball. The Major turned laboriously in his comfortable chair and watched his man through half-shut eyes. Then he tossed his rag of a cigar into the fire, folded his fat hands and sank back in the cushions.

"Well? What Do You Want? Out With It Quick!"

The valet took from the inside of his waistcoat an arrangement resembling a physician's stethoscope except that one end held a pair of small telephone receivers which he strapped over his head. Placing the other end against the wall of the safe Hopkinson began turning the knob again. He stopped occasionally to set down numbers on a piece of paper. These he studied for a moment; and then with a satisfied smile at his own cleverness he gave the knob a quick whirl and drew open the heavy door. He replaced in his vest the adroit mechanism which had told him the secret; and, seated upon the floor, he began drawing out the boxes and examining their contents. While thus engaged he was roused by a click of metal as of a key driven back in its socket; the hangings almost at his elbow were parted and the head of a young girl appeared.

It was Helen Beeston.

So quickly had it happened that the valet was still squatting on the floor as she stepped into the room. She put her finger to her lips to enjoin silence, and tiptoed to the chair in which sat the Major. With a smothered laugh she slipped her hands over the sleeping man's eyes.

"Guess!" she said aloud.

The stricken Hopkinson was now on his feet, his knees knocking together; but he did not advance to the rescue. He stood glued in his tracks.

The old man was not asleep. Soft fingers blinded his eyes; soft hair brushed his temples; a sweet breath played on his cheeks; and a voice, now a little frightened at his immobility, said again:

"Guess!"

Guess! He shivered slightly as if a draft of cold air had struck him, and his breath whistled audibly through his open lips. Hopkinson advanced a step nearer; the sound of his footfall on the soft carpet attracted the attention of the girl, and she turned and regarded the vacuous face of the old mummy. The touch of cold fingers on her wrists recalled her. The hands that gripped her and held her away at arm's length were not gentle. There was no kindling of affection in the gaze that surveyed her. Helen fell on her knees beside the chair, and her voice tremulous, her eyes suddenly brimming with tears, cried:

"Father! Father!"

The old man stared at her vaguely.

"Father! Father!" she repeated. "Don't you know me? It's Helen—your daughter Helen!"

"Hopkinson!"

The old man shot out the word in a tone so harsh and grating that the girl flinched; but he still held her fast, still regarded her with that horrible, impassive stare. The valet seemed fairly to float to his side, coming to a stop at his elbow with that eternal:

"Yes, sir. You called, sir? Yes, sir'"

"This woman—how did she get here? You let her in, eh? Eh?" he cried in a tone that arose almost to a shriek as he turned his pasty countenance, now distorted with rage, on the valet. The eyebrow converged to a vicious spike. For the moment he seemed to have forgotten the girl—she was merely an incident of a terrible dereliction. The valet shifted from one foot to the other under the stare and wet his lips with his tongue several times before he attempted to speak.

"I beg pardon, sir. No, sir," he stuttered in confusion as he looked from his master to the girl at his feet. "The lady, sir—I can't say, sir ——"

A chill crept to the throbbing heart of the girl. She tried to free herself from the grasp that held her, but the old man held her with fingers of steel.

"You cawn't say, sir!" cried the old man with curling lip as he mimicked the tones of the cringing man.

"No, sir. I can't sir ——"

"Why!" came the snarl from the fat lips.

The valet stood immovable, his eyes on the girl.

"Why! Why! Why! Get out!"

The mummy backed himself out; as he shut the door he peered about to see if he was alone in the hall. Then he fell on one knee, breathing heavily, and put an eye to the keyhole. She had given him the very devil of a start, coming on him through the curtain like that. He had not even suspected that there might be a door there. He listened, but he heard nothing except the sound of the girl's sobs. Shortly he heard the old man's voice harsh and penetrating:

"Charlin—shall—sweat—for—this!"

Then there was a long silence during which the valet from time to time looked about him in the hall uneasily. Inside, the girl's head had fallen forward in her arms and her body moved convulsively. The old man had removed his fishy stare, and now he was staring in the fire, grunting and sniffing spasmodically when his rage boiled over.

It had been years since she had seen her father face to face. It was only a memory of that flesh-and-blood face, indeed, that had survived the absence of fathering under which she had grown to womanhood. Almost daily, in the public press, she had seen her father's picture—more often than not ridiculously caricatured exaggerations of his peculiar features. She had passed these by as mere wanton insults, the fate of all truly great men. But she could not deny her eyes now! That ludicrous spike of an eyebrow which had been the subject of so many lampoons, the dull eyes with their baggy lids, the loose, flabby cheeks, the attenuated Dundrearys, the fat lips, the straight, hard line of the mouth—no artist's pencil had ever succeeded in caricaturing them as seething rage caricatured them now.

(Continued on Page 36

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Going it Blind

IT IS strange that in a country so democratic as the United States there is no way of ascertaining public opinion. Hardly ever do voters have a chance to declare their will on any national issue. When the Commons proposed to tax land values, for example, and the Lords resisted there was an election on that particular question; and when the votes were counted no reasonable doubt remained that the famous Lloyd George Budget embodied the will of a majority of the British electorate.

Nothing of that kind ever happens in this country. Only by inference can we say that the majority of voters favor tariff revision, for in the last presidential election the low-tariff party got only forty per cent of the popular vote. Proponents and opponents of the trust measures now before Congress declare that those measures are tremendously important; but there is not a scrap of evidence that the majority of voters approve them.

A well-organized, aggressive minority will always make a much greater impression on politicians than an unorganized, lukewarm majority. Take the question of national prohibition, which is evidently coming to the fore. Congress may pass a resolution for a constitutional amendment because a dozen leaders guess that a majority of the people want it passed; or because a majority of the members—though not favoring it themselves and not believing that a majority of the voters favor it—do believe that an aggressive prohibition minority will make effectual reprisals at the next congressional elections unless the resolution is passed.

And the legislatures of three-fourths of the states may adopt the amendment on account of the same fear of an aggressive minority. Again, an aggressive, well-organized antiprohibition minority in more than one-fourth of the states may defeat the amendment, though a decided majority of the national electorate may favor it.

Meantime there will be the most positive assertions that the majority of the people do want it and that the majority do not want it. With small trouble and expense that question might be settled by letting voters make a cross opposite Yes or No at the next election.

The Pay Envelope

WE CHEERFULLY agree with any socialist, syndicalist, anarchist or what not who says that salaries and wages give rise to no inconsiderable part of the world's unhappiness. The defect in the pay envelope is that somebody else says, or seems to be saying, what your ability is worth; and there is a strong presumption that nobody else will value your ability quite so highly as you do.

At the end of a week or a month of more or less diligent labor you get so many dollars because the boss has said you should have that many. Apparently he could as easily say you should have more. This leaving it to the boss—whether really or apparently—creates a relationship that is bound to be full of thorns and heartburnings.

If somebody should invent a subtle machine to measure exactly the value that every person on the pay roll contributes to the total output—well, at least the ground of complaint would be widely shifted. We have examined specifications for a number of such machines, but feel privileged to entertain doubts about them.

It is easy enough to take a given plant, find the total value of its outturn, cost of materials, operating expenses and number of hands contributing to the outturn; but what, for example, are invention, initiative and administration worth?

All the same, we wish every young man and young woman to consider the pay envelope, in view of the fact that there is bound to be some gall and wormwood in it. There is a certain presumption in favor of the employment in which you can count your own outturn, as a farmer counts the bushels of wheat and pounds of pork he produces.

If you can employ yourself, at least you will not be blaming the boss.

The Empty Land

A SMALL controversy involving a question that may be of more permanent importance than Home Rule is going on in England. Australia, with a population of one to the square mile over broad agricultural regions, wants settlers on her vacant land; but immigration in the last two years has decreased. Hence an extensive and patriotic project to buy up unoccupied land and attract to it country-bred English colonists. This scheme, however, meets with opposition in the mother country on the ground that England needs more than all her own country-bred inhabitants.

Some forty existing societies for the main purpose of transplanting British agriculturists to the colonies are already draining Great Britain of a quarter of a million people a year.

This yearly emigration, in fact, exceeds the total population of such rural counties as Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire or Shropshire; and in England herself great tracts of good farm lands yield no crops. "Instead of helping Britons to settle on farms in Australia or Canada or South Africa," say the objectors, "why do we not help them to settle on farms within a day's ride of London, when our own countryside is growing as bare as Australia's?"

And in new Australia, as in old England, people flock to the cities. A considerable part of the scanty immigration, instead of going to the empty land, halts in the industrial centers.

Wherever modern industrialism is highly developed there is the same complaint—too populous cities and empty farm lands; too many artisans, too few farmers.

London would cheerfully spare a million East End inhabitants; but nobody wants them. All her colonies are reaching out for the meager population of Bedfordshire; but, instead of sparing any of them, England needs more than she has.

Undoubtedly there has been a large error somewhere. Vast areas of empty farm lands and huge industrial populations that can barely make a poor living show bad management.

A Matter of Wages

MASSACHUSETTS took the lead in this country in adopting a minimum-wage law for women. And the first wage board to be appointed under the act has reported, after examining the pay roll of every factory in the state, that two-thirds of all the women engaged in brush making earn less than six dollars a week; more than two-fifths earn less than five dollars a week; and nearly one-fifth earn less than four dollars a week.

The board recommends a minimum wage of eight dollars and seventy cents a week—that being the lowest amount, in its opinion, on which a woman can maintain herself in health and decency.

We do not recall any bloated fortunes derived from the brush-making industry in Massachusetts. In prowling through the Wall Street jungle we have never come across any evidence that large wealth was flowing from that source. The worst wages and the worst grinding of labor do not occur in the big, opulent, concentrated industries to which foes of capitalism point with wrath, but in the small, struggling, competitive trades.

From this grinding of labor nobody makes a profit. With unrestricted competition, the lower wages are pushed the lower the price of the article goes. In this case the board holds that wages cannot be abruptly advanced to the level it recommends, for that would cripple and imperil the industry.

All minimum-wage laws are nothing but an intervention by the state to stop the logical effects of wide-open competition with respect to the most helpless workers.

American Farming

ABOUT its failures, follies and shortcomings we have heard volumes in the last half dozen years. Depleted soil, low yields to the acre, bad marketing arrangements, overlooked opportunities, poor rural schools, the flocking to cities of country-bred boys and girls—these are what we hear on the subject of farming; and goodness knows they ought to be heard! However, through their iteration somebody may be getting an impression that farming in the United States is mostly a failure—whereas the fact is farming is our most conspicuous success, the very best thing we do.

There we have approached the ideal that was in men's minds when this country was founded. We have created a huge value—forty-one billion dollars at the last census—and, perhaps by sheer inadvertence, have distributed it among millions of proprietors. If this potential forty-one billion had been a public possession twenty-five years ago very likely we should have devised a scheme of distribution which would have resulted in concentrating ownership to the same extent that ownership of mineral and timber wealth has been concentrated.

The farm value increased one hundred per cent in the last census decade; but that fact puts no new wrinkles in the corrugated brow of statesmanship. About wealth in nearly all other forms—its ownership, production and distribution we are in a great stew, the chief issues of which, so far, are much steam and a smell of burning pans; but all that anybody is trying to do about farm wealth is just to increase it.

From all the turmoil of Washington and Wall Street we now turn to big crops as the one indubitable, satisfying fact of the year.

Let us talk about its shortcomings as much as is profitable; and then let us all thank our stars for farming!

Some Precedents

IN 1882 President Arthur vetoed a river-and-harbor bill because it contained appropriations "for purposes not for the common defense or general welfare, and which do not promote commerce among the states. These provisions, on the contrary, are entirely for the benefit of the particular localities in which it is proposed to make improvements. . . . The extravagant expenditure of public money is an evil."

In 1896 President Cleveland vetoed a river-and-harbor bill appropriating fourteen million dollars, divided among four hundred improvements, because "many of the objects for which it appropriates public money are not related to the public welfare, and many of them are palpably for the benefit of limited localities or in aid of individual interests."

So far as we remember, no Executive since then has seriously tried to stop these ever-increasing log-rolled bills.

Another Fashion in News

THERE are a hundred and one queer sects and cults in the United States, professing all sorts of eccentric religious, economic, physiological and astronomic beliefs. Heine said it was a lovely characteristic of the Germans that, however insane one might be, he was sure to find others still more insane who would believe him. He might have said it about humanity.

Experience has shown that the queer cult will flourish just in proportion as it is advertised. Chicago newspapers made a millionaire of Dowie by putting him on the front page.

Generally speaking, the newspapers have learned this; also, perhaps they have come to understand that an eccentric statement addressed to a few eccentrics is essentially of no importance, however startling it may sound. Generally they apply the rule.

The Mystic Khan of the Golden Spoon teaches that the only way to salvation is by walking on one's head; but nobody outside the ten-by-twelve walls of the Symbolic Palace ever hears of it. But the newspapers do not apply the rule to anarchism.

A spouting of the same intrinsic importance as that of the Mystic Khan gets on the front page—and then, of course, it gains a large audience.

A Prison Report

A BOARD of judges, reporting on Moyamensing Prison in Philadelphia, observes that it has been overcrowded for ten years, and says:

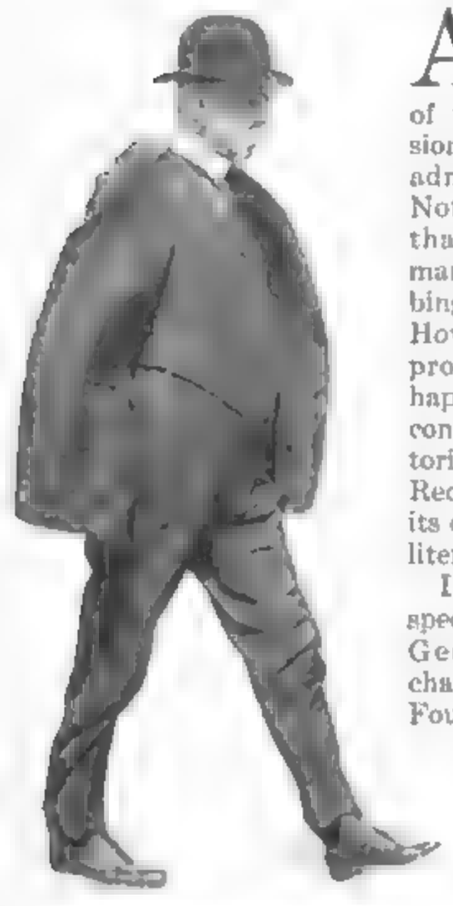
"We do not deem it wise that a prisoner serving a first term should be confined in a cell with an old offender—segregation of prisoners according to age and crime, especially of those under twenty-one years of age, is desirable"; and, further, that untried prisoners—detained because they are unable to give bail—and witnesses whom the state is holding are housed in the prison under worse conditions than convicted men.

In short, a convicted boy may be thrust into a cell with one or two hardened criminals—the cell affording barely decent space for a single inmate; or a poor man, unconvicted of any offense but unable to furnish bail, may be locked up under worse conditions than if he were serving a sentence.

Lovely spectacle for a civilized community to exhibit to the world in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fourteen!

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



A Senator Who Wants to Know

AS A LEADING exponent of the repressed or nonemotional style of reporting, the Congressional Record challenges the admiration of the world. Not a sob sister works on that sheet, albeit a good many sob brothers, and sobbing ones, contribute to it. However, so far as the reproduction of the actual happenings in the Senate is concerned, and not the oratorical hugger-mugger, the Record is without a peer in its own line. It is the most literal publication on earth.

I quote from a recent speech of Senator West, of Georgia: "It has been charged here to the Carnegie Foundation—the expenditure of thirty thousand dollars. Who knows but that the shipping interests have spent a hundred thousand dollars in order to secure the defeat of this bill?"

Now then, after those two sentences, a number of very interesting things happened. The Honorable James K. Vardaman, of Mississippi, shaking his long and flowing locks—and he has plenty of them to shake—rose and, gnashing his teeth gnashily, said five words to Senator West. Senator West, leaping high in the air and waving his arms about rapidly, replied in five words that were equally gnashatory; but he has few locks to shake.

Almost simultaneously Senator Ashurst, of Arizona, knowing the trouble sign when he sees it, shouldered his broad way between the two gnashers and—simultaneously also—the sergeant at arms and a couple of boys, handy with their jijitsu, horned in and made a hollow square between the two.

The fierce-miened Saulsbury, of Delaware, was in the chair, and he began to beat a heavy tattoo on his desk with the gavel and shout for order. The gigantic Senator James rose and moved over that way. The other senators looked on, fearing somebody would stop them. The air, as has often been said of similar occasions, was surcharged with excitement.

The long and flowing locks of Senator Vardaman gestured and gesticulated. The almost imperceptible locks of Senator West did their little best. The voices of the two men were high and excited. It looked like a fight, felt like one, had all the makings of one; but it was not. Still, there was a very lively and interesting diversion.

A Lost Opportunity

DID the Congressional Record make any mention of this? It did not. This is the Record's account of the affair, which I introduce here for the further purpose of introducing Senator West, who has labored zealously to make his individual impress on the affairs of the nation during his stay in our legislative midst.

"Who knows but that the shipping interests have spent a hundred thousand dollars in order to secure the defeat of this bill?" was asked rather heatedly by Senator West.

At this point the Record takes up the situation:

MR. VARDAMAN: Have you been offered any?

MR. WEST: Do not say that to me!

MR. VARDAMAN: Well, you are making an intimation that somebody else has been influenced.

MR. WEST: I did not say so. I said ——

MR. VARDAMAN: You said ——

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Senators will please come to order. Senators will please take their seats.

MR. WEST: I did not say they had been bribed, or otherwise.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: The senators will please take their seats. The sergeant at arms will see that the senators are seated.

MR. WEST: No; I am not going to sit down. I am not through.

MR. VARDAMAN: The senator cannot make an intimation of that kind.

MR. WEST: I did not intimate it.

Then Senator James calmed them and Senator Ashurst kept them apart; and the historic afternoon when Senator Tillman uppercut Senator McLaurin remains as the last occasion on which any of the senatorial White Hopes did any real slugging.

What an opportunity was thrown away by that lazy Record reporter! Think of the word painting that might have been done, whether there was any eye painting or not—as there was not. And it is not likely that Senator West will have another chance, either, untiringly as he may work to get in and on and over and under the discussions. His time is short. Hence, let us give him credit for what he has done.

The Let-George-Do-It Plan

IT IS probably the case that Senator West has taken his duties as a toga wearer, brief though he has known them to be, more seriously than any other ad-interim senator we have had in many years. He came to Washington imbued with the idea that the Senate of the United States was, as the senators frequently point out, the greatest legislative and deliberative forum in the world, and the one place where debate is free and untrammeled—as witness that debate on the canal tolls, when they talked about it for two months, knowing all the time that the bill would be passed, and with no speech or collection of speeches changing a vote or influencing the opinion of any man whatsoever. Knowing this, Senator West early decided that the thing for a senator to do was to debate.

That, he concluded, was the proper senatorial caper. Therefore he has debated. There have been few days when the senator has not risen and injected himself into the proceedings, either by asking questions or by making a few remarks. It has mattered not to him that there were times when he was a bit vague on the subject under consideration. He holds, with many others, that it is his constitutional right to desire to know, whether he knows what he desires or not.

So, observing this extreme anxiety to have a finger in each legislative pie of the moment, his Democratic colleagues, having learned by active canvass that there was just so much time to kill anyhow before there could be a vote on the canal tolls and on other previous propositions, applauded Senator West and urged him on to still greater efforts.

They passed him the buck, as the saying is, and right valiantly did he hold it and speak for it.

Whenever there was a lull it was suggested that Senator West—or to him—might ask a few questions; and he straightway asked them, or delivered a few opinions, or made a set of remarkable remarks, and otherwise kept things moving, his good nature being inexhaustible and his inquisitiveness of a similar caliber.

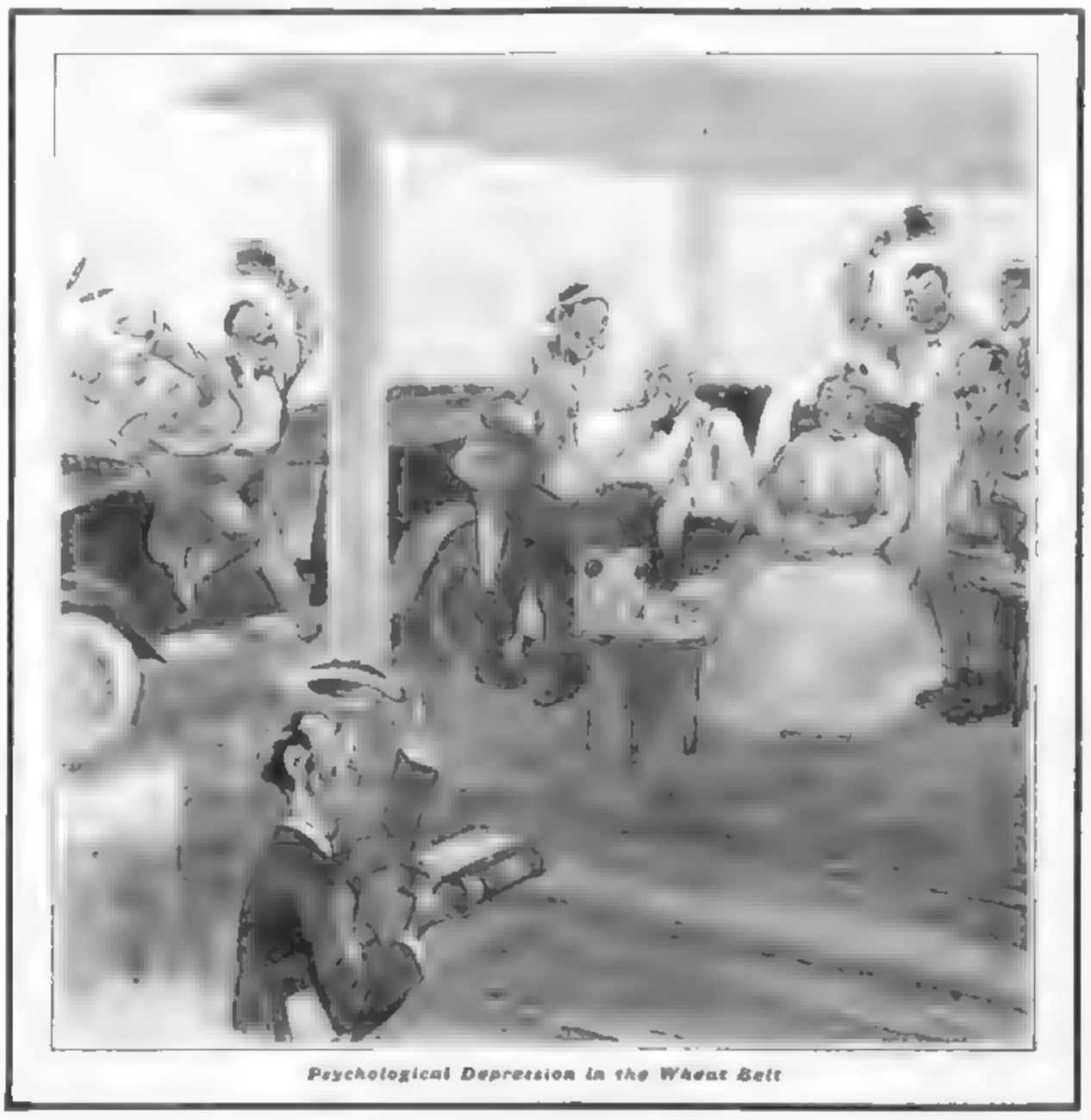
When a senator desires to know things he quite naturally asks questions. It has seemed at times as though there were senators who did not desire to know things; and it has seemed at other times that the reason senators asked questions was not because they wanted to know, but to know that the person to whom the question was addressed did not himself know—that is to say, there are certain senatorial procedures that are more or less circuitous. The mere fact that a senator asks another senator a question does not necessarily mean that he, on the one hand, seeks information, or that the other senator has information to give him.

Not so, however, with Senator West, who is a frank and ingenuous person. When he asks a question he seeks information and when he seeks information he asks a question.

The consequence is he is much in action, and when he retires he will have acquired a large amount of interesting material for future conversational purposes.

It is not at all compatible with the dignity of the greatest deliberative forum in the world—certainly the most deliberate—to say that when various leaders of the majority therein deem it necessary to keep things going actively they adopt the let-George-do-it plan; but I fear I must make that allegation.

And, as it stands, it is necessary to say that the person who most frequently has been the George is William Stanley West, as willing and capable a George as one could wish to watch and hear—a willing little worker, and not easily rebuffed; in fact, a most serviceable portion of the majority.



Psychological Depression in the Wheat Belt

A Peerless Question Mark

THE senator was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Bacon. He comes from Valdosta, where he is a planter and millowner. He is not without legislative experience, which has made him more valuable. He served nine years in the Georgia House of Representatives and four years in the Georgia Senate, where he was president of that body for two years.

Aside from his farming and lumber interests he is engaged in other business, including banking, and is a man of large affairs.

A most engaging person, too, is West—courteous, cultured, and as enthusiastic over his duties as a boy starting on a fishing expedition. He has been in the Senate since early in March and will go back to private life after the elections next November, as he has not entered the contest for the unexpired portion of Senator Bacon's term.

Still, Congress—as this is written—shows no sign of adjourning; so the senator will have ample opportunity for the practice of his specialty before he leaves us. And there can be no gainsaying the claim that, as a ready questioner, as an animated and persistent interrogation point, he has had few equals in the Senate for many years.

BURBANKING GRANDMA

New Varieties of an Old Relative—By Corinne Lowe

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

IN OTHER days grandma used to simmer by the fire. She wore a black-silk basque and every now and then compromised with fashion by changing the flowers on that bonnet with the ties. Her chief occupation was knitting things that the other members of the household found difficulty in using, and she had a pleasant incidental way of producing cookies from the reticule on her arm.

The grandma of other days lived solely in the past. Often you found her leafing the yellow pages of an autograph album in which appeared the decorous sentiments of gay young blades of the forties; and sometimes a tear stole down under the spectacles on the wrinkled cheek at sight of a pressed rose given to her at her first ball. Faded daguerreotypes, ghosts of sleek-haired, calyx-skirted girls, and tight-trousered, high-stocked beaus, the wakeful memories of that jolly country dance where the fiddles rasped Money Musk above the call—Ladies to the center! All hands round!—these formed the woof of her daily life. The present was no more to her than a mischievous tassel on that wonderful fabric of the past.

In those days grandmother was very wrinkled. Often as you cuddled down against her shawl while she read Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales you looked at that cheek so near your own and wondered whether you should ever grow to look like that! A tear, you speculated with the detached interest of a De Maupassant, had no smooth passage down that cheek; instead of rolling, it leaped from wrinkle to wrinkle like a wild mountain cascade.

It needs, however, no critical observation to perceive that this oldtime, fireside kind of grandmother is almost extinct. Nowadays if you wish to locate your mother's mother you will follow her to the dansant, to the suffrage parade, to the Browning Club and to the bridge party. You yourself will probably be spent with exhaustion before you catch up with her in her daily activities; and if, crippled by the pursuit, you finally limp in on her at that traditionary haunt, the corner by the fire, you will not be invited to consider the faded autograph album, but a rindy passage of Bergson's philosophy, with which she is frivoling away the bedtime hours.

The immediacy of life set forth by M. Bergson—whom, by the way, no one save a college professor or a modern grandmother ever knows save through magazine reviews—is well brought out by grandma's entire attitude. No sentimentalizing over the past with this modern type of relative! She keeps right up to the minute—and gives the minute a lively chase at that. And in nothing else is her progressive spirit more evident than in her clothes.

Nothing Too Flossy for Grandma

GONE, indeed, are the times when a woman of forty subsided into a cap and kerchief, and looked like the parlor furniture covered for summer use. Nowadays you can tell a grandmother from her granddaughter only by the superior smartness of the former; and there is more meat than sauce in the remark of one college boy: "Grandma used to have wrinkled cheeks and a full skirt. She now has full cheeks and a wrinkled skirt."

As for tears, the elderly woman now spells them tiers and wears them on the skirt of her poplin suit. If you are doubtful about the matter just hear the suit buyer of one of our big New York department stores:

"Who was it last winter," asks she fiercely, in reply to the questions as to why there were no longer distinctive clothes for elderly women, "that bought up all our cutest little fur-trimmed lace blouses and our fussiest suit models? Why, grandma, of course. You could show her plain models until you swooned away, but it was nix on the bleak winter-landscape effect for her! She wanted something lighted up with green and red electrics—and she got it!

"Take, now, our three-tier skirts and cutaway coats—we couldn't get them in fast enough for the woman past fifty. Maybe she was stout and looked like the Hanging Gardens of Babylon by the time she got into them; but that made no difference. We simply couldn't appease her appetite for terraces!

"I remember very well one day about Christmastime," continued she, with a slow, sad smile, "there were two women came in here for suits. One was a college girl and the other a tall, willowy person—you would have guessed fifty if you didn't know so well what the beauty doctor is about.

"Now the saleswoman who stepped up to them was a good one, but she had a conventional mind; so she started in to show the older woman plain tailormade things and the younger one all our smartest fur-trimmed models of duvetyn and velvet. The two customers stood this system for a while and then at last the Vassar girl picked up a ketchup-colored broadcloth, with collar and cuffs of fitch.

"'Why don't you take this model, Minnie?' said she. 'It would be awfully smart on you!'

"Well, you can imagine how that saleswoman looked! The fact of it was, she could just about speak when the older woman gave the order for the tabasco effect and then topped it off by the casual remark: 'I think that navy blue tailormade would be very nice for my granddaughter!' It's taught her a wonderful lesson, though; and nowadays she doesn't waste any time showing tailormades to grandma."

The fact of it is, there are to-day no styles for elderly women. Sometimes—true enough—you find this the title of a page got out by a fashion editor; but alas for such husks of prejudice! In looking over the accompanying illustrations your eye bumps into nothing save bunchy panniers; fur-trimmed, diaphanous waists; slashed skirts and intricate drapery. The only concession to age lies perhaps in short-circuiting the minaret tunic—and even that is often wired up for grandma like the Metropolitan Tower on a holiday.

"I Must Teach You the Twinkle"

This Oldtime, Fireside Kind of Grandmother is Almost Extinct

As for millinery—oh, *Id Id!* What a skip from the old-fashioned bonnet with the ties is the perky little thing that the grandma of to-day rams down over those penciled eyebrows! No demure plumes of conventional posies for the elderly woman of these times! Her hat either gloams with a cubist hyacinth in a wan, unearthly shade of green, or else it is set out like the Nile scene in Aïda, and a solitary palm broods over the forward peninsula of velvet.

Touched by the fairy wands of the milliner and dressmaker, grandmother swaps the dusty fireside for the dansant. Here, at a table almost as big as a sandwich, she sits and chatters merrily all through the Méditation from Thaïs now filtering through the strings of the high-priced orchestra in the moonlit balcony. The hands with which she pours the tea are effulgently manicured, and the scent with which she envelops you is not lavender—ah, base suggestion of an erring fancy! but some idiomatic odor that will waste its sweetness on the dessert air to the tune of fifteen dollars an ounce.

How Young Clothes Make Young Bodies

BY AND BY the Méditation—which ably stimulated everybody to do anything but meditate—changes to that popular inhibition, Get Out and Get Under! Grandma is not long in obeying. Presently a youth, with a flaxen mustache shaped like a half-note rest, comes over to the table—and grandma rises. She puts her hand trustfully in his and soon the breeze of motion is soughing through that minaret tunic. She does more than merely get out and get under—she dips like a swallow; she spins like a top; she curvets like the trimmest little launch at the summer resort. And at last, when the orchestra stops, she claps vociferously for more.

"Ah!" cries the flaxen one gratefully as he leads her back to the table, "that was fine!"

"Yes," replies grandma; "but I must teach you the Twinkle. Of course it's awfully hard. I only got it myself by practicing a whole morning; but it is lots of fun. And then there's the Innovation waltz too—I've just learned that."

All this is possible, says the modern designer, simply through the mediation of clothes. Put away a woman of thirty into a black basque and a bonnet and she is going to feel as though the stream of life had tossed her aside. Contrariwise, let a woman of fifty don Colonial pumps, a corkscrew skirt and a flossy hat, and she is bound to respond to the vibrations of youth and gayety.

Philosophical as this sounds, however, there can be no doubt that if the grandmother of to-day looked as did the grandmother of yesterday she would not have the courage to wear rills of velvet and torrents of chiffon. She does not look the same, though; and even before the dressmaking squad gets busy with its spraying process the beauty doctor has Burbanked the elderly woman beyond all resemblance to her original form.

In nothing else has this pertinent method revealed itself so fully as in the figure. In other times a woman past fifty was always either too fat or too thin. If she did not gather her shrunken figure into a three-cornered shawl she held objects at long-range vision—like the notes of a trombone slide—on that benevolent forward shelf of adipose. And to either calamity she was dutifully resigned.

Nowadays, however, the woman past fifty keeps her figure. If she is too thin she rubs those prickly elbows with unguents. If she is too fat you find her going round on hands and knees or rolling over the floor, or taking down her hips with a rolling-pin. Then, too, there is the matter of the corset.

Ask the Fifth Avenue *corsetière* about this and you will promptly see that she considers herself sole author of the modern grandmama.

"No wonder women used to lose their looks! How could they help it when they chose to wear only a sheaf of whalebones carelessly garnered with some bits of muslin—when they never adjusted the strings of their corset from one week's end to another, and when they all got the same straight-up-and-down garment? Why, choosing a corset means everything to a woman! And when you've selected the kind you need you've got to be everlastingly careful you wear it in the right way. It's only by having a corset conscience that the elderly woman can prevent that oriel-window effect in front and that creeping up of the waist under the arms—the two surest signs of age in any woman's figure."

From her further conversation it becomes evident, in fact, that the *corsetière* is a kind of sheriff of fat. If she finds any truant tissue on the hips she promptly commits

it to the proper penitentiary—the waistline. If she detects a vagrancy of adipose toward the upper part of the body quick, a warrant for its arrest.

"The secret of keeping the figure young," explains she, "is to distribute the flesh. The old idea of a valley waist, with hillocks of flesh rising from each side, is now absolutely gone. To-day we don't care how big the waist is provided the hips are not bulging and the upper part of the body too large. In order that a woman weighing a hundred and eighty pounds may look as if she weighed only a hundred and fifty she must give lots of room at the diaphragm and coax the extra flesh into this neighborhood. Those who commence proper corseting in their youth rarely have the usual figure troubles; but even those who start late can do wonders in overcoming the humpy, dowdy look which spoils so many women past forty."

The woman of advancing years does not, however, restrict herself to the confinement of the corset. Follow her through all the devious paths of keeping young, and you will wonder how she ever gets time to show the world that she is young; for her schedule starts at seven in the morning and never ends until the first curious streaks of dawn touch the rubber strap under her chin.

As a compass to her activities there stands beside grandma's bath a shiny white scale on which she hops the moment she rises from the foam. If cries of distress rend the air then is the household assured that grandma has gained half a pound during the night and warned that everything on the premises, from the floor to the ceiling, will be employed in a titanic struggle with the enemy.

Deep breathing and exercise are the first things that happen to the luckless weight of half a pound. Grandma opens the window, closes her mouth, and proceeds to use up most of the air intended for general consumption. This done, she starts in on rough exercise. She lopes about the bedroom on hands and knees—nothing better, some trainer has told her, for taking the fat off you. She then rises to lay violent hands on a near-by chair. She relinquishes the furniture for a roll on the floor, and next tries to find out how many odd situations can be found for a pair of feet.

At the same time, indeed, that her infant grandson in a near-by room is engaged in those unscheming exercises with his toes, his venerable relative is warped strangely in Delsarte. She ties herself into a young rosette; she scrambles herself into an omelet-like mass neatly garnished with bedroom slippers; she whirls madly about on one toe. For general quick action she has Pavlowa and a cinematograph looking as sluggish as a wheelbarrow.

Care of Face and Figure

MASSAGE is now an important part of the conflict with age; and if grandma is wealthy enough she has it done on the premises For this purpose there is installed in her bedroom a cold and gruesome-looking slab of stone. It reminds one of the dough-tray on which the grandmother of previous times kneaded those ineffable rolls. The modern grandma's kneading is, however, entirely vicarious. She herself is molded into shape by the skillful fingers of the masseuse, and at least twice a week you are privileged to behold that prostrate form on the marble slab fisted and thumbed and sleeked and patted.

The face of grandma requires, of course, an equally constant attention. Inquire from the beauty doctor just where a woman first shows age and she will tell you it is in the falling of the cheeks and the stringiness of the neck. For this former defect there have been advanced two radical correctives. One is to take a seam in grandma's cheek right up under the eye, so that the portière of flesh may be drawn away. The other suggestion is to inject paraffin under the wrinkles and unfurl your cheeks on the ambient air.

Both of these operations are very costly and both have been denounced by leading authorities. Grope your way through the voluptuous scent of rose creams and cocoa butter and Oriental astringents; harrow a passage over the Colonial pumps of the waiting grandmas in the anteroom; and massage into conversation a Fifth Avenue beauty doctor. If you do so you will hear some discouraging comments on both the paraffin and incision treatments.

"At first," says she, "paraffin does take out the wrinkle and leaves the cheeks puffed out. By and by, though, you see blue marks appearing at the side of the mouth where the paraffin has been injected. The same marks, too, will probably make their appearance at the top of the cheeks when an incision has been made. As for us, our whole work is accomplished by hand massage. We rub in softening and strengthening creams; we take away the look of flabbiness and get the muscles as firm as those of a young girl."

If you were a grandmother born in 1830 you went ahead minting chins without one thought of stopping the currency. If, however, you are a grandmother born in 1850 you take good care that only one stamp of that feature shall ever be made.

Chin stoppers have now, in fact, reached a high state of perfection, and the grandmother of 1914 sees to it that chins do not become a habit.

Grandma's Kerosene Lamp Has Been Translated Into the Kerosene Torch

In order to subdue the tendency she joins hands with Tommy Atkins and wears a jaunty strap beneath the rampant feature—that is, it used to be a strap; to-day it has lost its Patagonian simplicity and has got mixed up with a number of balls. These balls are set in motion by a pulley contained in the band that connects up with the chin strap, and five minutes of their rotation—night and morning—are warranted to disperse a tandem of chins.

Morpheus is not overlooked in the modern woman's skirmish with age. Sleep that knits up the raveled sleave of care is supposed to perform the same polite service for raveled necks. Consequently when little Miss Pinafore tiptoes in for that good-night kiss she gets it through a barrier of sticky cold cream and, like as not, bumps into grandma's sleeping bandage.

This bandage is of fibrous white stuff, comes down to the eyes and up under the chin over the ears. Between it and grandma there is a heavy sandwich of skin food; and when grandma wakes, these creams, like the smile of the lady of Niger, which appeared next day on the face of the tiger, are transposed into the glossy whiteness of neck and brow.

"Grandmother, what makes your eyes so bright?" This famous query of Little Red Riding Hood's may now be answered with something more than a mere compliment. The fact of it is, there is a specific against faded and lusterless eyes. It consists in red or green electric lights trundled again and again over the white gauze bandage that is first placed about the patient's eyes. When grandma has thus been signaled like a subway station, and when a gentle massage has deprived the crow's-feet even of standing room, she rises from the chair with a gaze as fresh and limpid as Hebe's own.

Horn-Rimmed Spectacles Have Been Appropriated by Fresh-Cheeked Schoolgirls and Young Literary Men

Nowadays the Woman Past Fifty Keeps Her Figure

It must be remembered that youth has plundered from age many of its dearest associations. The débutante has seized on the knitting that used to be grandmother's favorite occupation. The horn-rimmed spectacles that sometimes nodded on our elderly relative's nose have been appropriated by fresh-cheeked schoolgirls and by young literary men not yet sure of their profession. The walking stick that once supported grandma's enfeebled members is now twiddled by fashionable women of twenty-five. Now, last on the long list of larcenies, comes the craze for powdered hair and for white wigs.

Grandma in consequence is not even put to the trouble of dyeing her hair. If she does not elect a white wig she is saved from making her head look like a giant popcorn ball by wearing one of those Turner-sky wigs of red and mauve that have recently come from Paris to match our gowns. And if she does not like wigs of any description she simply powders that stubbornly dark hair.

Artificial Exercise

THE beauty doctor, however, is not, after all, the last word in rejuvenation. There is a physician in the city of New York who declares that exercise and sunshine are the only factors worth mentioning in the halt of old age. Let a woman have these two things and she can dispense forever with massage and cosmetics.

In pressing this point this same doctor rolls off a depressing number of statistics. Though in the past thirty years, says he, we have decreased enormously the death rate under forty, the mortality among those past that age is really alarming. Cancer has increased two hundred per cent, Bright's disease is fearfully in the ascendent, and nervous breakdowns are making the fortunes of specialists and sanitariums. He himself is constantly sought by people of forty, and even younger, whose minds refuse to work and whose bodies are worn out.

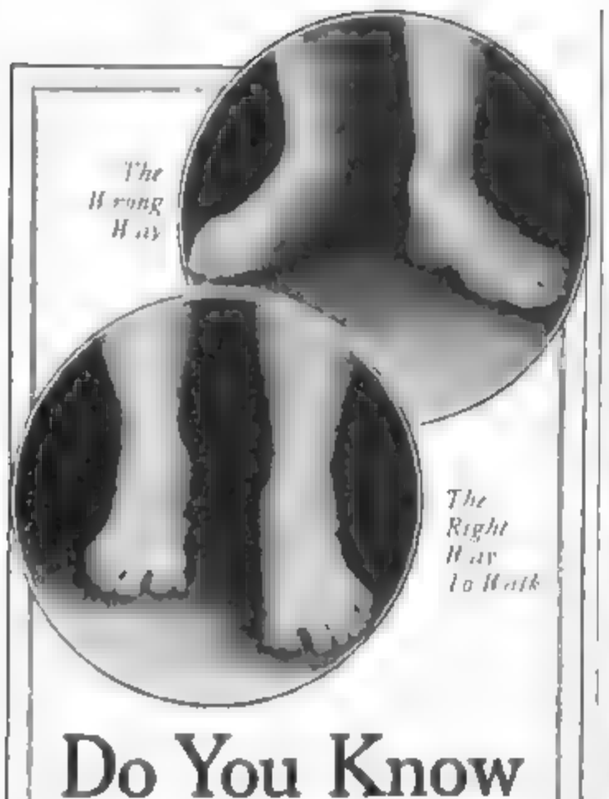
The reason for all this he ascribes to nothing but lack of exercise and fresh air. Instead of being jolted over rough country roads in buggies with wooden rims, we are now transported on the thick tires of our limousines over velvet stretches of macadam. Instead of walking upstairs, we are lifted on the pinions of the elevator. Instead of working, we push an electric button.

As a result the organs of the body refuse to function; and when this happens the skin loses its freshness, the eyes their luster and the muscles their firmness. The mind, furthermore, improperly nourished by the impoverished blood, refuses to act. We are presented, in fact, with a case of precocious senility and the whole physical organism is ready for the first up-and-coming germ that takes a fancy to us.

The physician in question gives no medicine. Instead of tincture of iron he provides a game of squash; and his perfectly fitted gymnasium illustrates the fact that, whereas we used to get inconvenience gratuitously, we are now obliged to go out and buy it in packages. Bouncing and jolting once came to us trustfully and put their hands in ours. To-day we must pay five dollars for a bounce treatment. In other times pulling up the old oaken bucket from the depths of the unhygienic well kept our organs in a perfectly normal state. Now we pay for drawing our drinking water from a spigot by being obliged to draw our health from supervised pulley exercise—involving, of course, drawing our check on the bank.

When grandma seeks youth via the exercise and sunshine path she finds a highly seasoned gymnasium. There is a ladder on which she is invited to hang by her prehensile great toe. There is an apparatus to which she clings madly while a giant roller goes over her tummy until it looks like a neat suburban lawn. Best of all, there are stabled here two horses, one of which gallops and the other trots.

(Continued on Page 61)



Do You Know *How To Walk?*

WHAT helps to make flat feet? Walking with *toes pointed out.* In that way you throw all your weight on the arches—first one, then the other, until they break and fail.

Point your *toes straight ahead;* throw your weight on the outside of your feet! That's the way to walk with a spring and a bounce. And that's one of the recipes for getting rid of flat feet.

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THE TWO ACORNS

(Continued from Page 8

the original date set. The trouble was not in disposing of staterooms, but in supplying them; and bonuses were discreetly offered to clerks who could remember a particular name and address in case any stateroom turned up. Stateroom G was one of the best. There were people who would pay the regular price and give the clerk ten pounds for the refusal of it.

"Can I exchange for one sailing in November?"

"Yes, sir. Certainly, sir. The Bonard Line is always ready and anxious to please its patrons. Thank you!"

"Very well. Then if anybody turns up who wants Stateroom G let me know not Stateroom 118; just G."

"Well, sir, if you will let me have the tickets ——"

"I certainly will do nothing of the kind. I myself will dispose of them."

"I'm afraid it can't be done, sir," said the clerk. "The tickets are not transferable."

"This one is," said the old gentleman determinedly.

The clerk shook his head. It had never been done. He was English.

"Tell your superior I wish to see him," General Wilkes said. "There are reasons why I should wish to be the judge of the fitness of the person to whom I might give my tickets."

The clerk disappeared and presently returned.

"Will you come with me, sir? Thank you!" And the clerk preceded General Wilkes into the presence.

The higher official—an overworked little man on whose shoulders you could plainly see not only the lives of all the passengers but the dividends of the Bonard Line—nodded nervously. General Wilkes said:

"I have Stateroom G engaged for Mrs. Wilkes and myself, and 118 for Mrs. Wilkes' maid. Mrs. Wilkes is not well enough to sail on the Ruritania this month, and therefore ——"

"We'll give you tickets ——"

"One moment!" And General Wilkes frowned so fiercely at the little Englishman that the overworked little chap could only say:

"Yes, sir."

"We engaged that Stateroom G because Mrs. Wilkes is not a very young woman and because she gets seasick on the slightest provocation. That is why I must know to whom our tickets go before I give them up. I prefer to lose the money than to see them go into the hands of a couple of young fellows."

"But, so long as we give you other tickets, the Bonard Line has done its duty ——"

"It is not the duty of the Bonard Line that worries me. We know that when it comes to duty we may trust the English to do it."

"Thank you, sir!" said the little man with sincere gratitude.

"But I am concerned with the duty of Jonathan P. Wilkes. Mrs. Wilkes insists—and I agree with her—that our tickets must be given to a respectable and not very young couple who suffer from seasickness. We are sending our maid back in 118. Her mother is very old and feeble, and she is unhappy at not going back as originally planned. We have decided that she must go back on the Ruritania; and so I wish to know that whoever has our stateroom will see our maid safe to New York, in return for which they can have the services of our Mary. Do you understand my position? I know there will be no trouble getting somebody to take these tickets off my hands, at a premium even; but you now know why I insist on knowing to whom I relinquish Stateroom G."

"I see, sir."

"You spoke about the duty of the Bonard Line. I've often heard my father, Governor Wilkes, say that his friend, Sir Boyle Bonard, son of the founder of this line, was not only the most conscientious of men but one of the politest gentlemen in the world. Such was his fame. I take it the Bonard Line has not deteriorated since Sir Boyle's day." General Wilkes looked at the little Englishman steadily.

"We try to be polite, of course, sir. We shall be very glad to carry out your wishes in the matter."

"You do not consider them unreasonable, I trust?"

"Oh, no, sir. Quite the contrary, sir!" the manager hastily assured General Wilkes.

"If you will tell the ticket clerk outside he can let me know the names of any people who may desire to return on the Ruritania, and I'll surrender my own ticket and Mrs. Wilkes'. I'd like, in exchange, to have G on the Ruritania on her November passage."

"Very well, General Wilkes!" And the little Englishman rang for the clerk and told him to do exactly as General Wilkes wished.

The clerk, first of all, thanked General Wilkes, English fashion, and then learned what the general's wishes were. Then the clerk once more thanked General Wilkes and submitted to the general a list of names he had kept of people who desired to return to the United States on the first boat. Among them were Senator and Mrs. Alger W. Nelson, of Connecticut. He was the leader of the Senate and sponsor of the Wayne-Nelson Tariff Bill—the high-tariff bill that made smuggling so tempting and that was to cost Senator Nelson the Presidency. Also Mr. and Mrs. Moritz Feigelbach, the Misses Kip, and Doctor and Mrs. Everett Ellsworth.

General Wilkes wrote the names on the margin of a newspaper he had in his hand and promised to return at two P. M. sharp. He told the clerk, in case any of the applicants turned up, to say he would be back at two.

Nobody followed General Wilkes to the Marlborough Hotel and nobody saw him leave the newspaper, with the names on the margin, in an armchair in the lobby. The special agent who was trailing Mr. Cecil Caldecott followed the latter into the Marlborough Hotel and heard him ask very anxiously whether Señor Ildefonso Iruretagoyena, of Buenos Aires, Argentine Republic, had arrived.

The clerk solemnly asked him kindly to repeat the name and Mr. Cecil Caldecott said:

"It's one of those Basque names—I-r-u-r-e-t-a-g-o-y-e-n-a—one name! If he should arrive to-day, will you kindly give him this card?" And he gave the clerk his card, on the back of which he wrote very slowly, as if translating as he wrote:

> September eighth, Savoy Hotel
>
> 72-8-9-81-9-36-27-63

He did this so slowly that the Treasury agent, on the excuse of asking for a Mr. William Carpenter, of San Francisco, was able to see the figures.

Mr. Caldecott was so obviously disappointed that the agent trembled. As Mr. Caldecott walked away the agent permitted himself to say to the hotel clerk:

"Wasn't that a frightful name?"

"It was Basque, you know," solemnly said the clerk.

"How many letters are in it?" said the agent.

"Don't know! It isn't my name!" And he turned his back rebukingly on the inquisitive American.

The agent felt snubbed and it made him angry at Mr. Caldecott. The most skillful smuggler in the world was at that moment fumbling with a match safe.

General Wilkes rose from his chair and left the newspaper there to guard it.

Mr. Cecil Caldecott, much preoccupied, picked up the paper and absentmindedly looked at the names in the margin thus:

Mr. and Mrs. Moritz Feigelbach.
The Misses Kip.
Doctor and Mrs. Everett Ellsworth.
Senator and Mrs. Alger W. Nelson.

Mr. Cecil Caldecott absent-mindedly jabbed a pencil point four times through the margin of the newspaper, about six inches from the names, and started from his reverie when General Wilkes, in a none-too-friendly voice, said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you have my newspaper."

"Excuse me!" Mr. Caldecott seemed to waken from a trance and jumped to his feet. "Excuse me!" he repeated and walked away, followed by the vigilant special agent, who was delighted at the perturbed look on his man's face.

General Wilkes sat down and glared after his retreating compatriot and frowned on general principles. After glancing over the newspaper he had carried all the morning with him, he tore it to pieces. The piece on which he had written the names of the people who wanted a stateroom on the Ruritania he tore into very small bits.

That afternoon he called at the Bonard Line's offices. The clerk hailed him with the respect that most Englishmen show to customers and said:

"If you please, sir, General Wilkes, there is a gentleman in here "

"What's his name?" interrupted General Wilkes.

"Mr. Feigelbach."

At the sound of his name a stout, swarthy gentleman approached, smiling in advance, with a suggestion of doing it on general principles.

"Who wants me?" he said to the clerk; but, before the employee could answer, General Wilkes cut in:

"I am told you desire to return to New York on the Ruritania day after to-morrow."

"Yes; I'm willing to pay ——"

"Excuse me; I'm not a ticket agent. I have Stateroom G; but I shall relinquish it only to somebody who meets our requirements. Is your wife ever seasick?"

"Never!" Mr. Feigelbach answered proudly; "she has crossed thirty-two times, and "

"Exactly! You can't have my stateroom!" And General Wilkes turned his back on the astonished Mr. Feigelbach.

The conversation had been heard by several Americans, among them a tall, thin, severe-looking lady, who went up to General Wilkes and said:

"Are you the gentleman who has a stateroom he may be unable to use?" She looked at General Wilkes determinedly, as though he could not escape this time. She always had her own way—always!

"Send your husband to ask me about it," said General Wilkes in a scolding tone of voice which should have flattered the lady, for it was the voice old men always use toward people whose offense is being young.

"I haven't any husband to send!" said the lady.

"Then don't send him," said General Wilkes.

"I can ask my own questions," the lady said inflexibly.

"Not of me, madam!" said General Wilkes with that extreme politeness which is the deadliest of insults, since it ties your hands and immobilizes your tongue. "Not of me!" And he bowed ambassadorially and stalked away.

She closed her mouth; then she pressed her lips together with all her might and left the office, her eyes darting damns at the world.

Senator Alger W. Nelson entered and walked up to the ticket clerk.

"Where's the man?" he asked.

His voice was pitched low—also on general principles. His habit of imparting to even his casual conversation a confidential quality was part of his political success; but he carried it to extremes.

"He's here; but he won't give up his stateroom to anybody whose wife doesn't get seasick. He is what we might call an eccentric."

"We call them cranks," whispered the senator.

"Quite so. Thank you, sir! There he is. I'll tell him. Thank you!"

The clerk came from behind the counter and approached the general, who was studying the list of sailings pasted on the bulletin board.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but here is a gentleman ——"

"Where?" General Wilkes saw Senator Nelson, whose features were familiar to the American public through the fiendish courtesy of the muckraking magazines. The senator approached.

"Are you married?" asked General Wilkes point-blank.

"I am!" replied the senator.

He was a tall, thin, ruddy-complexioned man, with snow-white hair and goatee, and sharp blue eyes. He looked twice as martial as Wilkes.

"Is your wife with you?"

"She is."

"Does she get seasick?"

"Dreadfully!"

"Will you take my wife's maid back to New York and send somebody to see that she takes the Western Express for Detroit the same day you arrive? She will pay her own way."

"Very glad to. I myself will take her."

"And your wife can have her services if she should need them—without charge of course. The maid is a maid and happiest when busy. If she is idle she develops grievances."

"You are right. Now what's the price?"

"You fix it with the line. I will take the same stateroom for the November sailing, same boat." The general was speaking to the clerk. "If I cannot get it, or one just as comfortable, I am not sure I'll give up my tickets." He turned to the senator and asked: "What is your name, sir?"

"Alger W. Nelson," modestly whispered the senator.

"Not Senator Nelson!"

"Yes."

"Why did you not say so?" irascibly reproached the general. "You know Bert Stratton?"

Colonel Albert E. Stratton was National Committeeman from Michigan. The senator was an intimate.

"Very well!"

"Best friend I've got! You should have told me who you were. Well, well! Isn't it nice it was you! Well, I'll be getting on. I'll tell the maid. Her name is Mary Wheeler. Well, well! Good day, sir."

"Good day," said the senator; and then he lowered his voice to add: "Thank you!"

Senator and Mrs. Nelson found Mary Wheeler, Mrs. Wilkes' maid, a very quiet, competent person, apparently trustworthy and full of a pleasing candor. Also, she was an American, and there was that subtle nonmenial attitude about her which makes Americans such bad domestic servants in private homes and such good ones in hotels and institutions. She told Mrs. Nelson a little about the Wilkes' affairs—an old couple, childless, rich, queer and kind-hearted. She herself had found England a nice place, but preferred Detroit. She was born and raised near Pontiac. Her grandfather was a Lincolnshire man, and she was taking back seeds from where the Wheeler cottage still stood, near Dogdyke. She showed them a few. Among them were some acorns.

"My father," she told Mrs. Nelson, who told the senator, "says Grandpa Wheeler was always bragging about the English oaks. I tried to bring a little tree, but they told me I couldn't transplant oaks in the fall, so I thought I'd bring home some acorns. I picked them up from the ground, because the general said that was the way Nature did. If one oak grows out of all the acorns I'll be glad."

Mrs. Nelson had occasion more than once to congratulate herself on having the services of Mary Wheeler at her command. She did, indeed, hint that she would be delighted to do something for Mary if Mary was ever dissatisfied with her position; but Mary thanked her and said Mrs. Wilkes was an angel.

"They put five hundred dollars in the savings bank for me every first of January," she said. "I don't mind being an old maid so long as Mrs. Wilkes is alive. And even if I wanted to leave them my father wouldn't hear of it. I'm just as much obliged to you."

III

THE marine news reporters sought Mr. Cecil Caldecott at Quarantine before the ship docked. He had nothing to declare. He had bought absolutely nothing in London—no wearing apparel; nothing dutiable.

The customs men, when they saw the declaration, consulted among themselves and reported to Mr. Leroy, who nodded and went after his man.

"I am Mr. Leroy," the chief inspector said, introducing himself to Mr. Cecil Caldecott, whom he found surrounded by the reporters.

"Gentlemen"—Mr. Caldecott spoke politely, but with much decision, to the newspaper men—"you must excuse me, but I cannot talk to you at present."

"Can't you tell us why you cabled for a setting hen to set seventeen days?"

You could see that the persistent young man who wished to know was from the Tribune. He had that look.

"Couldn't," smiled Mr. Caldecott.

"But twenty-one days is the proper time ——"

"For chickens, yes. For ducks, twenty-eight; for turkeys, thirty-two; for the Troglodytidæ or wrens, ten or less; for the Struthio or ostrich, from fifty to sixty."

"You cabled the advertisement to each paper, with ten dollars to pay for the space. Couldn't you wait?"

"No. When time is transmutable into dollars, why save dollars? Carnegie offered one hundred million dollars for one year of life; but he is Scotch and very thrifty."

"Are you a naturalist?"

"I am even more."

"Are you?"

"Hold on! You'll be asking indiscreet questions in a minute. If you will wait for me at the pier, gentlemen, you may get a good story; but you must excuse me just now." Mr. Caldecott nodded amicably to the newspaper men, turned to Mr. Leroy, and said: "I am at your service, Mr. whatever your name may be."

If it had not been for the presence of the reporters Leroy would have been brutally frank—and even worse—to this exasperating miscreant; but men whose successes are exploited in print dare not have their failures similarly elevated to the dignity of imperishable history. However, as soon as the historians from the city papers were out of hearing Mr. Leroy was silly enough to say angrily:

"You know very well who I am."

"I don't at all, and I am tolerably content with my ignorance."

"You know what I am too."

"My dear sir, I assure you that I am barely able to know what you look like. You may be quite a clever chap, but I would not swear to it—not by looking or by listening to you. Never!" And Mr. Caldecott shook his head as decisively as though he had computed the exact length of never.

"I am Leroy, Chief Inspector. Where are the Arlington pearls?"

Mr. Caldecott looked at Leroy so sincerely puzzled that the inspector, accustomed as he was to the inevitable self-betrayal of smugglers, was himself puzzled.

Of course he would not acknowledge it, but went on, with his professional air of infallibility:

"We know you bought them. We know you said you had acted for an Argentine collector. We know you went every day to the Marlborough Hotel and anxiously asked for a man with a Basque name, who never arrived and never will. We know you did not place the pearls in London and that none of the dealers you saw bought them; and you did not leave them in any safe-deposit place. Since you didn't dispose of them in London you must have them with you. We want you to fork them over."

"Go on!" said Mr. Caldecott very calmly, but very alertly Leroy thought.

"That's all. We want the Arlington pearls—twelve of them, the smallest of seventy-one and the largest of seventy-seven grains—Persian Gulf pearls. We have the exact description. We are prepared to do anything to get those pearls out of you, and we are going to get them—somehow!"

There was a sinister menace in the last word, shot through the clenched teeth.

Mr. Caldecott looked at Leroy's face and quickly turned away his eyes. He stared at the ash-gray waters of the North River for a long time. At length he said very quietly:

"Granting that I bought the pearls"—he corrected himself and spoke with much precision, as though he were delivering his words before a court of law—"some of the pearls of the Dowager Countess of Arlington—I say, granting that I bought, say, a dozen pearls, and supposing I wished to bring them to America, and supposing I was willing to pay the duty on them—I say, supposing all this—what, then, Mr. Leroy, Chief Inspector?"

Mr. Leroy, Chief Inspector, hesitated between his desire to grab for himself all the glory of the Caldecott seizure and his fear that Mr. Walter Low, temporarily Collector of the Port of New York, should blame him for not reporting the Caldecott affair to headquarters at once. He said very coldly:

"Give me the pearls first and we'll talk terms later."

Mr. Caldecott shook his head vehemently. Whereupon Mr. Leroy said:

"We want you to pay duty on them. You know you owe us quite a little on various little bits of forgetfulness in the past. Where are they?"

Mr. Caldecott stared into the chief inspector's eyes and, speaking very slowly, answered:

"Leroy, you certainly look like an ass, and you talk like one; and I am beginning

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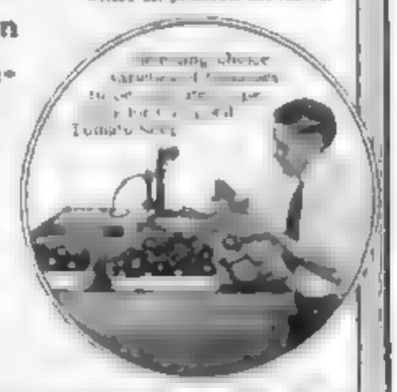

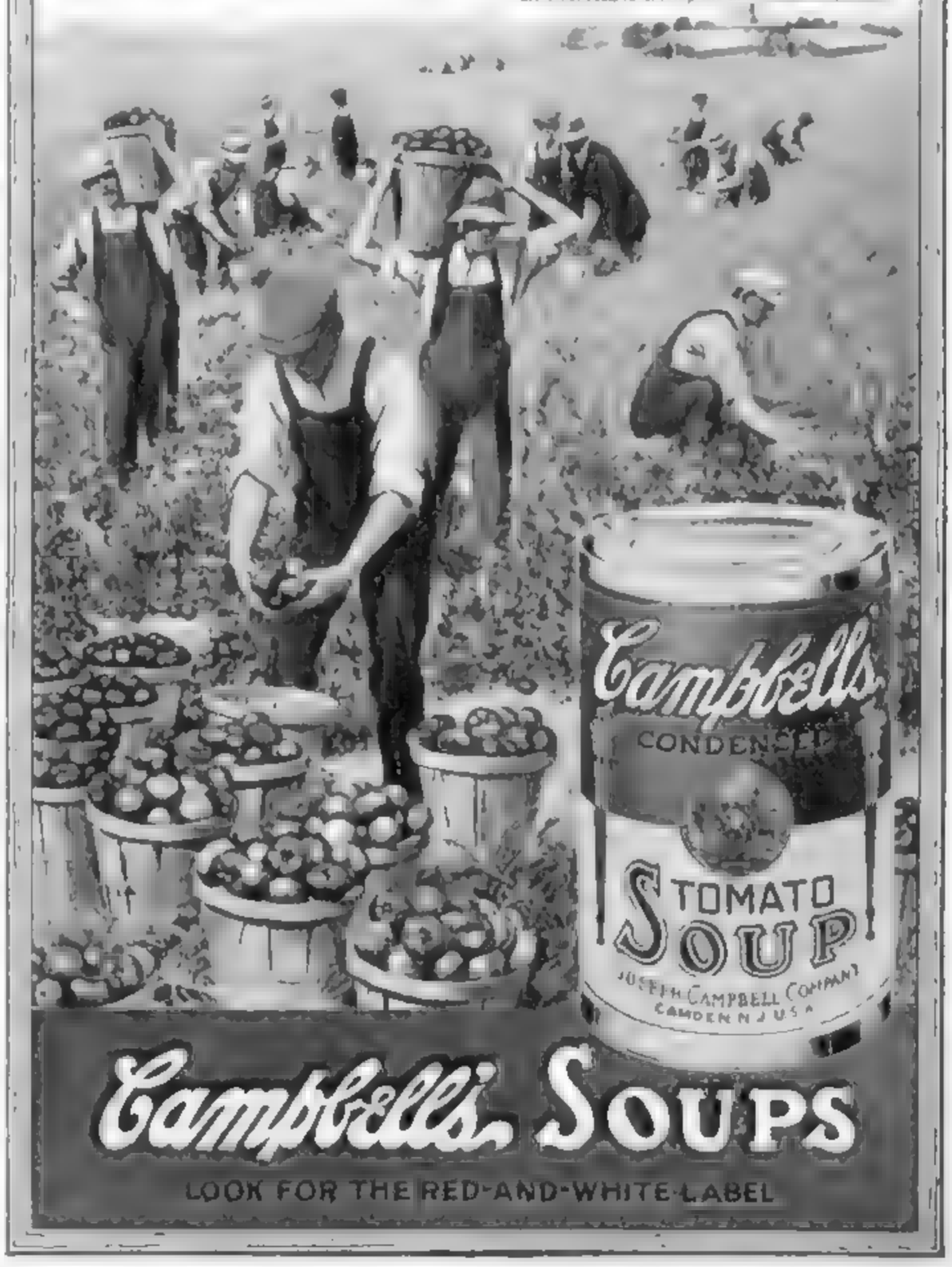

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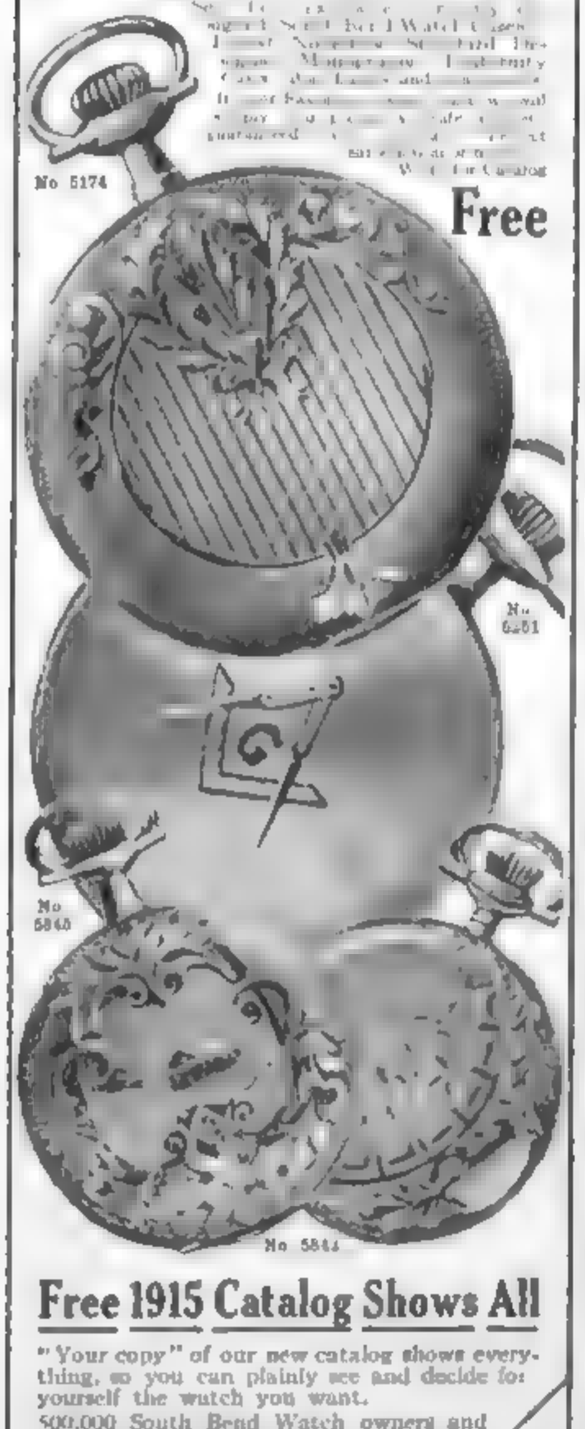

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to fear you are one! Do you suppose I bought the Arlington pearls for the purpose of smuggling them into New York? And do you think, if I wished to smuggle them, I'd bring them on my person? Wouldn't I be far more likely to ship them to New York inside of a York ham or a Cheshire cheese, or within a shillalah in the possession of a second-class passenger by the name of Terence Malone? I'm afraid, Leroy," and Mr. Caldecott shook his head gently, "that you are exactly what you look. You talk like one, you know."

Leroy saw red. Mr. Caldecott perceived this and, chuckling, laughed until Leroy began to clench and unclench his fists convulsively. When Mr. Caldecott deemed that he had reduced the chief inspector to a state of speechlessness he said in a low voice, with an intensity that impressed Leroy notwithstanding all his anger:

"Leroy, don't try any third-degree stunt and don't proclaim your own asininity to the reporters. I am going to surround myself with highly efficient specialists in snoopery. I may at times amuse myself with you customs people, but I don't want to ruin your professional and political careers. Don't you make a mistake in my case! I won't have you fired. I'll simply have you laughed out of the service by the great American sense of humor and the ruthlessness of the American newspapers. If I am smart enough not to be caught by you the laugh will be on you."

"Say, you just ——"

"Leroy, you are an ass; but please don't be ass enough to try to do too foolish a thing to me."

And with that Mr. Caldecott walked quickly to where the reporters were interviewing Herr Hunyadi. He called the Tribune man—who looked it—aside and said: "You stick to me. I think there will be a big story for you."

The other newspaper men broke away from Herr Hunyadi and looked at the Tribune man suspiciously. Was he holding out on them? News is news and therefore to be shared by all the reporters in the shipping-news combination.

"He says," hastily explained the Tribune man, "to stay around. Big story!"

"You bet your life!" Mr. Caldecott assured them so determinedly that the seven shipping-news men nodded.

Leroy had been a witness to this. It increased his anger because it heightened his perplexity. His eyes wrathfully followed Mr. Caldecott.

The most skillful smuggler in the world went into his stateroom. "Trail him!" whispered Leroy to a subordinate.

The subordinate saw Mr. Caldecott emerge from the stateroom with a paper bag. He saw Mr. Caldecott walk forward to the second cabin. On that deck Mr. Caldecott opened the paper bag and took out some grapes. He distributed a few small bunches among some of the second-cabin passengers.

Then he gave the bag, with the rest of the grapes, to a short, stout man in clerical garb. The trailer later found out that the recipient of the grapes—and heaven alone knew of what else!—was the Reverend Knut Olsen, of Olafville, Minnesota. He also learned that the Reverend Scandinavian and Mr. Caldecott had become quite friendly on the voyage. That made the Reverend Knut Olsen a marked man.

Mr. Cecil Caldecott was one of the first to land. He took his declaration coupon to the inspector in charge at the pier and had the luck to draw no less than Mr. William Kent Leroy himself.

The customs officials did not bother Senator Nelson and his party. As the senatorial sponsor of the Wayne-Nelson Tariff Bill, it would have been an act of poetic justice to have compelled him to pay exorbitant duties on the contents of his trunk and valise, for he had expressly declined the freedom of the port, fearing to supply political ammunition to the opposition.

He and Mrs. Nelson, however, always went to Europe to rest, not to shop; so his party's baggage was courteously examined and quickly passed, and both Senator and Mrs. Nelson took Mary Wheeler to the Grand Central Station and saw her buy a ticket for Detroit. She refused at first to accept a gratuity from Mrs. Nelson, but asked for the senator's photograph and autograph for her father, who was a Republican and an admirer.

Mr. Caldecott, smiling very pleasantly, opened his steamer trunk and remarked:

"Nothing but wearing apparel! Every bit of it was bought in New York. You will find the names of the tailors and shops on the garments; also, here are the cards of the salesmen, who will identify every stitch you find there."

The customs men took out every article in the trunk and opened every folded garment; looked into every pocket; tapped the lid and sides and the bottom, to see whether there was any false bottom.

The reporters looked on with much interest. Mr. Caldecott, smiling in his murder-inciting way, which was a combination of malicious grin and contemptuous sneer, refused to enlighten the reporters. Mr. Leroy, fearing to accuse and not be able to prove, was equally reticent.

There was something in the air, however, that made these keen psychologists, including the Tribune man, realize that there was more than appeared on the surface. One of them, by dint of inquiry among friendly inspectors, learned that Mr. Cecil Caldecott was a jeweler and a suspect. After that you could not have kept the reporters away with dynamite. Walter Low had given them too many front-page spreads.

At length Mr. Leroy was compelled to admit that there was nothing dutiable in the trunk.

"Will you search my person?" inquired Mr. Caldecott with a particularly affectionate smile.

"The dress-suit case first!" snarled back Leroy.

"Easy now!" cautioned Mr. Cecil Caldecott. "I'll open it, and I'll hand over each article, one at a time; but I don't want any jolting. Do you understand?" He looked sternly at Mr. Leroy. "Not the slightest jar or there will be trouble."

The Tribune man hastily retreated a step and then tried to look as though he had done it out of sheer bravery.

"Come on!" said Leroy impatiently.

Mr. Caldecott very carefully opened the dress-suit case and began to take out undergarments, hairbrushes and the usual things. In the middle of the dress-suit case was a flat wooden box. This he very carefully placed on top of the steamer trunk. Mr. Leroy extended an eager hand.

"No!" shouted Mr. Caldecott, so sharply and so obviously intending to warn that Leroy almost jumped. "Wait! Leave it for the last, and don't shake it!"

The inspector examined the dress-suit case and its contents most carefully.

"What have you got in the box?" asked Mr. Leroy irritably.

He felt the ground slipping away from him; for, though he had ordered a subordinate to examine the Reverend Knut Olsen's baggage very carefully, he did not expect to find any pearls. The attempt to throw off suspicion was too obvious.

Mr. Caldecott with elaborate leisureliness began to untie the string; and then he threw back the lid of the little wooden box.

More paper!

He lifted the top sheet and showed thirteen compartments, inside of each of which was what looked like crumpled tissue paper.

"One setting—thirteen!" announced Mr. Caldecott solemnly. "And if you were to offer thirteen million dollars for a second baker's dozen you could not get it. It is an unprecedented piece of luck."

The reporters were leaning over the package eagerly. The inspector's fingers were working convulsively.

Then the young man from the Tribune almost shouted:

"Eggs!"

Mr. Caldecott turned to him and held out his hand.

"You hit it, my boy. Now do me a favor. I thought I saw a man standing outside the line who had a Barred Plymouth Rock in a small crate. See if I'm right, will you?"

The Tribune man nodded and dutifully walked away to look for the man with the setting hen.

"Eggs?" echoed Leroy bluntly.

"Eggs!" affirmed Mr. Caldecott. "The eggs of the Scotch grouse. That fact would not make them rare; but they are fresh-laid Scotch grouse eggs. Fresh laid! In September! This is the one variety of ptarmigan the plumage of which does not turn white in winter. Well, I am going to hatch them in my office and take the young birds to my place on Long Island. That's why I cabled for a setting hen. No time to lose! I don't want the fertility impaired by delays. There is no duty on game eggs."

"Let me see the eggs!" interrupted Leroy in a disagreeable voice.

Mr. Caldecott very slowly unwound the tissue paper from one of the eggs and showed it to the inspector. It was black!

"I painted them with a secret composition that prevents undue oxygenation of the internal economy without impairing their fertility. In their natural state they are not unlike those of our own willow grouse," he said. "The scientific name of the layer of these eggs, inspector, is *Lagopus scoticus*. It is of the Tetraonidæ. Its habitat ——"

"What have you got in the others?" interrupted Leroy.

"Twelve more," said Mr. Caldecott. He looked Inspector Leroy straight in the eye and repeated sternly: "Twelve more!"

The inspector was thinking of the twelve Arlington pearls. He asked:

"Twelve more what?"

"Twelve more eggs of the *Lagopus scoticus*," answered Mr. Caldecott.

"Let me see them!" said Leroy incredulously.

Mr. Caldecott began to unwrap the Scotch grouse eggs. Presently one dozen black-painted and one in its natural color were placed on top of one of Mr. Caldecott's silk shirts in the open dress-suit case.

"I don't wish them to get chilled," he explained. "It would be absurd after all my pains, trouble and expense—wouldn't it? This one shows the natural mottling. I left it that way as a sample."

For reply the inspector picked up the egg box and began to rummage among the crumpled tissue paper used for packing. He found nothing; therefore he frowned murderously. An inspector came up to him and said in a low voice:

"Nothing on Olsen."

"Who is he?"

"The Reverend Knut Olsen—the man with the paper bag of grapes given to him by your friend there. We searched his baggage. Nothing! Then we searched him. He did not swear; but he says he will complain to Washington. Nothing on him!"

Leroy turned to Mr. Cecil Caldecott:

"You'll have to be searched."

"What!" exclaimed the most skillful smuggler in the world.

"Yes that!"

"Leroy, you fellows can't be such utter idiots as to think I'd bring anything in my ear! Do you think I could swallow twelve pearls, which the gastric juices would dissolve in twelve minutes—twelve pearls of seventy-odd grains each, valued at forty thousand dollars apiece? Twelve? No, Leroy; I wouldn't do such a thing." And he smiled reproachfully at the inspector.

"Come on!" said Leroy curtly.

Mr. Cecil Caldecott began to lock his valise and trunk. The Tribune man rushed up, his face alight with enthusiasm.

"There are," he reported, "seven people out there with ten hens. They all want to see you. I left them underbidding each other. From fifty dollars they have worked down to three dollars. I guess you can get the setting hen at your own price, Mr. Caldecott. By the way, how do you pronounce your name?"

"The other way," replied Mr. Caldecott pleasantly. "Thank you! Would you mind telling them to wait a few minutes?"

"Are you going to let those eggs in?" the Herald man asked Leroy. The other reporters drew near to listen.

"No," answered Leroy curtly.

"What?" asked Caldecott, frowning.

"Not yet," explained Leroy, knowing it would not do to get into the newspapers.

"Mr. Caldecott, what's the story?" asked the Tribune man.

The World man was already writing away, a grin on his face. The Sun, Herald and Times reporters asked their industrious colleague:

"What are you doing, Bill?"

"Read the World," grinned Bill.

"Mr. Caldecott," began the Tribune man; but Mr. Caldecott shook his head and said:

"Not yet." Then to the inspector in a low voice: "Come on, Leroy, and get through this farce as quickly as possible. I want you to tell the Collector of the Port that it was not I who said anything to the reporters. They are laughing. The joke will not be on me, I can tell you!"

Leroy filled himself with the anger of helplessness, which is so disturbing to the faculties as to elevate murder to the rank of a natural virtue. The inspector stopped abruptly and, looking Mr. Cecil Caldecott full in the eye, said:

"If you will give me your word of honor that the pearls are not on your person I'll waive the search."

"I've already declared it under oath."

"But do you give me your ——"

"I'll give you nothing of mine—unless it is my opinion of your intellectual capacity."

"All right! We'll search you," said Leroy so savagely that Caldecott stopped and said:

"Listen, Leroy! If you permit yourself the slightest rudeness I'll make your life miserable. I'll see that you are laughed out of the service. This isn't Russia! What are you going to tell the reporters that you couldn't find anything on me? Do you think I'm not ready for a frame-up? Do you know what steps I have taken to have witnesses to swear that there was nothing dutiable on my person? I warn you, for your own sake! Go easy! Calm yourself! Good humor is the most dangerous of all weapons, and anger is the bandage that Providence places on the eyes of inspectors who would catch smugglers—when they are not smuggling."

Leroy recognized the truth of this. He also realized that he had no common man to deal with. What seemed to make Caldecott formidable was his own good humor.

"All right, my boy," he said, forcing himself to smile; "we'll be nice to you."

The search disclosed nothing. They even looked at the heels on Mr. Caldecott's shoes and examined every inch of his body.

Where were the twelve Arlington pearls that Mr. Walter Low, Collector of the Port of New York, had commanded Mr. William Kent Leroy to seize on the person or in the luggage of Mr. Cecil Caldecott?

The only things they had not opened were the eggs. It was preposterous, but where else could they be?

Mr. Leroy telephoned to his chief:

"Mr. Caldecott is here. We've gone through his baggage and searched his person and found nothing dutiable. He has brought twelve eggs, which he says are Scotch grouse eggs, to hatch.—Yes, at this season of the year; he says it's a freak of Nature, and that makes them valuable.—No, sir; I thought if we broke them we'd be liable.—What?—Well, there is a bunch of reporters waiting here and they think there may be a story if—I thought the laugh would be on us. In bond? Yes, sir. You bet I will!"

Leroy stepped out of the booth.

"The eggs," he said to Mr. Cecil Caldecott, "must be held in bond until we decide ——"

"Not by a long shot!" cut in Mr. Caldecott. "What the dickens do you suppose I bought them for and went to all this bother ——"

"I can't help it. Order from headquarters."

"Will you let me call up Mr. Low?"

"No use!" said Leroy, delighted to be able to annoy the man who had not been caught with the pearls on his person.

"Look here, Leroy; you know very well the collector, to save his own face, will throw the entire blame on you. He will tell the newspapers that you are an overzealous official, which is departmental English for jackass. And if the collector's enemies induce certain newspapers to blame him for your excessive zeal he will ask you to resign. You had better let me telephone to him. Ask him right now whether he wishes to know exactly what I'll tell the waiting newspaper men if he sends the eggs to a bonded warehouse or to the Appraisers' Stores. You risk nothing by asking him. Tell him I've kept the reporters at bay so far, but am beginning to display impatience."

Leroy was sufficiently impressed by Mr. Caldecott's arguments. They were indisputable. He went into the booth and presently emerged:

"The collector will talk to you," he said to Mr. Caldecott.

Mr. Caldecott said:

"Mr. Collector, I've brought over a setting of Scotch grouse eggs. I'm going to try to hatch them with a hen. There are some people here with setting hens for sale. I want to start them setting to-day. Now, I don't want to tell the reporters that you suspect me of smuggling the twelve Arlington pearls in twelve Scotch grouse eggs. Can you hear the ribald laughter? *I* can! Of course, with an egg tester, such as fanciers use for testing the fertility of the eggs they put in incubators, you can tell—though the spots on the grouse eggs will fool anybody who isn't an expert. But can I place pearls within an egg? Can you tell whether they are genuine eggs or artificial ones made in Germany to fool museums and naturalists? Remember the reporters! I am perfectly willing to allow the eggs to go to the Appraisers' Stores, provided you let me set the hen at the same time. Every minute is valuable. It is a great experiment. You can send for a naturalist—and explain to the reporters. They will be with me. Tell your inspectors to stop annoying me. What do you wish me to do?"

"I want you to pay the duty on the twelve pearls."

"Look for them, then; that's your business—to see that the duty is paid. Do I take the eggs with me?"

"No."

"Then the hen must set on them in bond."

"I think you are an ——"

"Spare my blushes! I am—I was born that way. But does the hen follow the eggs or not? Remember, I have been very nice and have not given the reporters a chance to be real humorous at your expense. Shall I tell them that you honor me with your suspicions and that you also suspect my poor innocent eggs? Nobody in American public life ever survived the ridicule of the press—you know that, don't you?"

At the other end the Collector of the Port of New York saw himself with both hands tied behind his back. If he held the eggs—the newspapers' humor! Ouch! If he let the eggs go by he himself might let the twelve Arlington pearls come in duty free.

"Send the eggs to the Appraisers' Stores and ——"

"And the reporters and a big complaint that will make all convicted smugglers and penalized undervaluers chuckle and shout for joy—unless the hen goes with the eggs! I won't tell the reporters about it—I pledge my word."

"All right! And the hen too!" shouted the collector angrily.

"Please hold the wire until you give instructions to Mr. Leroy."

Mr. Caldecott opened the door of the booth and called to the chief inspector:

"Talk to Mr. Low!" he commanded peremptorily.

Leroy obeyed. He listened to Mr. Walter Low.

"Very well!" said Leroy at the end of the colloquy.

The two walked back to the waiting reporters.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Caldecott, "if you will give me your respective cards I promise to send for you when the story is ripe. Nobody is going to get ahead of the others, and I don't want any guessing."

He bowed politely to the dazed reporters, who felt there was a big story in him, but could not make it out plainly enough to print. They followed him with unsatisfied glances and saw him approach a bucolic-looking person who carried a crated Plymouth Rock. A conversation followed. The bucolic-looking man shook his head and Mr. Caldecott shrugged his shoulders.

Then Mr. Caldecott took the crated hen from the bucolic one and in exchange gave him a card on which he wrote something. They later found it was a pledge to pay fifty dollars if the hen conscientiously stayed on the job seventeen days.

Mr. Caldecott returned with the crate, arranged to send his luggage home, nodded to Leroy to start when ready, and together they left with the eggs and the hen, took a taxi and went to the Appraisers' Stores. There the hen was set on the suspected eggs and Mr. Caldecott solemnly took leave of the chief customs inspector, who angrily refused to give him a receipt for the hen.

Mr. Leroy was not very comfortable about it. He breathed easier when the afternoon papers came out without anything about the hen setting in bond. The next morning the papers similarly had no story. The hen was earning money for the owner by refusing to budge from the Scotch grouse eggs; but it was not until the fifth day after his arrival that Mr. Cecil Caldecott took a tester to the stores and, disregarding the protest of the Plymouth Rock, examined the eggs.

He shook his head dubiously after the inspection.

"What is it?" asked an inspector.

"I'm afraid they are not going to hatch," he said. "Still, we may as well keep it up. Do you mind if I take one of the eggs home with me? I don't think it's any good, but I'll save it for my collection."

"No orders!" said the official curtly. From that moment he watched Mr. Caldecott and the eggs unblinkingly.

"Never mind," said Mr. Caldecott. "Be sure the hen is properly fed and watered, will you?"

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Watch a child when she first sees Puffed Grains floating in a bowl of milk.

Note how she starts to eat them—grain by grain, as though too precious to consume by spoonfuls.

Don't you think that children—who so love Puffed Grains—should have all they want of them, morning, noon and night?

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Watch the man of the house when he first eats Puffed Grains served with cream and sugar. Or mixed with his morning fruit.

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(640)

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We had to photograph half the town to show The Barrett Specification Roofs on this plant

McClintic-Marshall Construction Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., Builders

That hen, endeavoring to become the mother of grouse in bond, was a source of amusement and discomfort to the appraiser's men. But no newspaper knew this. After the seventeenth day Mr. Cecil Caldecott returned.

"Anything doing?" he asked pleasantly.

"How in blazes do I know?" sourly retorted the clerk who had been detailed to care for the Barred Plymouth Rock.

"We shall learn," said Mr. Caldecott. He approached the hen and gently but firmly lifted her from the nest.

"Not one!" he exclaimed in a disappointed voice; then he added: "Well it was worth trying. Do you want a hen?"

"No!" said the angry clerk, thinking of the jeers the hen had occasioned for him during a fortnight.

"I'll take her!" shouted a dozen voices.

"No! It's mine!" said the clerk, changing his mind, manlike.

"It's yours!" assented Mr. Caldecott. "Take her. Will you give me the original package to put the eggs in? I'm going to take them home."

"You can't!"

"There's no duty."

"Collector's orders!"

"Telephone him!"

"You go see him and get an order. Special case!"

Mr. Caldecott nodded and impressively said to the clerk: "Take good care of them! I'm going to the collector's office and will let you know from there." And Mr. Cecil Caldecott went out.

He went to the customhouse and sent in his card. He was instantly admitted to the presence of Mr. Walter Low.

"Good morning, Mr. Collector. I regret to inform you that my experiment in hatching grouse eggs in bond in September is a total failure."

"Is it?" said the collector with a sort of grim politeness.

"Yes, sir. Of course I am obliged to you for permission to keep my eggs and hen in bond. And now they refuse to give me the eggs! They are no good to you."

"What have they inside of them?"

"Albumen in a state of decomposition, a little sulphureted hydrogen and —— Do you wish the chemical analysis or ——"

"It was clever of you to paint them black. Of course I know you haven't anything in them; but ——"

"That wasn't clever. What was clever was the presence of the reporters. That tied your hands and almost gave you apoplexy, didn't it?"

The collector did not answer. He stared at the smiling Mr. Caldecott with the terrifying confession-producing look he had used so successfully on hundreds of guilty consciences. All customs inspectors practice it. Mr. Caldecott continued to smile and added:

"May I have the eggs—unopened?"

"No. You admit they are useless."

"Useless as grouse producers; but I may have other uses for them!"

The collector saw red! This man was making a mock of him in his private office! The collector intelligently waited until his brain was again working calmly.

"You ought to know," he told Mr. Caldecott in a mildly rebuking tone of voice, "that the psychological moment is over so far as the newspapers are concerned."

"Oh, I don't know! Suppose I call up the boys and tell them this: 'The customs men did me the honor to suspect me of bringing in some pearls. They searched my baggage in your presence, and the only thing they could think of was that the pearls might be inside twelve grouse eggs; and so a hen was allowed to set, in bond!' Think of the picture, Mr. Collector, with you as the chief watcher of the incubator! Now that the seventeen days are over, I want my eggs—and you insist on breaking them open! Suppose you tell them I offered to bring in a package from Jameson Smith, and ——"

"I am certain the pearls are not inside the eggs, but I am going to make sure."

"Doubly sure?"

"Yes. I am going to order the eggs broken open."

"Not with my consent!"

"Without it."

"Not in my presence then!" pleaded Mr. Caldecott in feigned alarm.

The collector, as a reply, took up the desk telephone, called up the Appraisers' Stores and ordered Caldecott's famous Scotch grouse eggs broken and the contents examined.

He held the receiver to his ear, frowning. Mr. Cecil Caldecott walked about the room and after a while settled back in his chair and studied the famous painting by Elmer Garnsey.

Presently the collector started up and said "Yes!" Then: "All right! Throw them away!" And he hung up the receiver. "Nothing in them!" he told Mr. Caldecott.

"Mr. Collector," came from the most skillful smuggler in the world like a stream of saccharine, "would you, in return for my goodness to you ——"

"What?"

"Would you, in return for my goodness to you in keeping this out of the newspapers, tell me exactly what the young man in the appraiser's office said he found in the eggs."

"Look here, Mr. What's-your-name; you may be very clever, but by —— I'll get you yet, and then you may howl for mercy until the cows come home. You'll get the maximum penalty!"

"So will you if you don't watch out. I told you what I was willing to do to prove to you that smuggling was too easy to make it good sport. I told you that the more suspicious you people were the easier it made it for me. How do you know—how does Jameson Smith actually, positively know—that I bought the Arlington pearls? How do you know it was not an unnamed diamond instead of twelve world-famous pearls? And, if I did buy the pearls, why should I bring them in free of duty? My business is to make money, not to cheat the Government. I think you people are asinine in your suspicions, and therefore you must be the same in your methods and devices."

"Look here ——"

"Raw work, Mr. Collector! Bungling assistants of incompetent chiefs! Why, I purposely took a walk in Hyde Park with Jameson Smith and told him I didn't want to be annoyed. I told him of my offer to you and asked him to give me a small package, with nondutiable contents, to bring on my person. And what do you think he did?"

Mr. Caldecott looked as though he knew Mr. Walter Low would not believe him. This made the collector ask:

"What?"

"He permitted himself to show annoyance! And so I picked up a couple of acorns from the ground and told him to mark them, and that I'd make believe they were pearls and bring them in; and that he should cable you of my intention. Did he?"

"Go on!" said the collector.

"He took the acorns from me and threw them away! Yes, he did! But after I left him, in that nonreceptive frame of mind, I went back and picked up the acorns. I have them with me, Mr. Collector."

He pulled from his pocket a small package wrapped in brown paper and laid it on the desk before Mr. Walter Low, Collector of the Port of New York.

"Your inspectors," he proceeded calmly, "searched me as usual and, as usual, found nothing. I admit I was ready for them; but they did not stop the London acorns from coming into New York. They concerned themselves with eggs! Your Mr. William Kent Leroy, Chief Inspector, did not find the acorns. I now ask you to be a sport and a gentleman." Mr. Caldecott looked challengingly at the collector.

"Do you mean that we relax in vigilance——"

"Oh, no. I mean if I myself, without any compulsion, show you what else, besides the acorns, I brought, will you agree not to prosecute—provided I pay duty? And will you stop annoying me abroad?"

The collector looked long into the shrewd eyes of Mr. Cecil Caldecott. If the duty was paid he would say nothing this time. He would learn how smuggling might be successfully carried on by a very clever rogue; and by so doing he might stop future attempts. Also, there was no other way of getting the money.

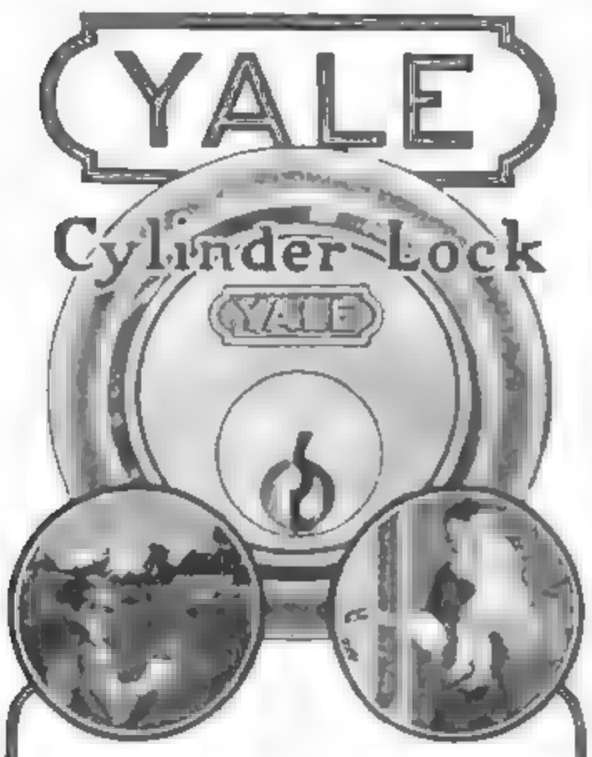
"Yes," he finally said.

Mr. Caldecott unwrapped the paper from the package and showed a well-worn pack of playing cards, loosely held together by a rubber band. He removed the band, lifted off a few cards and showed the Collector of the Port of New York a hollow in them. It had been cut out of the center of the pack.

Mr. Walter Low drew in his breath and made up his mind that one inspector at least would be jobless within twenty-four hours. Within the hollowed pack were some objects wrapped in tissue paper.

"To keep them from rattling," gravely observed Mr. Caldecott. The collector merely breathed. "You will find here only two. There were ten more, Mr. Collector."

Never mind the gun lock him out with a



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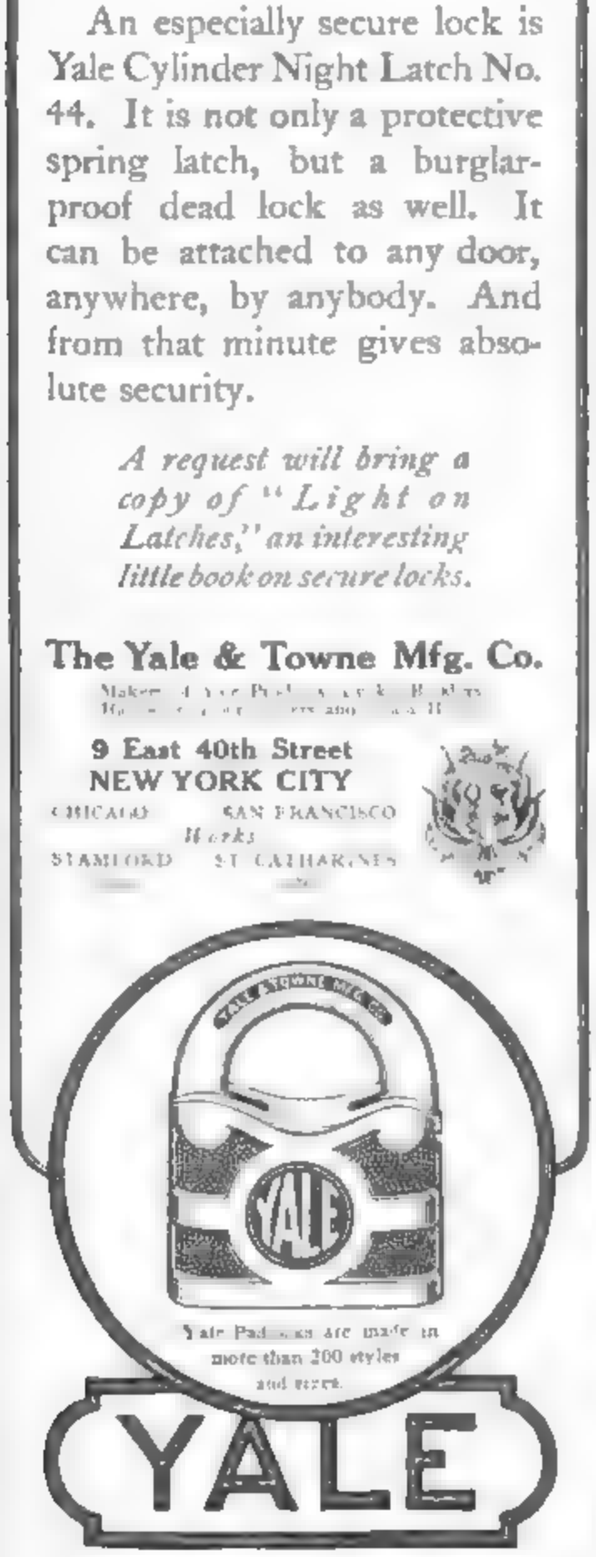


The collector nodded. Twelve pearls, the cable from Jameson Smith had said.

"Help yourself!" said Mr. Caldecott.

The collector took up one of the paper-wrapped objects and unwrapped it. It was an acorn.

"Twelve acorns in all; two here—the remaining ten elsewhere. Now, suppose I had wanted to smuggle some small but valuable objects and had put them inside the acorns?"

Mr. Walter Low took out a pocketknife and ripped open one of the acorns. Inside was a round pearl!

"About the size of the Arlington pearls," volunteered Mr. Caldecott.

The collector asked pleasantly:

"Where are the others?"

"I threw the acorns away. I merely wished to demonstrate. The duty on those two is not much. I'll pay it threefold and then I shan't cheat Uncle Sam. Colonel Ira A. Glover knows a little about pearls. Call him in."

The collector looked hard at Mr. Cecil Caldecott. Mr. Cecil Caldecott returned the look with imperturbable good humor. The collector, by telephone, asked Colonel Glover to come.

"Colonel, what's this worth? What's the duty?" asked the collector nonchalantly.

"Got him at last, eh?" Colonel Glover grinned triumphantly at Caldecott and at the same time held out his hand for the pearl. Triumph vanished from the colonel's face.

"Fake! Worth about a dime. Duty about two cents."

"And this?" The collector passed over the other.

"Same thing!"

"Thank you!" and the collector nodded dismissingly. The colonel walked away.

The collector turned to Mr. Caldecott and said:

"I'll get you as sure as fate! I warn you! I'll do my best to get you and my worst after I get you."

"You must be one of those Christians I have read about. I tell you the acorns were brought into this country for your especial benefit, honored sir. I did not deceive you. I wouldn't do such a thing!"

"Do you give me your word of honor that those acorns came in on the same ship with you?" The collector was beyond anger by now.

"Of course, what you want is a clew. You think I'll brag of my own cleverness and give myself away—what? Well, I'll tell you. These acorns and ten more came over on the same ship. Find out who brought them, who is going to grow English oaks in his front yard; and after you find out prove that the acorns were not real acorns. I'll do more than that for you. I inform you that I'm leaving next month again, and I propose to return about the middle of May—loaded!"

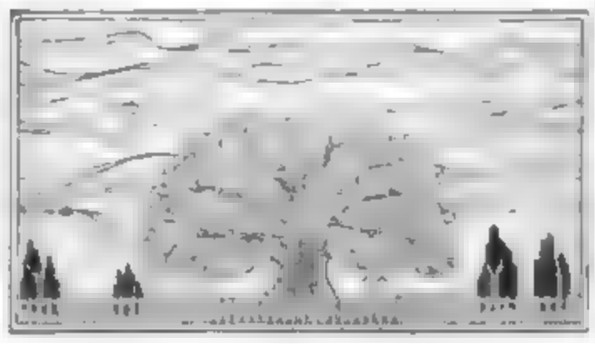
"I'll be at the dock myself waiting for you, Mr. Caldecott."

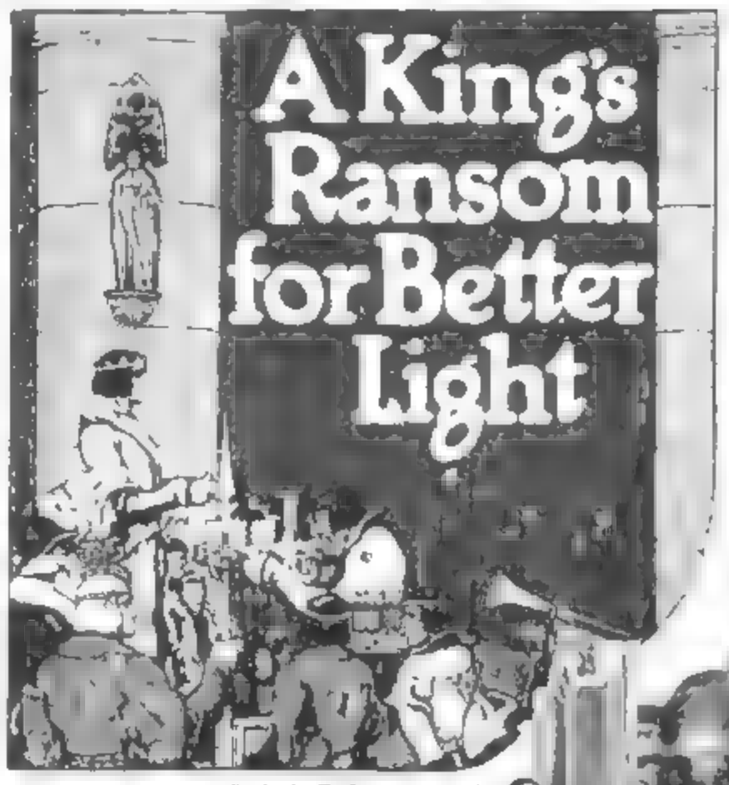
"Sir, it is too great an honor! Permit me to thank you! I leave you now. Will you let me know at your leisure how much duty I owe you on the acorns?" And, having waited five seconds in vain for an answer, Mr. Caldecott bowed himself out.

The collector was capable of taking infinite pains. He inquired among all the inspectors who had examined the baggage of the Ruritania on the day Caldecott arrived. Finally he learned that Charles Parker had seen some acorns in somebody's valise. He had examined the baggage of United States Senator Alger W. Nelson, C. W. Jessup, E. H. West and Dr. Dighton Lee.

There the trail ended. It was useless. And the collector was certain that Mr. Cecil Caldecott had told him the truth—which showed his contempt for the customs force.

"Damn him! I'll get him!" said Walter Low to the beautiful lunette by Elmer Garnsey—the bow of a ship steering straight for a Temple of Poseidon, a sort of customhouse of the gods.





Talks about MAZDA No. 6

Not the name of a brand of lamps

WHAT does it mean, this phrase "a king's ransom," that poets, novelists, and journalists handy about? How much is a king's ransom?

The most famous of captive princes was Richard the Lion Heart, caught in the city of Vienna in 1192, wearing a mean disguise and trying to slink through hostile Europe and to reach England after his victories in the Holy Land. The great Richard, the most famous of English kings, the hero of troubadours' verses, was surrendered in 1193 to the Emperor Henry VI and compelled to purchase his release by promising to pay ransom of one hundred and fifty thousand marks—equivalent to about one million five hundred thousand dollars in American money in this year of grace, 1914.

That ransom was never paid in full, though all England was taxed to the utmost for the first installments. Big and uncollectable as it was, it is small compared with the sums spent nowadays, not for a king's person but for research that will benefit mankind. Ideals have changed since Richard's day.

Far more than King Richard's ransom was spent, for example, in bringing the incandescent electric lamp to its present efficiency; far more will be spent in the future to make it even better than it is now. In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady a corps of picked scientists have been working for years, striving to improve the electric incandescent lamp, knowing that, although they were spending King Richard's ransom several times over, the world would be the richer for their work. They have at their disposal the most elaborate equipment of its kind in the world; they are in touch with European experts working in the same field; the fruit of their labors represents the ablest scientific thought of the time.

This perfect co-operation of chemists, physicists, physiologists, spectroscopists and engineers is not accidental. It is deliberate.

A group of scientists in MAZDA Service. Only a few years ago, a 32 candle power lamp was the largest incandescent unit. Today, there are in use MAZDA lamps that give *60 times* as much light as these old-style 32 candle power carbon lamps and use only *one sixth* as much electricity per candle power. This wonderful increase in lighting efficiency and decrease in consumption of electricity is one of the results of the ceaseless study and experiment systematically carried on through MAZDA Service with the aim of making MAZDA always the mark of the farthest advance in incandescent lighting.

The men in the laboratories are specialists in illumination, specialists who work harmoniously together with the understanding that the incandescent electric lamp must always be improved. Their collective success is expressed in a lamp, and that lamp is always marked MAZDA.

In these Research Laboratories the discoveries and inventions of scientists and engineers who are lost memories are now utilized. Those who will work in the same Research Laboratories in the future will utilize the discoveries of today.

So the MAZDA lamp passes from scientist to scientist, from decade to decade, each scientist, each decade handing it on a little better than it was before. As time goes on the lamp will change. But the mark on the lamp will never change, the public will always know it by the word MAZDA etched on its bulb.

How do the improvements made in these Research Laboratories reach the public? As soon as a commercially important advance is made (the outcome of many tests and selections) it is communicated by the General Electric Company to its lamp manufacturing centers at Harrison and Cleveland and to certain other manufacturers of MAZDA lamps who are entitled to learn of the work that is done in the Research Laboratories. This systematic research and this dissemination of new results by the General Electric Company constitute MAZDA Service. Hence, while more than one company may be entitled to mark its lamps MAZDA, *there is but one MAZDA Service.*

So vast is the problem of producing light cheaply that no single intellect can cope with it, that no single man is rich enough to pay for the ceaseless experimenting that must be conducted, even though he could pay King Richard's ransom many times over. Without co-operation extending over decades, without great resources, without more patience than any one human being ever possessed it could never be solved.

The lamp of the future will therefore be identified not by the name of a single, all knowing man, but by the mark MAZDA, which symbolizes the MAZDA *Service* rendered through its Research Laboratories by the General Electric Company to authorized manufacturers of MAZDA lamps—a service which will always result in making the MAZDA lamp of today or tomorrow the supreme effort, for the time being, of the world's foremost experts in illumination.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Among the notable contributions made by metallurgists to the research known as MAZDA Service are the investigations that have made it possible to draw the metal filament now used in MAZDA Lamps finer than a woman's hair, and yet with a tensile strength many times that of steel. This took years of study and effort—and yet this is but one of the innumerable problems that MAZDA Service seeks to solve to the end that MAZDA may always mark the uttermost in incandescent lighting.

One
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It's ve
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buy a

BUY I

If you

Chew It After Every Meal

you'll find it a refreshing relief. The extra saliva created makes digestion *easier* and *faster.* It is a modern after-eating precaution that modern hasty eating demands.

Besides, the friction brightens and preserves your teeth by removing the food particles that cause decay. Your mouth is cleansed and refreshed and your breath purified of all eating or drinking odors.

Five Cent Package of WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

ough to "go around" the entire family!

ery *economical* besides very *useful.* It's especially good for *children.* They enjoy it as long as they wish without harm. It doesn't hurt their stomachs. eps their appetites keen. It is continuous benefit to their teeth. You can't nything that costs so little—that gives its helpful enjoyment longer.

You can't *have* this delicious inexpensive habit without receiving the benefits that go *with* it.

Every Package Tightly Sealed

T BY THE BOX
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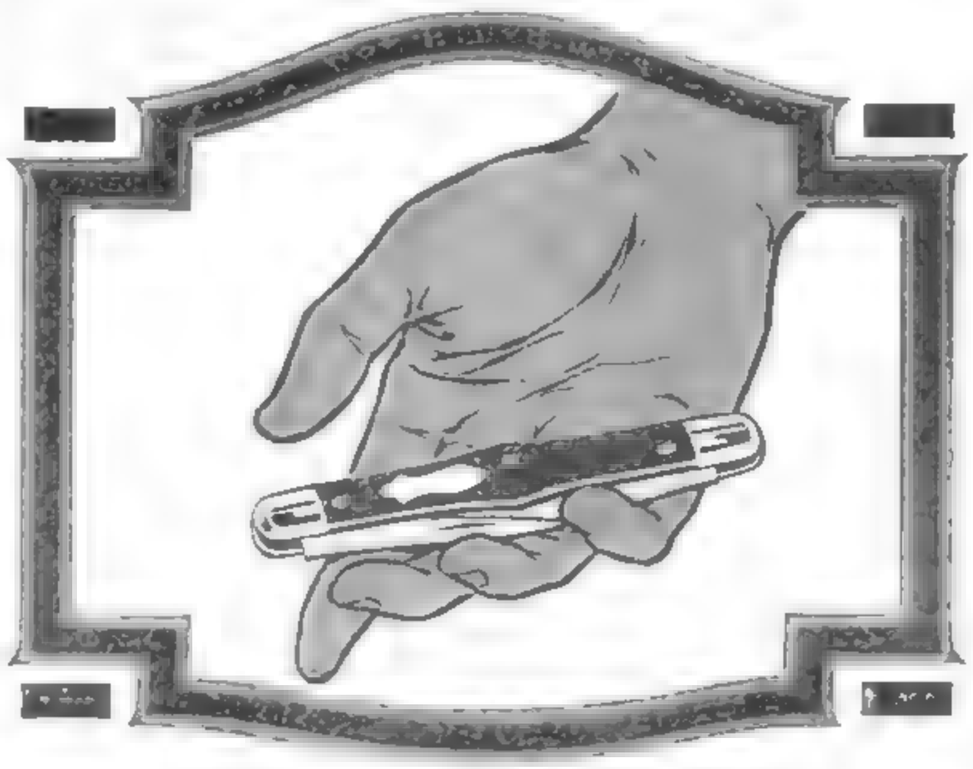
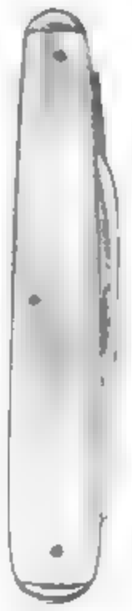
The new air-tight, dust-proof seal is your assurance that every piece inside is absolutely fresh and clean.

You know before you buy it that every delicious morsel is in perfect condition. It's the handiest, tastiest, cleanest, safest, freshest gum.

Be SURE it's WRIGLEY'S





Pocket Knife
No. K 3-1
3 blades
Price $1.50

Rattling Good Pocket Knives

Yes, sir! These *are* knives that you'll want to carry a long time, because they have the true quality that makes a man cling to a Keen Kutter pocket knife like an old friend. Men who carry Keen Kutters know them for the sturdy quality of the fine English crucible steel in the blades. They know how those blades keep their edge. They know that the handles don't come off and they know that they have even the look of quality.

Pocket Knife
No. K 3-1
3 blades
Price $1.25

KEEN KUTTER Pocket Knives

are for you particular men who want only the kind of a knife that stays—and they *will*. Keen Kutter pocket knives are sold with the far-famed Keen Kutter guarantee—and, to start with, it *must* be a rattling good knife to *carry* the Keen Kutter trade mark. Besides, you'll have the added protection of a broader guarantee, for the dealer is authorized to return your money for any Keen Kutter pocket knife that doesn't prove satisfactory.

Pocket Knife No. K36817
3 blades Price $1.00

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten"

Trade Mark Registered. —E. C. SIMMONS

If not at your dealer's, write us.

Simmons Hardware Co.

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"WHAT'S TEDDY GOING TO DO?"

(Continued from Page 11)

folly to say that Roosevelt has lost any great measure of his popularity with the people—especially in the West. He has not. They are still for him. They like him and admire his virility and fighting proclivities. They are interested in everything he says and does. Every time he cuts loose he gets on the first page of every paper in this country, no matter whether the editor of the paper believes in him or not.

Moreover, the rank and file of the old Republican party—whether they voted for Taft or voted for Wilson or voted for Roosevelt, or did not vote—think, no matter what they say, that Roosevelt is the only man in the country who can win for them in 1916.

I made inquiries in every section because I had been filled to the ears in Washington with contrary claims. I had been told that Wilson is losing ground; that his popularity is waning; that his Administration is becoming discredited; that his tolls plan, his Mexican policy and his trust program are not satisfactory to the people; and that the whole outfit is on the toboggan. Also I had it drummed into me that Roosevelt is dead politically; that he cannot come back; that the Progressive party is a thing of the past and the people have lost confidence in it.

And the result only confirmed my previous experiences in things of this kind. The Washington viewpoint, being the purely political and introspectively political viewpoint, is the wrongest viewpoint in the world. It is impossible to retain a perspective in that atmosphere. There are six or seven hundred men herded together, hearing the same stories, having no concern but petty and immediate politics, and, being politicians, hating both Wilson and Roosevelt, neither of whom plays the game according to the rules of the political Hoyle; and these men put angles on the situation that come from what they think and what they hope—not from what they know of the outside.

Well, it is not so, brethren. I admit that the politicians think all these things are so, but I am not talking about the politicians. What they think is not worth talking about. I am talking about the people, who do the voting and who are more and more coming to do the voting as they want to do it and not as they are told to do it by the men who are claiming that both Wilson and Roosevelt have shot their bolts. And I am not talking about next fall or next spring, but about now. Do not make any mistake about the regard the people have for both Wilson and Roosevelt. They like and admire them both.

The Voices of the Prophets

When it comes to their policies that may easily be another matter. There is not a man living who can tell what is going to happen this fall at the general elections. We hear prophets like Uncle Joe Cannon and others asserting that the Republicans will carry the next House, for example, when we know—or some of us do—that their trick is not to carry it if they can help it, but to reduce the Democratic majority, on the theory that the Democrats need a little more rope.

We observe former Progressive Republicans and near Progressives, like Bristow and Borah and Cummins, urging that reforms must come from within and not from without—when we know that, in many instances, these pleas are based on personal desires for nomination in 1916. We learn from Democrats who have not been able to budge Wilson, or to get him to take their puny immediate view, that he is lost; that his ship is already sunk, and that there is nothing left to be done now but hold decorous memorial services.

All that sort of stuff is predicated on self-interest. It is purely professional chatter. So far as the elections of this fall are concerned there will be a great scramble and a lot of things will happen, many of which can be predicted if one cares for prophecy, and many of which will be as surprising as the first airship was. And the whole outcome hinges on two men—Wilson and Roosevelt. It does not hinge on the Democracy or on the Progressive party, or on the Republican remnant.

This will be an individual election—or, rather, a two-individuals election. If the people still think well of Wilson and his policies, if the ballyhoo by the special interests has not affected them, and if things are going fairly well—they will send back enough Democrats to hold the House—not so many as there are now, but enough. If the Colonel retains his grip there will be a Progressive show-down that will be conclusive, and if he does not there will be another sort of show-down equally conclusive.

There are several ifs in that paragraph, but not half enough. It is an if election—all ifs, with the exception of a few buts.

This brings us back to the Colonel and what he has in mind for 1916. I do not pretend to know what he has in mind for that time or any other, but I do know a few things about what the people have in mind, and very strongly in mind. One thing, and the principal thing, is that he is the only man in this country, conditions being as they are now, who has any sort of chance of beating Wilson in 1916.

The Colonel knows that too. You watch his maneuvering and see if it is not true. Now, then, how to bring that about? Shall he run as a Progressive? Shall he run as a Republican? Shall he run as a combination of the two or shall he run on two tickets? He will not know, nor will anybody else, until after the elections this fall.

The truth of it is that if the politicians could—I mean the Republican politicians—they would tie Roosevelt in a shotted sack and drop him into Oyster Bay. Inasmuch as they cannot; and inasmuch as they want to get back; and inasmuch as they feel that maybe, with Roosevelt in the White House, they can get a little something for themselves, as he is at times amenable to reason; and inasmuch as they have less than nothing now—they are willing to take a chance, especially as there is no one else in sight.

The Universal Question

Have a look at the prominent Republicans of the day. Show me one who would make even a second-rate candidate for President—though I can show you several who personally think they would make first-rate ones and are alone in those particular thoughts.

If Roosevelt wants to be a candidate in the primaries of 1916, provided no tremendous change comes before that time, the rank and file of the Progressive party and the rank and file of the Republican party will nominate him—and nobody can stop them.

He knows it and so does everybody else. All he has to do is to do enough this fall to hold his party in line and reasonably up to the mark and the world is his—that is, the world comprised in the nomination—for the Republicans cannot win without him and they will be willing to take a chance on the future and win with him.

Meantime this will cause considerable heartburning in the bosoms of various eminent near Progressives, who think they contain within themselves the materials on which both the present Progressive and the past Republicans can combine. There are get-together ambassadors in great numbers, some more conspicuous than others, and the double plea is that the two sets of warring brethren shall get together; but, in heaven's name, when you are getting together get together on me!

All this is fixed firmly enough in the public mind. Universally, from coast to coast the question is: What's Teddy going to do? Not what others are going to do with him, or for him, or to him; but what is he personally going to do? For they think he can do about what he wants to in the circumstances, which rather closely approximates the fact.

And, as I see it, there are two things he will not do. The first is, he will not abandon the policies for which he stood in the last campaign—policies, I said, not party. The second is, he will not overlook any chance to help both those policies and himself that may come straying down the political path.

If so be there presently shall be an opportunity for a coalition that will embrace his principles, why not coalesce? And there will be an opportunity. Those Old Guard Republicans are so eager to get back they would put the Koran in their platform if they thought it would help any. It is odd how resigned they can become to shifts in policies and issues—and even how eagerly they would embrace their arch enemy, the Colonel—if they felt the future held any glimmer of

even the slightest something in it for themselves.

The Colonel is a practical man. I do not intend to insinuate that he would make a combination with the officers of the Old Guard; but suppose the rank and file of the Old Guard make a combination with him, accepting his principles and his policies—then what? Suppose the officers of the Old Guard find out eventually—as they will, for such information must percolate in time into their skulls—that the opinion among the mass of the men who have hitherto done the bulk of the voting in the Republican party, and who may or may not have stood steady in 1912, is that the only living person who has a chance to win in 1916 is Theodore Roosevelt: do you suppose the Old Guard would have the nerve to try to nominate some other—Taft again, for example, or Borah, or Cummins, or La Follette, some of whom are now sticking to the Republican party, along with Bristow and others, with that eventuality in mind?

They could not, anyhow. The primaries will settle that. The Old Guard will come into camp. They are on the way now, and it is very likely the Colonel has been apprised of their coming, for things are fixed a long way ahead in presidential politics.

The Progressive party, as it stands, is a Roosevelt party. And the old Republican party cannot be revived by offering a Progressive substitute for a leader. The only way it can be brought to life is by inoculating it with progressivism and seeing to it that it has a good hard attack. Symptoms will not do. It must have a real case.

Nobody knows this better than the men who are fiddling round now, pretending to reduce Southern representation at conventions and fussing with immaterial reforms. They must take the whole dose or stay deceased.

For these reasons the next two years and the developments immediately after the elections this fall will be worth watching. The elections this year will provide a working basis. If the Republicans do carry the House and the Progressives blow up that will be the Colonel's cue to send out a few doves of peace himself.

On the other hand, if the Democrats retain reasonably strong control you will see Murray Crane and Elihu Root and Boies Penrose and Jim Hemenway and William Barnes, Jr., and various others, marching on Oyster Bay the day after election, bearing a large white flag of truce. It all depends on events.

Then there arises the contingency of the Colonel's running for governor of New York in the fall. As this is written he is being urged to run and urged not to run. If he does run he will take a long chance, for those of his party who are urging him are the politicians in it—the organization men—while the real crusader element wants him to save himself for 1916. And to the outsider that seems to be what he should do. But he makes his own rules for the game.

There is one thing to be said, however, and that is this: If the Colonel does run again and if he is opposed by Woodrow Wilson, it will be the first time in the Colonel's presidential enterprises that he has been opposed by a person of that intellectual type.

If the Colonel shoots off too many firecrackers the said W. Wilson will walk out on the front steps of the White House one bright morning and say a thousand words or so; and the Colonel will be busy explaining for some time thereafter.

Sense and Nonsense

Fish Figgerin'

HARRY THOMAS and William Trelease are two Cornish miners—commonly known as Cousin Jacks—who, when employed on the day shift, are endeavoring to better themselves by attending night school in town. Neither boy ever had much of an opportunity, when in his own country, to get more than the simplest rudiments of the three R's. They, in common with their countrymen, are very desirous, at some time in their career, to become full-fledged mining captains, and know that in order to gain their ambition at least a smattering of what we call a common school education is necessary.

They accordingly started to work with a will. At the end of the first week, after finishing their evening meal the conversation naturally drifted to the work of the night school. Harry looked at William and said:

"Willum, 'ow are 'e gettin' along at night school, my son?"

"Well, I'll tell 'e, 'Arry," answered William; "I be gettin' along a'right but the bludy mathemetics. I can't work 'um no'ow."

"Well, now 'ere, pardner; that's funny, too," answered Harry. "Just wot's troublin' of 'e? Mathamatics is simple enough for me."

"I got a problem, they call it, that I can't figger at all," said William. "'Ow much is 'leven pound of 'errin' at 'leven cents a pound?"

"'Leven pound of 'errin' at 'leven cents a pound'" said Harry. "That's simple enough. I'll 'ave it figgered for 'e in a minute. Give us a bit of paper."

After receiving the paper Harry carefully spread it out in front of him and reached for his pencil.

"Now right, my son, I'll figger it for 'e in a minute. Say that problem to me again, Willum."

"I said," quoth William, "'ow much is 'leven pound of 'errin' at 'leven cents a pound?"

"Simple enough," proclaimed Harry. "I'll 'ave it for 'e in a minute."

After scribbling all over one side of the sheet, interspersed with many an erasure and alteration, Harry said.

"Wot was that you said, again?"

"I said," returned William, "'ow much is 'leven pound of 'errin' at 'leven cents a pound?

"Simple enough," assured Harry. "I'll 'ave it for 'e in a minute."

Again he proceeded to scribble, erase and change, with the same result. At the end of the page he looked up at William again and said:

"My son, it's funny I didn't get 'em that time! I must 'ave made a mistake. Wot was it you said, again?"

"Well now, 'ere," returned William, slightly put out; "I said: 'Ow much is 'leven pound of 'errin' at 'leven cents a pound?"

"'Leven pound of 'errin' at 'leven cents a pound?" said Harry. "No bludy wonder I couldn't work it! 'Ere I 'ave been figgerin' mack'rel all the while!"

Cheap Advertising

A WASHINGTON correspondent was in a Western city one night, sitting in a hotel lobby and wishing he might meet some one he knew.

A hotel page came by, shouting: "Senator Blank! Senator Blank!"

The correspondent knew the senator whose name was being shouted, and he thought to have a talk with him. He stepped over to the desk and said to the clerk:

"Is Senator Blank in the hotel?"

"Oh, yes," the clerk replied; "he's having himself paged now."

A Knowing Judge

IN HIS early days as a lawyer in Paterson, Senator William Hughes was arguing a case before an alderman who had been given a petty judgeship and who knew no law.

The embryo senator made a point.

"Where'd you git that law?" asked the judge, puffed with importance.

"If your honor please," Hughes replied, "it appears in the celebrated case of Hink versus Dink, reported, as your honor no doubt is well aware, on page 163 of the ninety-ninth New Jersey reports."

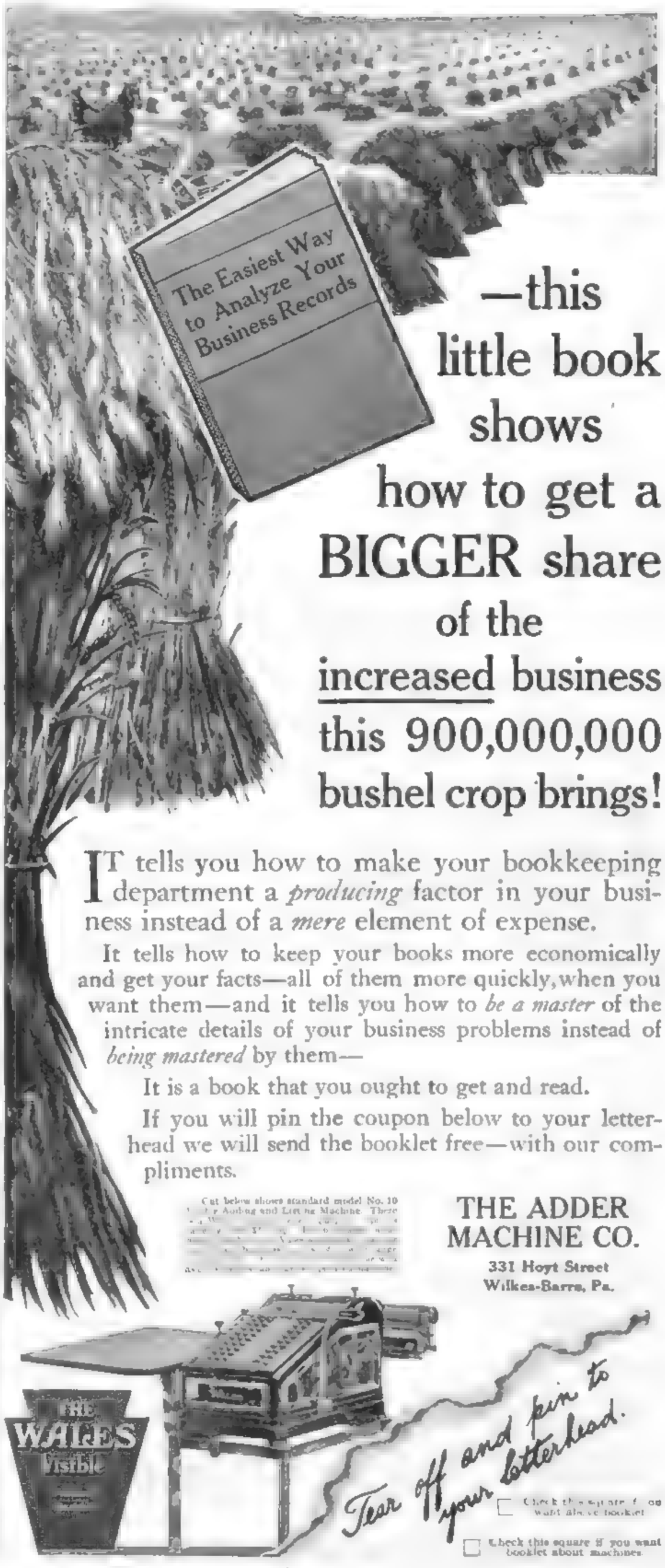
"All right," replied the judge. "I only wanted to see if you knowed where it was."

If Called For

WILTON LACKAYE, the actor, has a strain of Irish blood in him and they gave him an Irish dinner at the Lambs Club in New York a time ago. The menu card was in Irish and was written in green ink. The various foods were appropriately and Celticly described. At the bottom of the card was this line:

"Oranges—if you've got the nerve to ask for them."

WAILES Visible Adding Machine



—this little book shows how to get a BIGGER share of the increased business this 900,000,000 bushel crop brings!

IT tells you how to make your bookkeeping department a *producing* factor in your business instead of a *mere* element of expense.

It tells how to keep your books more economically and get your facts—all of them more quickly, when you want them—and it tells you how to *be a master* of the intricate details of your business problems instead of *being mastered* by them—

It is a book that you ought to get and read.

If you will pin the coupon below to your letterhead we will send the booklet free—with our compliments.

Cut below shows standard model No. 10 Visible Adding and Listing Machine. There

THE ADDER MACHINE CO.
331 Hoyt Street
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Tear off and pin to your letterhead.

☐ Check this square if you want above booklet

☐ Check this square if you want booklet about machines

For the Middle of August

Look for this Signature:

W. K. Kellogg

CUTTING DOWN SOME STAPLE UNNECESSARIES

(Concluded from Page 19)

that he was a stockholder in the road and understood there had been considerable trouble from breaking glass in the terminal skylights; and he believed he had a suggestion to offer. Some time before that, for amusement, he had bid in a battered trunk at an auction of unclaimed baggage. His purchase apparently contained nothing of value; but there was a piece of glass so curious that he had laid it aside, and this he now sent with his letter. It had wires embedded in its structure; and, though he did not know where it had come from or how it was made, he thought glass of the same sort would solve the skylight problem.

So far as known this solitary piece of wire glass must have been made in Europe, perhaps years ago, as a laboratory experiment. To manufacture wire glass in commercial quantities was a very different proposition, and thousands of dollars were sunk in experiments before American glass manufacturers developed the product; but in the end success came, and since then wire glass has become an every-day product and an international staple.

A recent development of this product is known as aqueduct glass, which was perfected for a peculiar use. When skylights are installed in factories where there is considerable moisture from the processes the moisture condenses on the cold skylight panes and drops, doing damage below. To correct that shortcoming skylights were often made double. The new aqueduct glass has ribs of a peculiar shape on its under side. Moisture condensing on it cannot drop because it is held in these ribs and drained harmlessly away; they are really inverted miniature ditches.

Just as he does not consider a blinding glare of artificial light good illumination, so the lighting engineer refuses to regard a flood of pure daylight as ideal. Given the daylight he studies the lighting problem and proceeds to diffuse and distribute illumination where it is wanted, according to the needs using glass prisms, ribbed window paper and similar contrivances.

To judge artificial light people usually look at the lamps and are satisfied with a strong glare. On the same principle they judge the daylighting of a room by looking at the windows. The lighting engineer has a practical way of proving that windows may be bright and yet the interior lighting wrong, especially in a big factory. He places a sheet of white paper on a table in the factory lit from windows and measures the amount of light falling on it in foot candles. Then the sheet of paper is taken outdoors and measured under the light from the sky. The difference is always much greater than people suppose, often beyond wild guessing, because it may be as one to five hundred or even a thousand times.

From fifty to five hundred foot candles of daylight may be falling on the windows of a factory, but unless methods are used to diffuse the light in the interior only a small percentage may be reaching the working places.

To improve the real lighting from side windows various kinds of glass are used. Rough glass diffuses light a trifle more than clear glass; ribbed glass in fancy patterns gives a better effect; and special prism glass, with true reflectors, gives excellent diffusion. Proper selection of the glass for the purpose often results in bettering the real working light in a factory as much as forty or fifty times.

At the apex of the dome of the National Museum, at Washington, there is a comparatively small bull's-eye skylight. Fitted with plain glass and left to itself it would throw light straight down to the floor, illuminating a part of the interior; but an illuminating engineer fitted the dome with an arrangement of prism glass below the bull's-eye.

This glass bends the light sidewise, so that it strikes the light-colored walls of the dome. These walls become a sort of sky for the balanced lighting of the building by day, and at night electric lamps placed above the prisms give an equally balanced artificial light.

Editor's Note—This is the third article in a series by James H. Collins. The fourth will appear in an early number.

AN HOUR OF LEISURE

(Continued from Page 21)

It was to have been different oh, so different! She had pictured this meeting in her dreams for so long a time; she had been planning for this moment for years, it seemed to her. To win back her father was to have been so simple of attainment. The spark was there; it needed but the breath to rekindle it. It had not been his fault. This great man, whose attainments she so admired, was so closely pressed on all sides by the busy world of which he was a part, that to her eyes as she reasoned round and round in a circle the neglect that had grown into their separation was more the neglect of a selfish daughter than a selfish father. She would be the one to make amends. She would be the one to show him that, after all, pride and affection and heart-throbbing love were at his hand if he would but reach out for them. Her task would be so simple. It was merely the act of coming to him, putting herself in his presence, breaking through the artificial barrier which servants had built about their harassed master. To let him see her, feel her presence, to close his arms and find her there—that was all that was necessary to win the father she had never possessed save as a vague yearning.

She had been thwarted time and again during the past month. Then she had decided on the present plan. He would be sure to come to Bedford sooner or later; for, every year as long as she could remember, there had been the excitement and haste of packing to make way for him here. Charlin would be the victim in her plan, but in the end the father, again possessing his daughter, surely could feel no resentment against the secretary whom the daughter flouted to win back her father. Charlin had appeared suddenly to-day, caught her in an outlandish costume in which she looked more like a boy than a girl; and to win her point she had no choice but to flee from him, leave him powerless to thwart her in her determination.

She had watched him finally leave the house; in contrition she even imagined that he had been dismissed because of her. The house servants were her slaves, yet they regarded her with frightened glances when she reappeared. There was no time for changing. She let down her hair from the tight knot in which it was bound, otherwise she was in the same costume in which Charlin had found her. The library door was locked on the inside, which further impressed her with the fear that Charlin had confessed her presence and had been driven away by the rage of her father because his orders had failed to carry in his own home. But this did not deter her. She had gone too far to turn back. The little-used conservatory door was locked from the outside, so she remembered, and she slipped through the corridors, turned the key in the lock and, with throbbing heart, entered.

She must burst in on him unannounced, otherwise all would be lost. So much the bolted door told her.

But the explosion had not occurred. Her father sat seemingly asleep in his chair, had not heard her light step and the gentle swish of the curtains parting to admit her; and the absurd Hopkinson, whom she had not counted on at this hour, sat staring at her as if she were a phantom. A spirit of mischief seized her. The day seemed won! If she could but make him laugh, if she could but infect the stern old man with the same thrill that she felt now at sight of him sitting there so peacefully, the battle was hers. She pressed her fingers over his eyes. "Guess!" she cried, her heart fairly bursting. And the old man had thrust her from him; turned on her that dull stare and roared at that mummy of a Hopkinson. "Where did this woman come from?"

She rose slowly to her feet, extricated herself from his grasp; then impulsively she started toward him again.

"Father! Father!" she cried. "I have come to you! Don't you see, it is your daughter Helen!"

He turned on her a look so empty, vacuous, that it stopped her short.

"My daughter!" he repeated to the empty air, and his gray face expanded in a leer. He seemed determined above all else not to excite himself again. He folded his hands over his stomach, let his head fall back in the chair and closed his eyes.

"Well?" he said wearily. "What do you want? Out with it quick!"

The tone broke her faltering resolution. She saw herself in the mantel mirror; her cheeks were burning red, her eyes were blazing. She had a temper. She was not her father's daughter for nothing. But she would not let go. She began moving round the room, waiting to speak until she felt sure she could control herself. There was too much to be said to risk an explosion on her part. Men were logical creatures; they are always priding themselves on their logic, as if that was the one God-given quality which differentiated their mental processes from those of the female. Her father was logical—he must be logical else he could not be the genius that he was. If she could only make him listen she felt sure now that the battle was not yet lost. From time to time she glanced at him. He had not moved, was breathing regularly, seemed unconscious of her presence, in fact, just as he had been when she came in through the curtains and found the ridiculous valet there at her elbow on his knees. She looked at the safe. It was still ajar and a litter of boxes and papers was scattered about the floor. What could Hopkinson have wanted there at this hour that he should begin so thoroughly? She had never trusted this bland thing of putty who always avoided her eyes. Still, if there was anything amiss Hopkinson surely would not have acted thus in his master's presence.

At last she could trust herself to speak. She drew up a fragile chair, balanced her lithe body on it, drew up one knee and clasped her hands over it. She was not posing. Yet few people could have looked at her without being pleased. The old man was looking at her from under his lashes.

"What do you want?" he repeated dully. "Money, I suppose."

"Money? No! That is the cheapest thing you have to give me," she said bitterly. "What I want is some human tie—a father and a mother."

"Your mother has surrounded you with every care," he said as he opened his eyes and regarded her in a faint show of surprise. Then he closed his eyes again.

"My mother, according to your orders," she went on, "has supplied me with a moral sponsor. She has selected as a guide and companion for my youth a bloodless and antiquated crone as deadly as she is respectable. Occasionally my mother comes here, and she always hopes I have been a good girl! Then she brushes my cheek with her lips and is off again with her maids and her trunks—but never with her daughter! That's my mother. That is the only mother I can remember.

"And my father!" she said, looking vacantly at the firelight reflection playing on the gold ornaments on the table. "The only father I have ever known is a strange monster whose children must be kept out of his sight or he will devour them like some wild animal. See! I have the scar here on my forehead. It was in this room. It is the only recollection I have ever been permitted to have of you. You thrust me from you, do you remember, when I came running up to you, and I fell against that fender?

"What do you know of me? Have you ever come close enough to care what your daughter is, what she might be? I was brought home from school two years ago with appendicitis. I think I was dying. They told me so, the doctors and nurses. At that moment, when I needed a father and a mother worse than anything in the world, when I needed the sustaining thought that some one cared if I lived or died, what did you give me? Money! You gave me money! You made me the laughingstock of the town. You sent a dozen doctors to crowd each other when one would have been enough. The newspapers reported it by the column, ministers preached sermons on it—on the colossus, Beeston, advertising his millions! And you, my father," she said in the same dull tone with which she had begun to speak, "you sailed away to Europe. I suppose you thought the funeral arrangements could be arranged by wireless. Your business must not halt because of an accident of sentiment. And my mother! She had flowers sent, and inquiries by cable from London or Paris or Berlin."

Ah, she thought, if he would only say something; if he would only open his eyes! Then she might be saved from this bitterness that sprang to her lips against her will. She had thought the memory of these things dead and buried, never to be revived.

"What do you know of me, of your own daughter?" she cried, stung to the quick now by his stolid indifference. "You have provided an empty home for me—and money! My mother brought me out—yes, she did that for me—brought me out in what she thinks is society. Possibly you don't know it," she said, "but with all your money you have never won a place for your family in society—the real society among the people who count. Why, they laugh at us! We are on the fringe. I am pursued, like any other girl in my position, by an army of renegades, adventurers, some musty titles, the class of people who have been chasing your million dollars for the last month!

"They want to marry me. Does that interest you? Or is it a matter of indifference into whose hands your daughter falls? I have had no one to advise me except dear Miss Rincely. I might do what other girls have done under similar circumstances—and there are other girls like me. Some of them marry their coachmen. Some of them do worse. Some of them play at seeing life by going into settlement work. I don't want that and I don't want society—what mother fondly imagines is society. I want a mother, and a father, and a home. I want to be Helen Beeston. But," she said ruefully, "I haven't been able to be Helen Beeston. Sometimes in desperation I try to be some one else. I want to know what people think of me without your damnable money and the monkey tricks of my brother to shame me. I have gone into a cheap boarding house and posed as a working girl. I have worked—your daughter, do you hear, has worked with her hands! I have found people dull and selfish, but some of them are human, some of them at least have understanding and sympathy and a desire to help others."

The tears were gone out of her tone; only the hurt remained. She arose and began pacing the room again. She stopped in front of him. She held out her hands impulsively.

"And to-day," she said, "I have come to you because you are old and ill and need me, because I need you, because I crave some one who needs me. I thought if only I could come to you, let you see me, we should be so happy. I promised myself that you should feel the tenderness that I have lacked all my life. Father! Father! Think of the companionship that could grow up between us. I can help you. I can take the place of your men. I could be your secretary. We could travel together. I promise to make you forget your horrid business. I am young and strong. I can help you, make you happy. I will never leave you. You need me—don't you need me, father?"

Where was all the logic? It had been engulfed in the unbridled bitterness that had seethed within her—and now she was lost in passionate weeping.

The old man turned in his big chair; his eye was attracted by the litter on the floor in front of the safe.

"Hopkinson!" he said.

Instantly the bland figure appeared through the parting of the curtains at the hidden door by which the girl had come upon them so unexpectedly. The valet came forward with light foot, but the old man halted him with a hand, waving at the floor.

"Yes, sir. Quite so, sir!" said the valet, stealing a look at his master; and he dropped to his knees and transferred the litter to the safe and closed the door. Then he came to his master's side, standing expectant. The old man stretched an arm upward to hook in the waiting arm of the faithful Hopkinson and drew himself out of his chair. There was wonderful accord between these two. They slowly progressed across the room.

"Good old Hopkinson—my rod and my staff!" mumbled the old man. "What would I do without you, Hopkinson!"

And the girl, listening with empty heart to the retreating footsteps, caught the soft tones of the valet:

"One step up now, sir! Up! That's it, sir. Now another, sir. So!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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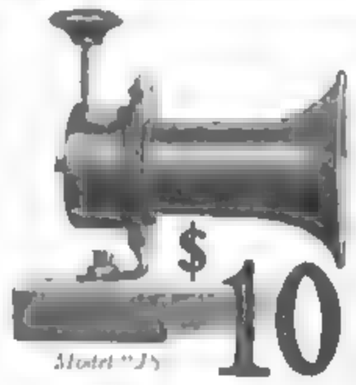

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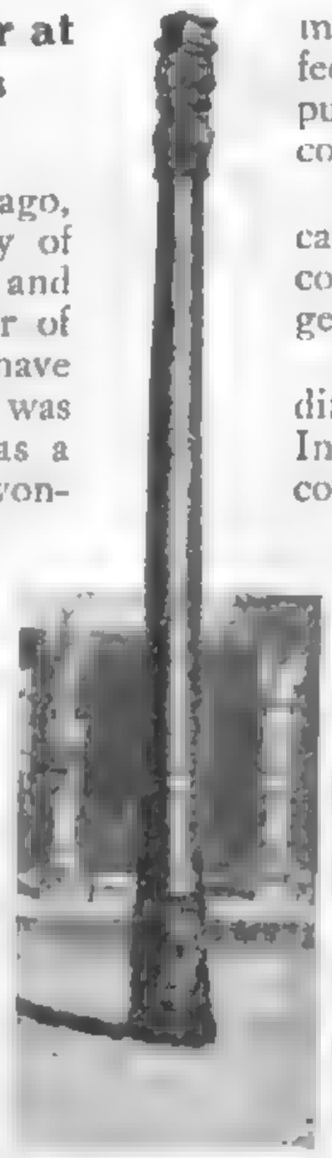
Twenty-Eight Centuries of Unnecessary Rust

AMERICAN ARMCO INGOT IRON

Story of the Iron Pillar at Delhi, India, and Its Meaning to You

Twenty-eight centuries ago, in Delhi, India, a quantity of iron ore was melted down and cast into a tall, round pillar of iron. Scientists ever since have been trying to learn how it was done. For that pillar was a miracle. It was one of the wonders of the world. Not because it was iron, but because, being iron, it violated what scientists had held to be a natural law—*it did not rust.*



Iron Pillar at Delhi, India, Erected 900 B.C.

Do you realize what it would have meant if those ancient iron workers could have understood and given to the world the secret of making pure iron—iron that would not rust?

All over the world, millions of dollars' worth of sheet metal products—roofs, gutters, culverts, ships, nails, wire fences, metal freight and passenger cars, gas tanks, water tanks and innumerable other things—are rusting away to the scrap heap. In your own homes there are galvanized pails, wash tubs, stoves, boilers, enameled cooking utensils, etc., made of sheet metal, which perhaps must soon go to the junk dealer rusted out—spoiled—dollars wasted.

Impurities Make Metal Rust

About ten years ago Government scientists discovered that iron and steel corrode because of the impurities in the metal.

Briefly, this is what happens: When foreign substances exist in exposed iron or steel, an electrical action is set up when the metal is exposed to moisture, which corrodes either the impurity or the metal itself. Manganese and sulphur are probably the worst of these impurities, although any of them are injurious. Free gases contained in the material also have a very destructive effect. Inversely, it has been proved that pure iron is almost a perfect resistant to corrosion or rust.

Iron ore is never pure. It contains carbon, sulphur, silicon, manganese and copper, and a lot of gases, of which oxygen and nitrogen are the most important.

When the iron ore is reduced, it is difficult to remove all these impurities. In fact, metallurgists had always said it couldn't be done commercially.

Modern steel is peculiarly subject to rust, because it has nearly always a high content of impurities. Carbon and manganese are added to give hardness for tools and tensile strength for structural work or to facilitate cheap production, so steel is even more liable to rust than is impure iron.

All of this is simply a scientific explanation of the fact that was proved by the Delhi pillar and also of other instances in which pure iron was used.

What These Facts Mean

These instances of pure iron were largely accidental. The iron ore in the pillar of Delhi was of high quality and the tedious hand processes hammered out most of such impurities as remained.

No account was taken of time or cost in producing this pure iron. Such ore and such processes are, of course, out of the question today. Yet, we determined to make pure iron commercially. We were told that it could not be done, but we knew pure iron had been made.

What man had done, man could do.

The patient experiment in research, the costly equipment and processes required, cannot be told here. Finally, we succeeded in producing pure iron on a commercial basis.

We have named this iron Armco Iron. Armco Iron has been and still is widely known as American Ingot Iron.

Armco Iron Is Pure

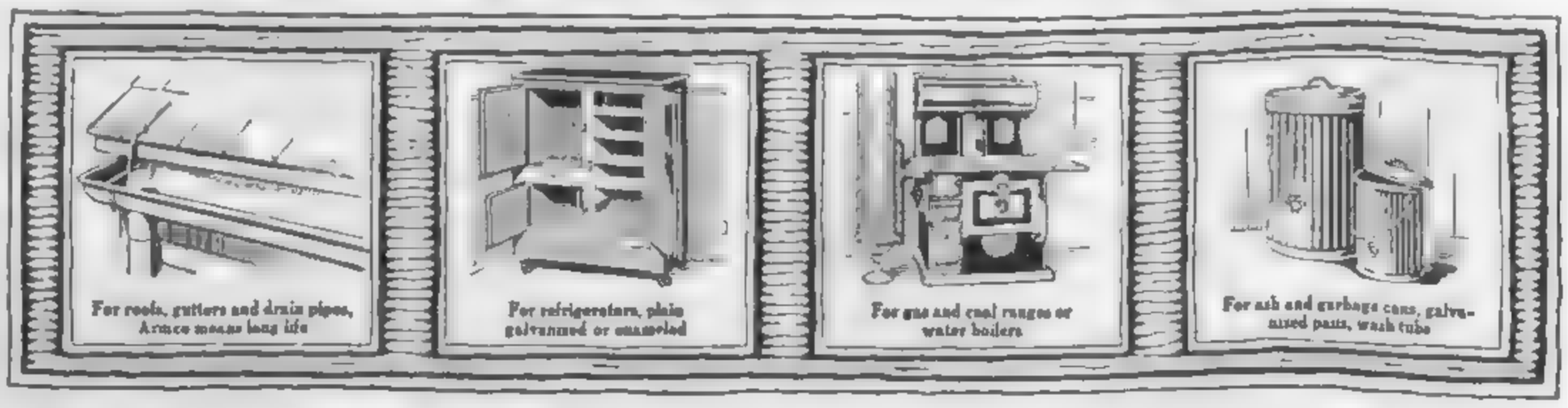
Armco Iron is purer than the iron in the Delhi pillar—purer than the hand-hammered links that held the Newburyport Bridge for over 100 years. It is the purest iron made today.

Armco—American Ingot Iron—has been tested for years, not only in the laboratory but by many users in the severest conditions that metal can ever meet. In every case it has justified our claim for its rust-resisting qualities.

Armco Iron is not only the purest iron made, but it is the finest quality of iron—that is, it is iron of uniform texture and strength, free from stresses and strains, and has a smooth surface which takes a very high polish.

The iron undergoes a slow annealing process which takes several days. Ordinary sheet metal is often annealed in a day. Slow annealing removes molecular strains and restores all of the original strength and evenness.

A Few of the Many Modern Uses for Armco—Pure Rust-Resisting Iron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For gas and coal ranges or water boilers
For ash and garbage cans, galvanized pails, wash tubs

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Licensed Manufacturers under Patents granted International Metal Products Company

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To Householders: It means you can buy stoves, porcelain or enamel lined refrigerators, cooking utensils, which are good for a lifetime. Enameling over Armco Iron is remarkably smooth and free from pin holes.

To Railroads: It means more lasting metal, sheet or plate, cars. It means culverts that are easy to lay, that will carry great loads, and that withstand weather and water whether it's polluted or clear. It means siding and roofing that will stand the sulphurous, corrosive coal smoke as no other metal roof can.

To Farmers: It means permanent iron silos, iron culverts, wire fences and roofs. It means rust-resisting material more lasting than the old-fashioned wrought iron nails, or the tinned charcoal iron roofing that has often lasted seventy years or more.

To Marine Builders: Armco Iron means plates of long life and great resistance to corrosion.

ARMCO Is Covered by Patents

To insure permanency where sheet metal is used, look for the Armco trade mark on sheet metal as you look for the word "Sterling" on silver.

This Triangle Brand on any sheet metal is your absolute guarantee that you are getting the purest, most carefully manufactured and most durable iron on the market.

Important to Manufacturers

Armco—American Ingot Iron—is made by us in the form of sheets and plates and is shipped to many different manufacturers for use in making their products.

Bending and Drawing: Armco Iron, being without slag and having unequaled elongation and reduction of area, will stand the most severe bending and deep drawing operations.

Galvanized Coating: Armco Iron, because of its purity, shows practically no dissolution when the zinc is applied; therefore the coating is purer and will last many times longer than the galvanizing on ordinary iron or steel.

Electrical Qualities: High conductivity (50% higher than ordinary steel), high permeability and low residual magnetism. If you are in the electrical business you know what these mean.

Armco Iron has already made a name for itself among makers of electrical specialties. It promises to be the material of the future for telephone and telegraph wires. Tests have proven its superiority for third rail construction. You are sure to hear more from Armco Iron in the electrical field.

Welding: What do you think of a metal that when welded gives 100% of its original strength as compared with the 80% or 90% of other sheet metal? For spot welding, Armco Iron is unexcelled. Any process—acetylene, blow pipe or electric.

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This book, "Defeating Rust," contains more real information about sheet metal than ever before has been put between two covers. It tells the complete story of pure iron—Armco Iron. It gives the processes by which Armco Iron is produced. It shows how Armco Iron compares with other sheet metals in analysis, in tests, in actual use. This book gives the experiences of manufacturers in regard to welding, stamping, forming, enameling and polishing Armco Iron. It tells why stoves and refrigerators made of Armco Iron will last longer. Also it explains why sheet metal roofs of ordinary, impure material rapidly rust out.

Whether you are a manufacturer, sheet metal dealer, roofer, railroad engineer, architect, contractor, farmer or housewife—you cannot afford to be without this book. Learn the truth about sheet metal.

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Our staff of metallurgists, chemists and practical field men is at the service of manufacturers, contractors and users who have troublesome corrosion problems to solve. Please feel at liberty to write us at any time, for our entire organization is ready to serve you. We will make any test, if requested, to determine the adaptability of Armco Iron to your needs.

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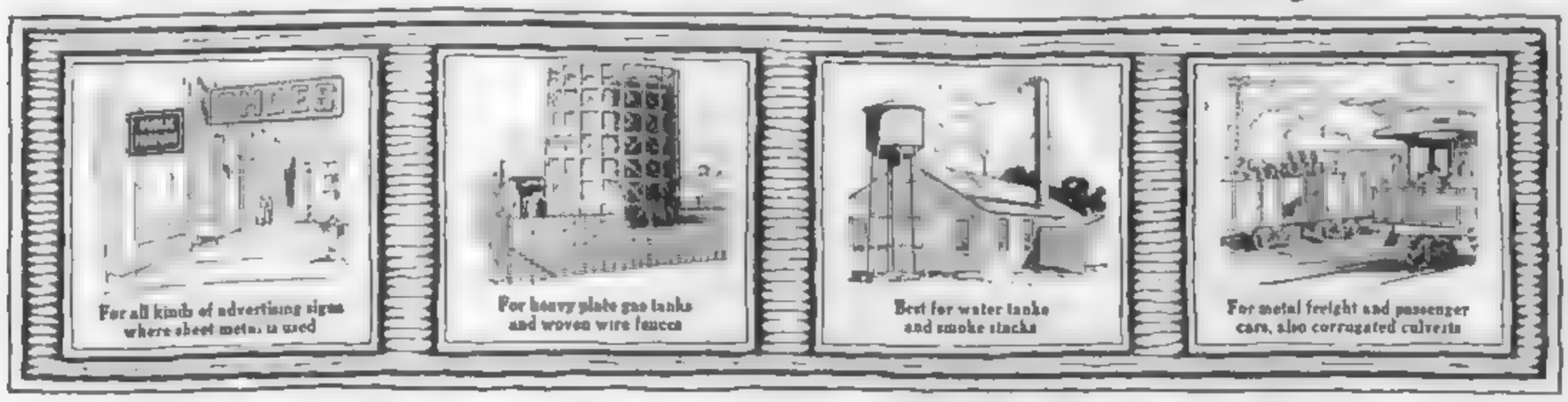
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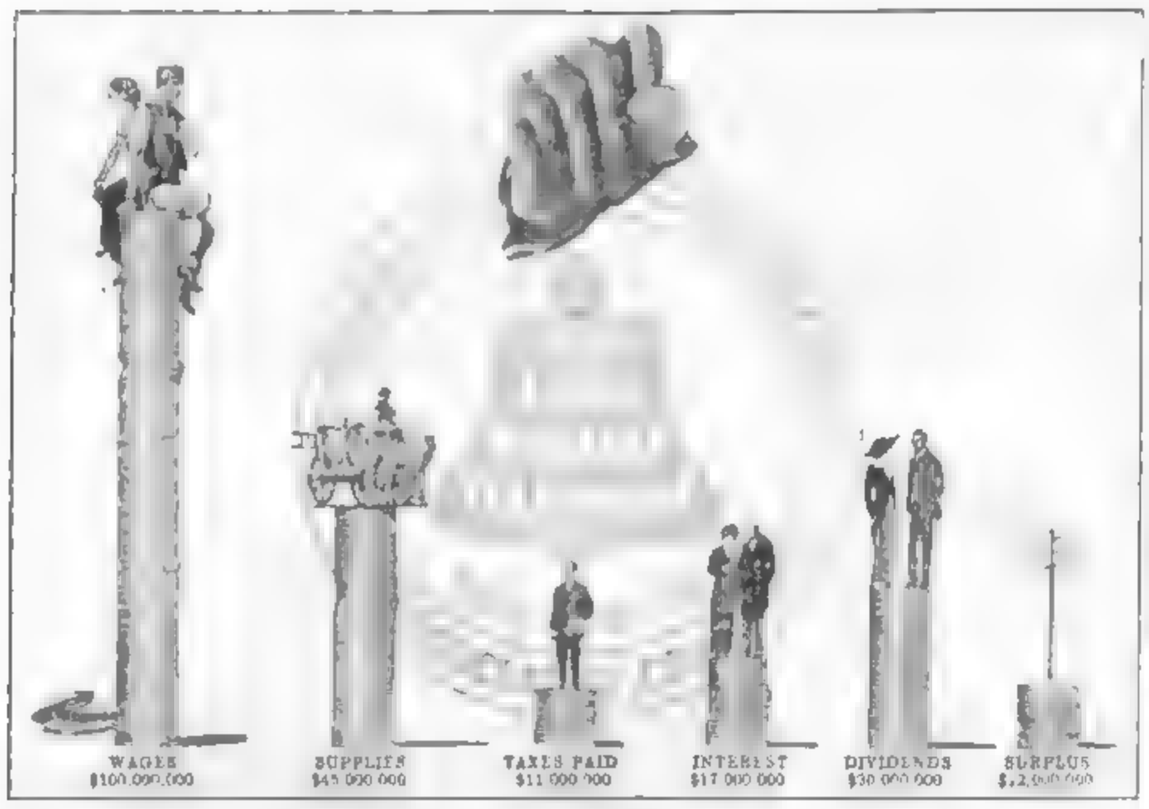

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For Supplies—$45,000,000

Paid to merchants, supply dealers and others for materials and apparatus, and for rent, light, heat, traveling, etc.

Tax Collector—$11,000,000

Taxes of more than $11,000,000 are paid to the Federal, state and local authorities. The people derive the benefit in better highways, schools and the like.

Bondholders—$17,000,000

Paid in interest to thousands of men and women, savings banks, insurance companies and other institutions owning bonds and notes.

Stockholders—$30,000,000

70,000 stockholders, about half of whom are women, receive $30,000,000.

(These payments to stockholders and bondholders who have put their savings into the telephone business represent 6.05% on the investment.)

Surplus—$12,000,000

This is invested in telephone plant and equipment, to furnish and keep telephone service always up to the Bell standard.

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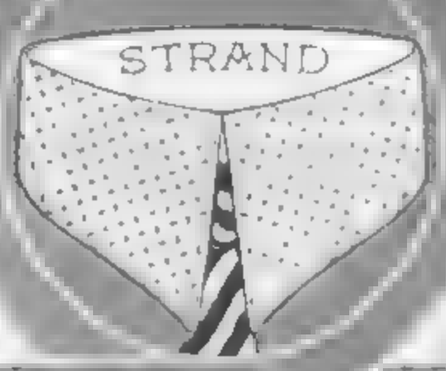

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THE PERSISTENT LADY

(Continued from Page 15)

expect? And what difference does it make to you, you boob!" But still, over his struggle, the sickness weighed.

"She is a great artist!" the wan husband pronounced in a half-whisper of deep emotion, and his whole being suddenly glowed like wax paper before a light.

And the dark man, pulling at his mustache, immediately said, "She is a gr-r-r-eat arteest!" in a tone that at once challenged opposition and took a monopoly of the praise. It was as though he had been in the same bed with the other and were pulling all the covers to himself.

They were both silent then, the husband sitting with feet parallel and with both diaphanous hands on his knees; the other leaning forward and bulging his eyes moodily at John. John could tell that their ears were intent on the inner room, from which she would presently appear. There was a door on the left; he fixed his eyes on that door and soon lost the sense of his surroundings.

The smoke of the room disappeared, its vague mustiness, the soiled yellow paper; the two men ceased to be. There remained only a door. In the opening of that door she would presently stand, white as a taper and supple as a flame, immobile a moment, her eyes sweetly searching. Then she would glide toward him. And he, rising, would meet her in the center of the room—the center of the universe!—her two extended hands in his two hands. . . .

"Here she comes!"

Both men had spoken; John gave a big start; such a start as one gives on the moment of going to sleep and which jangles all the nerves. The door at which he gazed was still shut. Suddenly he realized that it was the other door, the door to the right, which had opened. He turned toward it, tried to rise—and could not.

A woman stood there in the frame of that door. What struck John first was her bulk, the simple bulk of her!

The door must have been seven feet high; the topknot of her hair almost touched its lintel. The door was two and a half feet wide at least; each of her elbows touched a side. Her red dress, with its scarlet shawl, magnified her to dimensions still more grotesque, and on her upper lip there was a black shadow.

"A grenadier," something said very distinctly within John; "a Prussian grenadier!"

He had read the phrase somewhere in his childhood; he did not know exactly what it meant; but always it brought to him visions of great size. "A Prussian grenadier!" he repeated to himself helplessly, and that intermingling of emotion and of dream which was his soul seemed to be falling down an interminable back stairway.

She was coming toward him. He tried to rise and could not; tried it again and made it. By this time she was very near. She towered above him; he felt like a child. She had deep-set, little nut-shaped eyes and a big, wholesome nose; and on her lip—there was no doubt of it—the shadow was a mustache!

His attention fixed itself in horrible fascination on her bosom, aggressive advance-works at the level of his eyes, and watched the beaded bodice rise and fall with the ample movement of the sea.

"You are a dear!" she said. "That was a darling letter you wrote me—a perfectly darling letter! I love every word of it—every single word. You're a perfect dear!"

Her little gray eyes were kind, and the bulb at the end of her nose was maternal. But the expression with which she was regarding John was not all maternal; it held, rather, a jolly, jovial, tender appetite. John fell back one step; dimly he felt himself in danger of being instantly devoured.

She seemed to understand. She flashed a swift, tolerant smile and herself retreated. The smile said:

"Isn't he sweet and shy! A little afraid. He'll understand presently. I mustn't startle him. He'll come round all right!"

The husband was holding a chair for her; the dark man sprang up and, always with that air of pulling the covers toward himself, also took hold of the chair.

Seated, she seized a fan and waved it vigorously. John could see her eyes sliding over the edge toward him; he was like a little bird under a leaf at night which sees two phosphorescent glows staring at him from the dark.

"I'll have a little Scotch, tootums."

The seraphic husband made a gesture toward the bottles, but it was the dark man who, with his eternal air of pulling blankets, seized the bottle. John, paralyzed, saw a man-size, an ogre-size, potation prepared for her; she raised it bubbling to her lips.

"Give the young man a drink, tootums!"

But John Martin weakly waved away the proffered whisky. His disappointment, his staggering disillusion, somehow had mixed themselves up with the smell of whisky. It was that sweetish, drug-shop odor which was making him so sick.

The three over by the round table drank and smoked. The husband looked alternately at his wife and at John—with white rapture at her; with appreciation at him—appreciation of their common admiration and a friendly encouragement of it. John liked him and at the same time felt a bit sorry for him—he did not know why. The other man stared with his heavy eyes. And after a while John realized that he was being ogled. Modestly he tried to deny the fact to himself. But he was. She was ogling him!

As though to shatter his last doubt, she now began to attack him verbally. It was a frank, a stark attack. She alluded to his—personal charms!

"Say, you're the ducky with the eyes! Don't you look at me that way, sir; don't you look at me that way! From beneath those curls! With those blue eyes!"

John Martin, his soul a mere rust of desolation, a nostalgia of wide spaces choking him, rose and began to excuse himself. He had to go. He had an appointment. He must go—an appointment.

She rose also, concerned at first, then full of a voluminous and sincere disappointment, which became humble, almost touching.

"Oh, don't go now! Please don't go! I've offended you, haven't I? Please stay a while. Please don't go!" And then: "I'll be nice to you. Please stay!"

The husband, standing a little behind, seconded her discreetly and passionately with the wan radiance of his smile and almost imperceptible little nods; while the other, who had seemed angry at first, now with a shrug threw himself into a sort of detached resignation. But John, who felt as though he would like to shut his eyes and sway, clung to his determination desperately.

"No. I must go. I must go. Appointment!"

"Then come again. Surely, now! Come to-morrow. Say you'll come to-morrow."

"I'll come to-morrow," said John Martin, ready now for any baseness.

She gazed at him a moment, her head on one side like some enormous bird—then she came charging toward him. He waited, stupefied, not divining her intent until she was close to him. And then it was too late. He raised his arms, linked and bent at the elbows; but she crushed through that guard as though it had been eggshell. And he felt against his chin her mountainous bosom! He felt it—immense, elastic, trepidant—and suddenly his lips, his eyes, his nose seemed to disappear within a thunderous, smacking tumult.

"Let me kiss you!" she said.

She had meant to say it, no doubt, before the attempt; but, as a matter of fact, the question had come after utter completion. Staggering as though he had just freed himself from the embrace of a heavy surf John had just time to catch a glimpse of the husband, illumined with approbation; of the other, blackly flushed, shrugging himself back into tolerance—and then, seizing his hat, he opened the door and frantically fled.

"Come to-morrow!" he heard faintly.

But he did not intend there should be any to-morrow. He was on his way to the steamship office. The Ruby was sailing back to Manila that very evening. When she sailed he was with her.

He wandered about the hot streets of Manila for a week; then a homesickness placed him aboard a little tin-pot interislander, from which he was transferred to a lazy lorcha; and one morning he was landing on the ooze-sunken causeway of his station. He reported to the major, who was surprised to see him back so soon, but was willing to let him work.

And the days began again as they had been. Monotonous dictations; long expeditions in the jungle of army red tape; lazy beatings of the typewriter; successive

A TIP TO THE "KNIGHTS OF THE GRIP"

What is it makes us cheerful
In the midst of ups an' downs,
An' helps to pass the hours
On slow trains an' in slow towns,
Adds savor to a story,
An' charms away the frowns?
It's a cool, contentful, mellow VELVET smoke.

Thar's a fren'ly sorter somethin'
In ev'ry VELVET tin,
Thet kinder melts away the ice,
An' of'en helps you win
A record breakin' order
An' a "Drop aroun' agin,
An' we'll have another fren'ly VELVET smoke."

Velvet Joe

YOU have customers that you can't impress with any cigar. But ask them to smoke VELVET with you—well, that's different.

It's the same difference between taking a man to dinner at a hotel, and taking him home to supper with your family. There's nothing like potluck or pipe smoking to make a man feel downright friendly towards you—glad to do you a good turn or give you an order.

Next time you size up a prospect as a pipe smoker, try this:

"You don't mind if I light up my pipe, do you? And won't *you* dip into my VELVET, yourself?"

He will like VELVET for its fragrance and its full flavor. He will enjoy the mellow friendliness of VELVET, The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, Kentucky's *Burley de Luxe*, with the aged-in-the-wood smoothness.

½ Actual Size

5c Bags 10c Tins
One Pound Glass Humidors

Coupons of Value with VELVET

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Copyright 1914

cigarettes; closed blinds and the sun traveling in bars on the floor; buzzings of flies. Back in his bamboo house in the evening he watched the setting glow and the following stars longer than he had been wont; lingered over his dinner more than his appetite or the food demanded. And then there was nothing else to do—nothing else at all to do!

The following evening he put on a record. It was the march played by the band. He played it over and over again till he was tired of it; then he put it back in the chest and closed the machine.

For several nights he went no further. Then he added the monologue with the delightful r's. He played only those two; but on another night he made a further addition.

At length he had reached the jungle song, Moonlight in Jungle Land! And until very late he reveled in the melancholic charm of those two reedy voices, one a little above the other always.

But the red record—the other—the last—remained in the depths of the chest, dropped like a searing iron by the fingers whenever by chance they touched it.

This for a long time; but the jungle song, with the haunt of its parallel voices, called up in him further nostalgias. And the red, red record, from the depths of its abandonment was sending out an invisible but tugging urgency. It seemed to wail at times, silently. And finally one night he smiled and said

"Oh, shucks! I'll put it on!"

He put it on. And there came the first four notes; the first four notes, each so pure and yet so colored; each pure as crystal and, as crystal, holding within itself a vacillation of golds and of blues. They came one after the other, trembled into silence, came again; and in the second silence he heard clearly his own gasp of delight.

The song was taken up again and rose. There came a climax, a clear high note, straight and polished as the lunge of a rapier, and so long that the end was a little like torture; then, without a pause, the song began again on lower notes, so unhurried, so unwearied, so gentle and so tranquil that it was a benediction.

There came another tumultuous outburst, the same note held long; just as one thought it impossible another succeeded, just as long. And now the singer breathed.

John was awaiting this anxiously. His ear was close. He had been afraid it might be less beautiful than he remembered it; but it was more beautiful—a soft, sweet intake; and the vision of the tender bosom swelling so gently; and the sense of it; and by this charming action a discreet intimacy established between singer and listener.

When the song had ended John remained long motionless. Then he put the record on again.

A strange thing was happening. That odious Hong-Kong incident was proving less solid than he had expected. He had expected it to stand, a block, between himself and the song. As a matter of fact it was proving transparent. He could see through it—attain, through it, to the song, still a little dim and wistful, over there.

He started the disk a third time. Just as, to sleep or to a balm, a long-borne ache begins to moderate in a distention of the nerves so grateful that one is almost glad one has suffered, so the happening at Hong-Kong was gradually fading, falling back into distance, losing color and taste, hard to remember.

He played the record a fourth time. There! The thing was done! It had drifted away—that Hong-Kong moment. It was gone—lost forever in the gray abysses of the past. She of the robust flesh, how immaterial and unreal!

She was gone now, utterly.

She was gone.

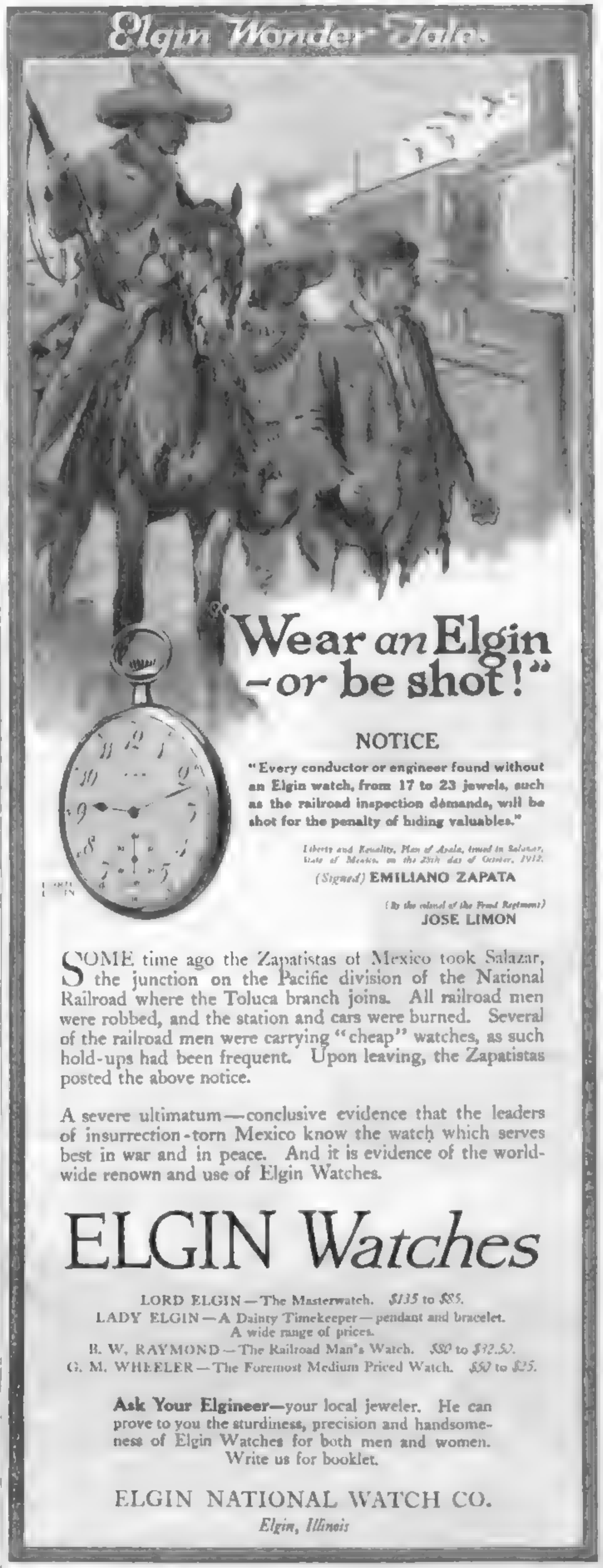
The others were all gone.

He started the disk once more.

And now She was returning—She, the first one, the only one. Here she was, so near, singing to him so intimately. Her words were like jewels, each one cut for him; in her intonations there was a secret message for him. She sang, so very near; she breathed—ah, the sweet, sweet intake! He saw her.

She was before his eyes, slender and white; white as a taper and sinuous as a flame. A red flower was in her hair. And her white hands, out of her white sleeves, reached out to his.

She had returned to him; he had regained her; regained her forever—She, the indestructible, the eternal unreal!



"Wear *an* Elgin —*or* be shot!"

NOTICE

"Every conductor or engineer found without an Elgin watch, from 17 to 23 jewels, such as the railroad inspection demands, will be shot for the penalty of hiding valuables."

Liberty and Equality, Plan of Ayala, issued in Salazar, State of Mexico, on the 25th day of October, 1912.

(Signed) EMILIANO ZAPATA

(By the colonel of the Front Regiment)
JOSE LIMON

SOME time ago the Zapatistas of Mexico took Salazar, the junction on the Pacific division of the National Railroad where the Toluca branch joins. All railroad men were robbed, and the station and cars were burned. Several of the railroad men were carrying "cheap" watches, as such hold-ups had been frequent. Upon leaving, the Zapatistas posted the above notice.

A severe ultimatum—conclusive evidence that the leaders of insurrection-torn Mexico know the watch which serves best in war and in peace. And it is evidence of the world-wide renown and use of Elgin Watches.

ELGIN *Watches*

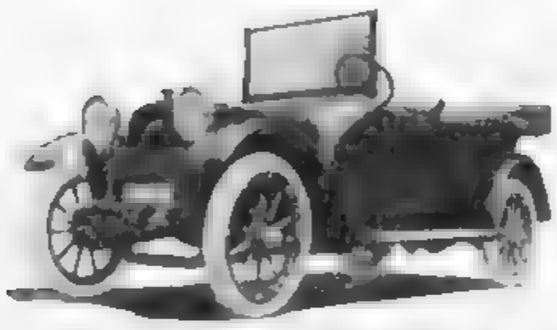
LORD ELGIN—The Masterwatch. *$135* to *$85.*
LADY ELGIN—A Dainty Timekeeper—pendant and bracelet. A wide range of prices.
R. W. RAYMOND—The Railroad Man's Watch. *$80* to *$32.50.*
G. M. WHEELER—The Foremost Medium Priced Watch. *$50* to *$25.*

Ask Your Elgineer—your local jeweler. He can prove to you the sturdiness, precision and handsomeness of Elgin Watches for both men and women. Write us for booklet.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
Elgin, Illinois

1915 Chalmers Cars

"Light Six" 5-Passenger—$1850



The 1915 "Light Six" is in every way a distinguished car. It is a big, roomy car—"light" in comparison with high powered Sixes, but not skimped in any detail.

3,000,000 Miles of Proof

Here is a ***proved*** 1915 car. Announced in May, over 3600 have already been sold and are in use throughout the country. These 3600 cars have been driven a total of over 3,000,000 miles and ***they have universally made good.***

When this car was put on the market we offered it as a "Quality" not a "Price" car. We recommended it to the public not because it weighed a certain number of pounds, not because of any abnormal design, not because it was the most economical car to operate, not because its price was sensational.

But we said in offering it that we believed it to be the greatest all round automobile for the money offered since automobiles were first built. Our dealers on seeing the car agreed with us. And 3600 owners are now saying the same thing.

Proved Right by Use

This 1915 model has had an aggregate mileage great enough to prove beyond any question that it has strength for every emergency, power to spare, the easy riding qualities of cars costing much more: that its medium weight is scientifically distributed and its upkeep cost unusually low.

So here you have a 1915 car which has already demonstrated its ability to "stand the road." That is to continue to run silently and smoothly and to look like new after months of hard usage.

An Increase in Price

When we first announced this car, we priced it at $1800. We have since added a few detailed improvements and made some changes in the equipment which have increased the manufacturing cost approximately $50.

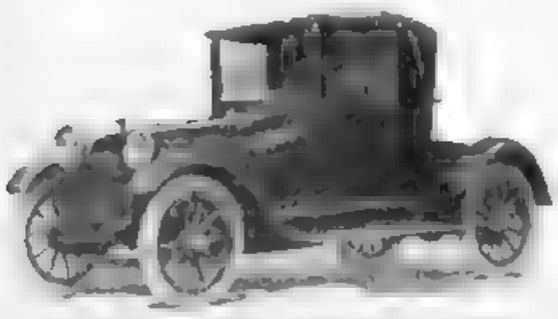
So, beginning August 1st, the price of the five-passenger model became $1850. At the new price our factory profit remains the same.

New 7-Passenger Type

We are now making this car in a seven-passenger model also. Its price is $1900. This is a car of exceptional grace and roominess, with an entirely new, luxurious and distinctive body. The tonneau is fitted with Pullman Disappearing Seats. Doors are unusually wide. The body is a new type of exclusive Chalmers design.

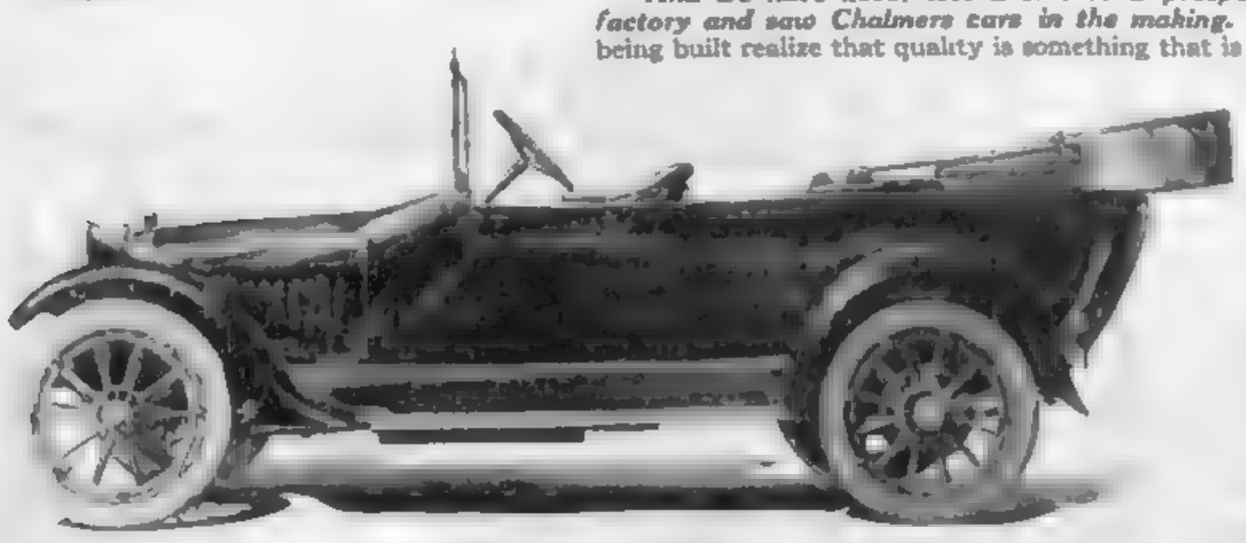
These two models, like all Chalmers cars, are built complete in the Chalmers Shops.

And we have never lost a sale to a prospective purchaser who visited the Chalmers factory and saw Chalmers cars in the making. Those people who have seen Chalmers cars being built realize that quality is something that is "built into" an automobile.



1915 "Light Six" Coupélet—$2100

One of the most popular cars we have built. The Coupélet is a luxurious closed car in bad weather; a stylish open roadster in summer. In two minutes it can be converted to either type. As convenient as an electric; yet with the power, speed and greater utility of the gas car. Suitable to every requirement of motoring. Don't buy any roadster or permanent coupé without first seeing the Chalmers Coupélet.



"Light Six" 7-Passenger Touring Car—$1900

This new type of the 1915 "Light Six" is big and roomy—a real 7-passenger car. The Tonneau is equipped with Pullman disappearing seats. Don't fail to see this new "Light Six" model at the nearest Chalmers Dealer's.

"Light Six" 7-Passenger Limousine—$3300

"Light Six" 5-Passenger Sedan — $2850

When Quality Counts

The owner really begins to realize what real quality is after he has driven his car three or four thousand miles.

For real worth does not always show on the surface. A coat of paint skillfully applied makes it as hard to discover the presence of quality as it is to discover its absence.

So, do not let $200 or $300 difference in first cost keep you from deciding in favor of the Chalmers. A Chalmers "Light Six" is worth the difference. It will easily repay you the slight additional cost in repairs saved in a year or two of service.

After seasons of use you will appreciate that Chalmers strength, Chalmers medium weight, Chalmers beauty, and Chalmers quality are worth many times the small amount you pay to get them.

Chalmers Motor Company

Detroit, Michigan

Quality First

Chalmers Cars Are Real Quality Cars

Perhaps the greatest single asset which the Chalmers Company has is the monogram shown above.

Other manufacturers could build cars which might look like Chalmers cars. They might even claim that they are as good as Chalmers cars, but they could not use the Chalmers monogram. That belongs to Chalmers.

And because this trademark is so valuable, because it has come to stand for so much in the automobile world, the Chalmers Company cannot afford to jeopardize the millions it has invested, by allowing a car to carry this monogram which does not in every way come up to the Chalmers standard of quality.

The Chalmers Company is not competing and never has competed with other cars purely on a "price" basis.

Our past experience has shown us that each year there are enough people to whom "quality" is first and "price" secondary, to buy more Chalmers cars than we can make.

So the Chalmers Company is one of those sure enough of its market to continue to produce cars on a "quality" basis rather than on a "price" basis.

Labor and material are no cheaper than a year ago. To give you a little more costs us a little more. The new prices, $1850 for the Chalmers Light Six and $2400 for the Master Six, mean no more profit per car to us, but they mean something to you.

These new prices mean that Chalmers Sixes have never been over-priced. They mean that the Chalmers Company is raising prices, not for more profit per car, but to give the seeker of "quality" even a little more value in the future than in the past.

If you pay less than Chalmers prices for a motor car, you must be satisfied with less quality.

—"Sixes" Exclusively

"Master Six" Torpedo—$2400

Quality First

Features of Chalmers "Sixes" for 1915

Chalmers Bodies—We call your attention especially to the Chalmers body designs for 1915. The bodies of both the Light Six and the Master Six are distinctly original. They have been pronounced by experts to compare favorably in looks with the best European cars to which the world always looks for exclusiveness of body design. The words "Genuine Stream line" are so much abused that we do not use them in describing Chalmers bodies. See the new models yourself; then you can appreciate how distinctive they are in grace and style.

Flexible Power—Both 1915 Chalmers "Six" motors are exceptionally long stroke. At two miles an hour "on high" or at express train speed, you feel the big reserve of pull and stamina. You never feel uncertain of a Chalmers "Six," and the need for gear shifting is rare.

Silence—Here are truly silent cars. The only sound is the "purr" of the strong, capable motor. No rattle. No vibration to tire your nerves and tear at the mechanism. Silence means absence of vibration—and that is simply absence of wear.

Roadability—Chalmers "Sixes" ride well. They cling to the high est crowned road. That's because their weight is rightly balanced, because all torsion strains are taken up by big strong torque tube and rod. In building for strength and safety, Chalmers design leaves nothing to chance.

Molded Oval Fenders—Introduced by Chalmers last year and declared by owners "the handsomest fender built." Give fullest protection from dirt.

Tungsten Steel Valves—Will not warp or pit. Almost never need regrinding. Assure full and lasting power. Cost more, but are worth more.

Medium Weight—Both Chalmers "Sixes" are designed for lasting and satisfactory service. They are heavy where weight is needed, and do not carry a superfluous pound. In proportion to power, as economical as any. Heavy enough to be safe in any emergency, comfortable on any road.

Complete Equipment—All open cars have electric starter, Chalmers tailor made top, rain vision windshield, Klaxon-made horn, demountable rims, full electric lights. No car carries better equipment or is more convenient.

The "Master Six" of Them All

The new 1915 Chalmers "Master Six"—$2400—will be produced in limited quantities for those who seek the fullest luxury of power and size in a motor car.

For 1915 the "Master Six" is offered in two new body types—both unusually beautiful and distinctive. In fact, we believe that in style and beauty the 1915 Chalmers will not be approached by any car in the American market.

New Bodies of Exclusive Design

The 4-passenger Torpedo pictured above is a most distinctive car. It has grace, exclusive style and dash. This beautiful new body has a single door on either side. Front seats are divided, the doors being in the center of the body. This is a man's car of unusual style and smartness, built lower than usual, giving it a foreign racy appearance, and making it distinctive among all cars.

On the "Master Six" chassis is also built a 7-passenger Touring Car—a big, roomy car, for those who desire an automobile of maximum carrying capacity. The lines of the 7-passenger body are the same as those of the Torpedo.

The only car at the last New York show with a body as distinctive in line as the Chalmers "Master Six" was a foreign car of international reputation; and the body alone was priced at $1600.

The "Master Six" combines high power with striking style, unusual roominess and complete convenience—in short, every essential luxury of a modern automobile.

Mechanically this is a new model of the "Master Six" that made the most noteworthy success of the 1914 season. With 1915 refinements, it offers even more than ever the limit of luxury in motor car manufacture.

The 1915 model will have the same power plant and practically the same mechanical features which gave the 1914 "Master Six" the reputation of being one of America's greatest motor cars.

The additional price, as in the case of the "Light Six," represents the actual cost of the added features and augmented quality.

Luxury at the Right Price

This model is built specially for those to whom price is not so much of an object. It is built for those who want all there is to be had within reason in motor car style, comfort and luxury but who, nevertheless, do not care to pay needlessly high prices for too much style and unnecessary weight and power.

These 1915 "Master Sixes" will be ready for delivery September 1st. We will distribute them as evenly as possible throughout our entire list of dealers, but there is bound to be more demand in certain sections than we can supply.

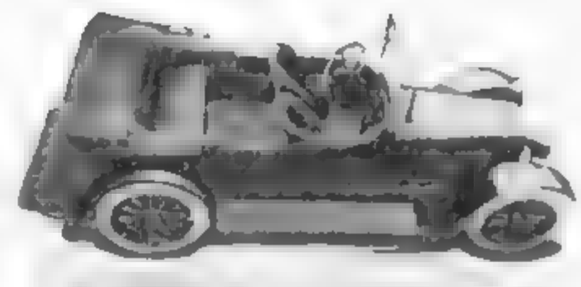
See this Great New Car

If either model of the "Master Six" appeals to you we suggest that you place your order now with your local dealer, or arrange to see the car immediately on its arrival in your city.

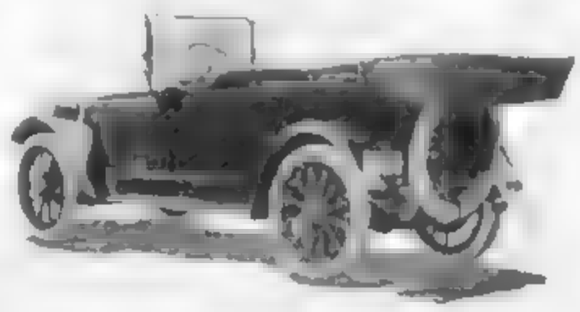
Owing to the unexpected demand for our "Light Six," we will be unable to increase the production of the "Master Six" for 1915 beyond the number planned three months ago.

Chalmers Motor Company

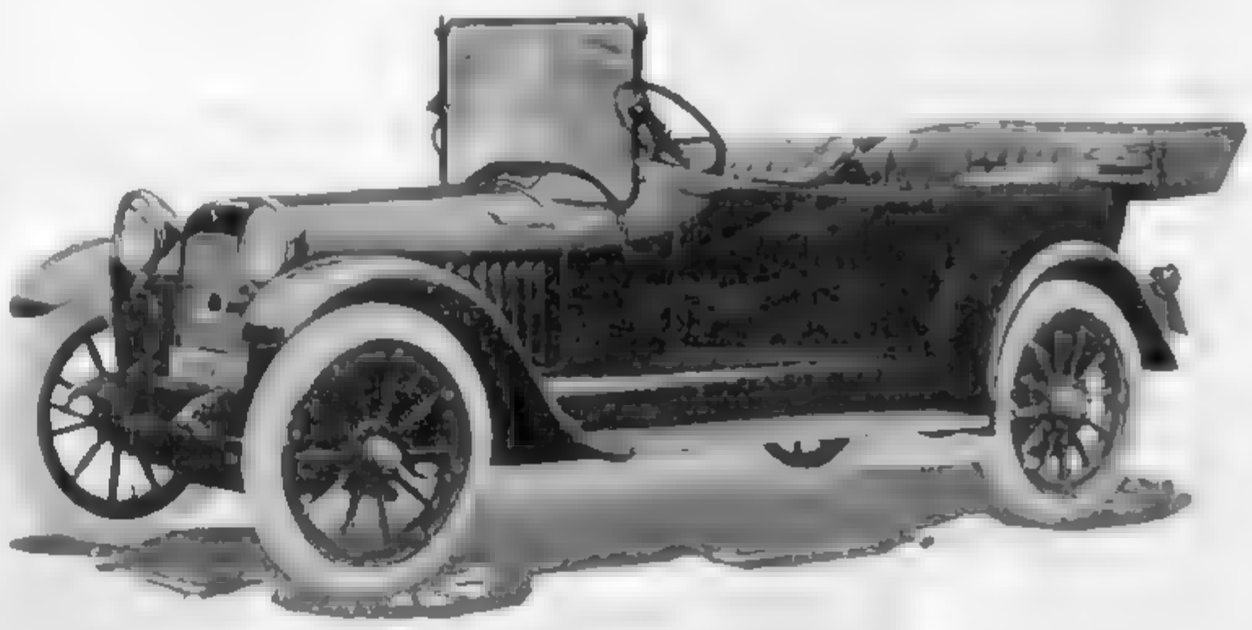
Detroit, Michigan



The "Master Six" Torpedo offers a new and unusual seating arrangement. Note the passageway between the front seats. All seats are pitched to give greatest comfort. There is no handsomer or more distinctive body than this on the market.



One really has to see the "Master Six" to appreciate its unusual grace. From any angle this car has beauty of line in the greatest degree. Note the wide sweep of the fenders, the clear running boards.



"Master Six" 7-Passenger Touring Car—$2400

The 7-passenger type of the "Master Six" offers all in roominess and luxurious comfort that can be built in a motor car. There is ample room between all seats. Upholstery is deep and comfortable. The Touring Car is priced the same as the Torpedo.

TIMKEN
AXLES & BEARINGS

More Than the Sum of Its Parts

Each piece in this rear axle represents the solution of an engineering problem—perhaps many problems—

Every axle piece *must be right* in itself. And each must be *rightly related* to all the other pieces. Because the axle as a whole *cannot* be any better than its weakest part.

Just so with the complete axle as a fundamental part of the car. It must be right in itself—and rightly co-related with the other fundamental parts of the car.

Must be—because we realize that the public rightly judges Timken Axles and Bearings by *their performance in the complete unit car.* We are building for the *future.*

Two Sets of Brains Better Than One

Designing and engineering a Timken-Detroit Axle into a particular motor car is a matter of many conferences of many men. Men who view the proposed car from widely different angles.

The men responsible for the car and the men responsible for the Timken-Detroit Axle.

Men who have the viewpoint of the engineer, of the designer, the metallurgist, the chemist, the producer, the salesman.

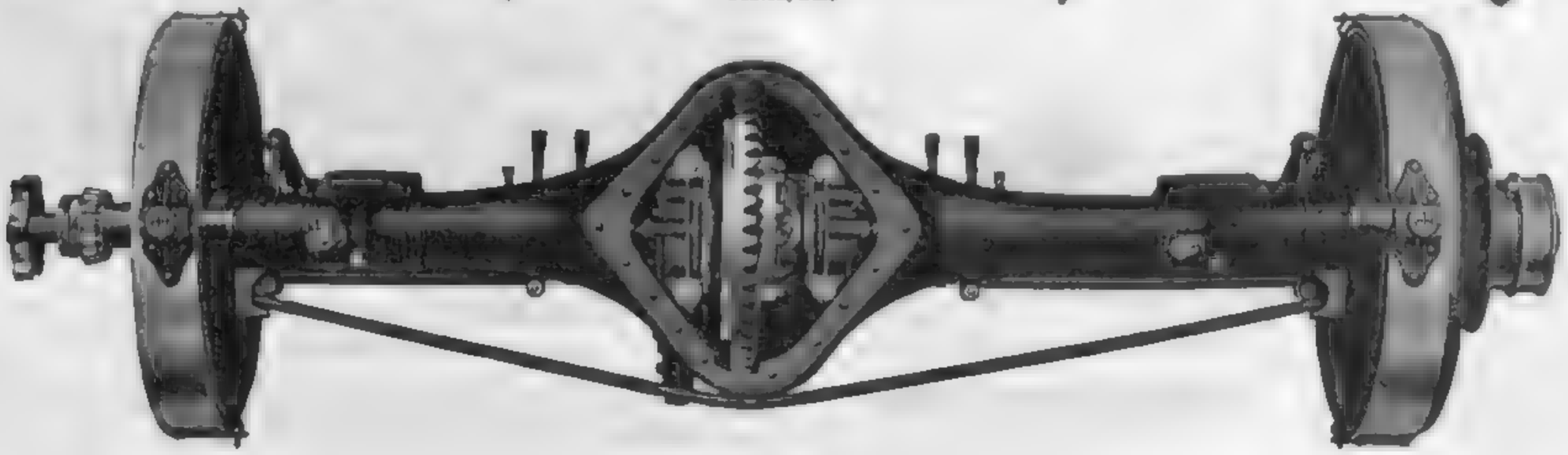
The bigness and multiplicity of the problems call for *all* the mental resources of an able car-building organization and an able axle organization. Load, distribution of weight, horse-power, wheel base, spring suspension, even location of tank—a hundred and one things must be considered.

Thus, in the thought given to the problems involved in every piece, in the axle as a unit, and in its relations to other parts of the car as a whole—

The Timken-Detroit organization assists those car builders who are making cars of substantial value to their owners—in satisfaction, in long life and in low cost of operation.

For a better idea of the importance and the construction of axles and bearings, and for the list of cars into which Timken Axles and Bearings have been engineered, write for the "Three Timken Booklets." They'll be mailed free on postcard request to Dept. A 6, either Timken Company. They will not be followed by letters or by salesmen's calls. Write today.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan
THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio



GOVERNMENT WITHOUT POLITICS

(Continued from Page 17)

Some years ago the railroad mail clerks, especially in the Northwest, were dissatisfied, with very good cause, over their pay and working conditions. A movement to organize them was started and for a time the Government ruthlessly opposed it, practically denying them the right to organize at all, and even forbidding them to carry on an organized political agitation for better pay and conditions. As a matter of fact, for several years, while cost of living was rising, the railroad mail clerks were unable to secure any readjustment of their wages. After great effort a bill was finally got through Congress—in October, 1912—raising salaries to a maximum of fifteen hundred dollars a year for those who had served the prescribed number of years.

Our Post-Office Department is already a rather extensive employer of labor. Probably the postal clerks and letter carriers work about as hard for the money they get as do like employees in private business.

On the other hand the Post-Office Department has a very large number of pretty soft jobs—namely, postmasterships in the towns and smaller cities. These easy jobs go, without exception, to persons who have a political pull. The duties of a railroad mail clerk are fairly arduous. To discharge them he must possess a good deal of special knowledge about routes, train connections, and so on, which he has acquired by months of diligent study; and he must study all the time to keep his special knowledge up to date. He gets from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars a year, according to length of service.

The chairman of the precinct central committee lands the village postmastership by favor of the representative or senator to whose political fortunes he is attached. All he knows about postal business is that you drop a letter in a slot and it somehow gets to its destination. His hours are short and his duties rather light, but he gets as much pay as the railroad mail clerk does.

When the French government took over the Western Railroad of France the pay roll amounted to thirty-seven per cent of the gross receipts. In 1912, after three years of state management, the pay roll had risen to fifty per cent of gross receipts and the number of petty officials had increased sixty per cent. In short, jobs were multiplied for persons of some little consideration. What our Senate, with its insatiable hunger for Government jobs to reward political services, might do to a railroad service I do not pretend to say; but the fact that the Senate sticks manfully to its patronage graft can hardly be overlooked.

The Case of the Postal Chauffeurs

I think there is some significance in the circumstance that among the civilized countries of Europe government ownership works best in that country which is least democratic—Prussia. I do not include Russia, for that is not on the same plane of civilization. It would be silly to deny that in any democratic country employment by the government of a great number of voters introduces a difficult factor. In the nature of the case a government cannot sustain just the same relation to its employees that a private corporation does.

For example, we have had a number of express strikes in this country. As a rule, when the men got ready to strike they simply abandoned their work at whatever stage it was, and went home. As a rule the public, with no love for express companies, sympathized with them.

Last winter some mail-wagon chauffeurs in New York struck and abandoned their work just as though they had been employed by an express company or any other private concern. They were promptly arrested, and after trial in a United States Court three of them were sentenced to serve eighteen months in the Atlanta Penitentiary; a second three were sentenced to serve fifteen months; the seventh was sent to Blackwell's Island for sixty days; and the remaining three were sentenced to serve a year in the penitentiary—but sentence was suspended provided they gave a satisfactory account of themselves during the next five years.

In sentencing them the judge observed that they had a right to strike, but no right to abandon their wagons in the midst of their runs, and no right to try, even by peaceable persuasion, to induce other postal employees to leave their places without finishing up the work on which they were engaged.

Seven of the defendants, by the way, declared they had not abandoned their wagons in the midst of their runs; but even if they had, it is only what strikers in private employment continually do. The incident illustrates the special relationship between employer and employee that inevitably arises when the employer is a government. For another illustration take this little Washington dispatch, which appeared not long ago under the headline "Women Workers Warned":

"Women employees of the Government in the classified service who are members of equal-suffrage organizations were warned to-day that they would be liable to removal from office under the civil-service laws if they participated in political activity, either as officers of associations or as members, in seeking legislative action"—in other words, if they campaigned actively for an equal-suffrage bill.

Other illustrations of a serio-comic nature may be found in a couple of strikes by postal and railroad employees of the Austrian government. Austria also is a military country and would no doubt ruthlessly suppress any large outright strike. So the men struck while on the job—in other words, resorted to sabotage. They got out the printed rules and regulations prescribing their duties and followed them to the dot with the most painstaking exactness. Every letter was dutifully weighed; every telegram microscopically scrutinized; every car journal examined with the utmost care and deliberation.

Prussia's Railways Wished on Her

The result was almost as complete a demoralization of the service as though the men had quit their places. French syndicalists earnestly recommend sabotage—that is, hindering the work in every possible way—as a recourse for government employees who cannot successfully strike outright.

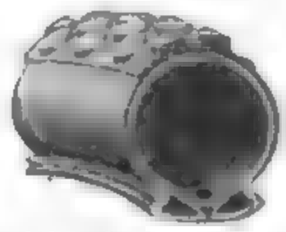
The railroads of the United States, including switching and terminal companies, employ about a million and three-quarters persons, a great majority of whom are voters. The Government might operate the roads without regard to the political power of these employees. In that case—in view of its general attitude toward labor as expressed in the pay and working conditions of postal clerks, its steady refusal to establish a pension system such as many large private corporations have, and its failure to set up an adequate method of recovering damages for industrial accidents—it may be doubted whether the men would be as well off under public ownership as they are under private, in which state, by threats of a strike and a resort to arbitration, they have repeatedly forced wage advances in the face of falling railroad net earnings.

On the other hand, Congress might stand as much in awe of these million and three-quarters railroad employees as it does of half that number of pensioners who also occupy a dual relationship to the Government—first, as voters, and second, as recipients of its pay checks.

This has taken us a long way from Prussia, and we will go back. The railroad system that state admirably operates comprises about twenty-three thousand miles, or considerably under one-tenth the mileage of the United States; and Prussia has been in the railroad business for two generations. It went into it, not as the result of any well-thought-out or deliberately adopted policy of government ownership but from necessity.

A panic in the middle forties and the industrial depression that followed left a number of small, straggling and struggling roads practically bankrupt, and the state took them over because there did not seem to be any other very feasible way of keeping them going. A little later, for military purposes, it built a railroad to the Russian frontier. When the Franco-Prussian War was over and the German Empire had been founded, Prussia owned about a third of the railroad mileage within her borders.

The Motorcycle Tire Men Want



Men have long ceased buying motorcycle tires on mere "fad" and "whim." For they have come to realize the great part that good tires play in comfort, safety, service, economy.

They are buying on more than mere looks. Outward appearances don't tell much where motorcycle tire *quality* is concerned.

Three of Every Four

Three of every four new 1914 machines are on Goodyear Motorcycle Tires.

Consider, you men to whom tire efficiency is vital, what this means.

It means that, by force of sheer super-service, Goodyear Motorcycle Tires have attained this great lead in four short years.

In this time Goodyear tires have won men in a way approached by no other motorcycle tire.

GOODYEAR AKRON, OHIO
Motorcycle Tires

Some Record Facts

In this time Goodyear Motorcycle Tires have also won and held every world's record for speed and durability. They are the tires Baker used in his wonderful trip across the continent.

Yet they are not "stunt" tires. The one thought in their making is super-service under all conditions of travel.

All this means that into these motorcycle tires are wrought the same master-qualities by which Goodyear Automobile Tires have won the world in their field.

Since men began to meter their mileage, Goodyear leadership has been all the more pronounced.

Cost No More

And the price of Goodyear Motorcycle Tires is no higher than for tires that do not have their Goodyear advantages. Then why consider lesser tires when Goodyears cost no more?

Goodyears are made with a thick anti-skid tread [illegible] to sustain their quality reputation [illegible] to maintain their world leadership.

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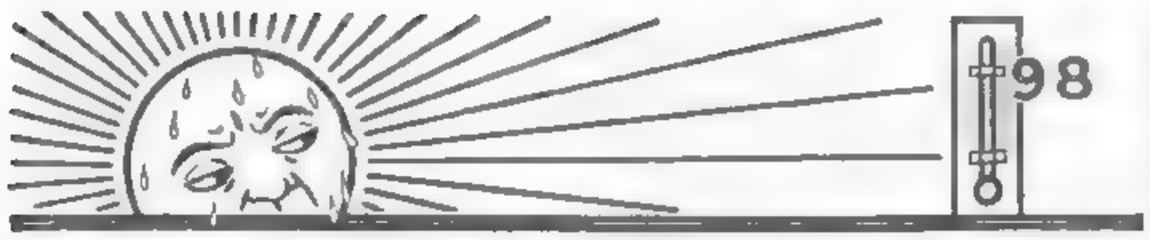

Let Us Help You Lick the Hot Weather

This Foe to Comfort and Efficiency Conquered by a Few Minutes' Fun Each Day

10 Days' Free Trial to Prove It

Will you give us a chance to prove—by ten days' free trial—how a few minutes' fun two or three times a day in front of a Kenney Needle Shower will help you lick the hot weather?

Will you make the test and see for yourself how the daily enjoyment of this new kind of shower will keep the baking, stifling, sticky days and nights of summer from being a long siege of discomfort—

How it will keep them from lowering your efficiency from robbing you of the ginger and energy you need at your work, from being a hardship on your family?

Just to let you see [illegible] hot or cold water [illegible] and [illegible] for a real corrective shower [illegible] your own bath tub all [illegible] days in the week we want to send you a Kenney Shower for 10 days free trial.

If you are willing to part with it after the trial—if you are willing to go back to tub baths—you won't have to pay us a single penny. And it will cost you only $6 if you keep it.

Gives You All-Day Hustle

Any physician will tell you that every man ought to take a shower—either hot or cold—every morning in the year—and especially during the enervating heat of summer.

It acts like a tonic. And the Kenney Needle Shower with its four needle-sprayed streams, is wonderfully stimulating—quickens your circulation, energizes your whole system, sends you down to business chock full of all-day hustle.

Then a refreshing, cool-off shower after a hot and hard day's work or shopping, or after golf, tennis or motoring, will immediately rest you all over—make you feel like new.

Do Hot Nights Keep You Awake?

Hot nights will never again keep you awake after you have a Kenney Shower on your bath tub. A bed-time shower will cool your system, quiet your nerves and soothe you to sound sleep in spite of the heat and humidity.

A Revolutionary Improvement

The Kenney Shower does away with every one of the faults of old fashioned overhead showers. No clammy curtain to spoil your enjoyment—the elimination of the curtain and of all complicated parts makes [illegible] now [illegible] guaranteed not to splash [illegible] mess on walls or floor—10 days free trial gives you plenty of time to prove it.

Kenney Needle Shower

Only $6 if you keep it—Nothing if you don't

Guaranteed Not to Splash Out of Tub

Don't Have to Wet Your Hair

All four of the stimulating, needle-sprayed streams are sent direct against the body from the neck down—don't have to wet your hair—women can now enjoy a shower without bothering with a rubber cap.

Fits Any Bath Tub

Anyone can attach it—no tools needed.

Absolutely all metal. A strong, nickel-finish, handsome fixture. Always ready—never in the way—doesn't interfere with regular use of tub.

Many Say a Week's Use is Worth the Price

A Kenney Needle shower costs less than [illegible] cent a day for the [illegible] year of enjoyment you and your family will get out of it.

[illegible] people say a single week's use [illegible] worth [illegible] to them, [illegible] of [illegible] send any money—simply write on your letterhead or enclose business card or reference.

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Exclusive territory to men who can qualify. Must have fair share of ability, with enough capital to carry stock required to meet demand. Selling experience desirable but not absolutely necessary. Write for proposition and proof.

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A is pure thread, finest-quality silk.
B is pure thread silk, reinforced with mercerized cotton.
C is "extra twisted" mercerized yarn of unusual strength and durability.
D is elastic, cotton top.

Test this handsome, pure silk sock; you'll find that it lives up to the Iron Clad reputation for durability. If there is no Iron Clad dealer near you, we'll gladly supply you direct and prepay postage. Colors: Black, White, Light Gray, Navy Blue, Golden Tan and Dark Tan. Sizes 9, 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½. Price 50c. Send an order today. Beautiful "Battleship" catalog, illustrating Iron Clads in colors, sent free. Write today.

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A postal card will bring our beautiful book of Iron Clads, illustrated in full colors—write for it today!

Iron Clad

Then that grand old Socialist, Prince Bismarck, decided on a thoroughgoing policy of state ownership. The smaller German states owned part or all of the railroads in their territories. Bismarck had set his hand to the huge task of welding the twenty-odd German kingdoms, grand duchies, duchies and principalities, which had been fighting one another off and on since Roman times, into a German Empire. Nationalization and coördination of the railroads were the obvious means to that end.

Within ten years he had ninety-five hundred miles of state railroad in Prussia—a system almost as large as that of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Nearly thirty-seven hundred miles of privately owned road remained, but part of that was operated by the state for the private owners. In the thirty years that have elapsed since then the state has taken over all but about fifteen hundred miles of these privately owned lines and has built about ten thousand miles of road on its own account—substantially what our railroads build every two years. The other German states, taken together, own about twelve thousand miles of road.

I may mention that in the thirties, when railroad building began in Germany, Prussia adopted the policy of assisting private capital to build roads by guaranteeing interest on the bonds. Now financially speaking—and to a considerable extent economically speaking—the thirties, when railroad building began in Europe and America, are as far away from us as Julius Cæsar is. True, they built railroads then with little feather-weight rails, toy locomotives and lumber-wagon cars. Yet in no country in the world, with the exception of England, was private capital adequate to the task of financing railroad construction. Everywhere outside of England governments had to help.

On the continent of Europe governments generally helped private capital to raise funds by guaranteeing bond interest. In this country there were grants of land and money. Over thirty years after the beginning of railroad building this Government had to lend its credit for the construction of the first road to the Pacific Coast.

However, in the thirties it seemed, everywhere outside of England, that if there were to be any railroads the governments must lend a hand to raise the necessary funds. It is true that England—the classic land of capital—was so rich that its government, instead of aiding private builders of railroads, robbed them right and left for the benefit of noble landlords who were then in full control; but that is the only exception.

Elsewhere governments assisted in the beginning of railroading because private capital seemed inadequate for the job. As private capital rapidly became adequate our Government stepped out, leaving the railroad field to it; and under private ownership we have built up a railroad system greater than that of all Europe put together.

Bismarck's Policies

On the Continent, owing to various causes, governments stayed in; but not in France or Germany or Italy did government ownership come about through any foresighted, deliberate policy. The governments were in from the beginning; and then, so to speak, they fell in farther—except that Bismarck later on deliberately adopted the policy of government ownership in Germany, quite as much, at least, for political and military as for economic reasons.

Now and then one encounters a vague notion that there is a great deal of government ownership in Germany because there is a great deal of Socialism there, the former resulting logically from the latter and both being a deliberate expression of the social convictions of the German people. No view could well be more mistaken. It was Bismarck who adopted the out-and-out policy of state ownership, who put in force compulsory insurance for workingmen, made the state a dealer in land, and did various other things that are called socialistic.

And for a dozen years Bismarck used all the power of the state to crush Socialism, making open profession of it a crime punishable by imprisonment. When asked, late in life, why he put in force so socialistic a measure as compulsory industrial insurance for workmen, he replied: "My idea was to bribe the working classes, or shall I say to win them over and make them regard the state as a social institution existing for their sake and interested in their welfare."

In Belgium the state built a few short lines of railroad and licensed private companies to build others. Presently the private lines exceeded the state lines three to one. Then came cutthroat competition between the state and private lines, in which the latter had decidedly the best of it until the state put an end to the fight in the seventies by buying up most of the private lines.

In Austria, also, the state built some lines, while others were built by private companies. In the forties the mileage of the country was about equally divided between state and private ownership. Presently the state, having made a good deal of a mess of railroad management, sold most of its lines to private companies, some of them at half their cost; but railroad building in that country was as backward as everything else.

So, early in the seventies, the state began buying up private lines and building new ones, largely for military reasons; but Austria has to-day only fourteen thousand miles of railroad, or not a great deal more than Pennsylvania.

In Russia, of course, where the state is pretty much everything, the government built railroads; but it also licensed private companies to build them, and about forty per cent of the mileage is privately owned now. In round numbers there are two hundred thousand miles of railroad in Europe, including the United Kingdom, and about one-half is privately owned. This half includes—in the English lines and in those of two private companies in France—railroad that is as ably and economically managed as any in Europe. In the other half Germany is the one notable success.

Rebates In Germany

That Germany's peculiar success is largely due to her peculiar government seems a fair inference. There is no politics in it—at least, none that can touch the railroad management. Concerning that management a well-informed American admirer of Germany, Elmer Roberts, observes in his interesting book, Monarchical Socialism in Germany:

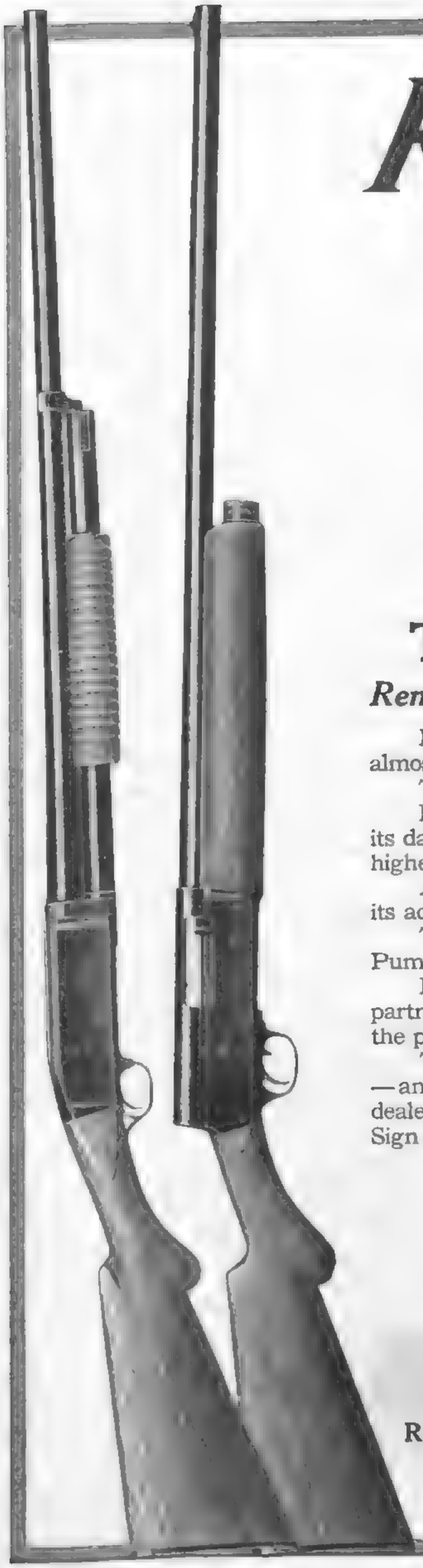
"German railways, state and privately owned yet under national supervision, give discriminating rates, grant rebates, treat localities and individuals exceptionally, charge all the traffic will bear under one set of conditions and extraordinarily low rates for other circumstances, employ all the devices condemned and passionately opposed in America, and exercise all the powers of absolute monopoly.

"There is, however, this basic difference: that while in America these devices are suggested, even necessitated, by the war of interests or the wills and judgments of individual managers, they are applied in Germany according to principles of equity which take into account industry, trade and agriculture as a national whole, granting exceptions, taking one sort of traffic as privileged, another as normal, on calculations wide enough to include the interests of the whole people."

That opens a large question. Of course the secret rebates that our railroads formerly gave were nothing less than a form of wholesale robbery. No one defends them. And it is only fair to say that the German rebates to which Mr. Roberts refers are not secret. There are no secret rates or favors there. But so far as I can make out, our "war of interests or the wills and judgments of individual managers" get substantially the same results that Germany's large considerations of equity and national interest do.

The exporter gets a lower rate than the domestic shipper here, and so he does in Germany. The reason is really the same in both cases—to enable him to meet foreign competition and so get the goods to move, which they would not do if the exporter could not meet foreign competition. In short our railroads, acting no doubt from quite selfish motives, will try to make whatever rate may be necessary in order to capture certain traffic they could not get at the ordinary rate. The German roads, doubtless out of broad considerations of equity and national welfare, do the same thing.

I regard it as axiomatic that no business, whether publicly or privately owned, can look a great way ahead of its nose and succeed. It cannot run on theories, however logical they may seem. It must meet and deal with such actual day-to-day conditions as arise. And an ably and honestly managed state railroad will probably, in concrete fact, do just about what an ably and honestly managed private railroad would do under the same circumstances. Of course if the state railroad is run for politics it may act differently.



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They are the guns that men are discussing—that men are buying—and that are featured by Sporting Goods dealers everywhere. The dealers who display the *Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC*—the Sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters in every town.

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The Remington-UMC Pump-Gun owns the distinction of being the first hammerless repeating shotgun.

Here is a slide-action of simplicity and positive operation, in both loading and ejection. Free from hammer and other projecting parts. Easily and quickly loaded. Smooth working, rapid in fire. Safe from premature fire, hangfire, jar and jolt.

Solid breech, closed top and sides. Loading and ejection at the bottom—shells, smoke and gases go *down* away from your face. Six shots.

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The Remington-UMC Autoloading Shotgun—five shots, each loaded, fired and ejected by pressing the trigger. *The recoil put to useful work*—to eject the empty and slip in the fresh shell.

Solid frame, closed top, ejection at the side. Barrel and breech-block locked together, *giving more penetration and higher velocity than any other shotgun in the market.*

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¶ These booklets will be sent *Free* upon request. Write at once.

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Nancy says: "Do you remember how charmingly our house was lighted at my wedding, and how cool and well ventilated it was? Well, that was due to a happy thought of mine, and the wonderful service we get from the Gas Company. Just the day before, I realized that we were only equipped with old fashioned burners, except for our reading lamps, so I telephoned the Gas Company and they promptly sent a man out and he changed them all to those wonderful new inverted incandescent lamps in almost no time and without interfering in any way with all the other preparations that were going on. You may be sure we will never live where we can't get Gas Company service. We know how good it is."

National Commercial Gas Association

29 West 39th Street, New York City

LOCAL COLOR

Continued from Page 9

another sheet; so that in time he had a long, continuous strip, all written over thickly with tiny, purplish-blue characters. Being folded flat and thin and inclosed in an envelope made of thin leather pilfered from the shoe shop, this cipher manuscript was carried by Looms inside his shirt during the day, and it went under his pillow when he slept. Once a week he was sent to the baths. At such times he hid the precious packet beneath his mattress.

The Plumber, of course, had abundant opportunity to examine these notes; but naturally enough he could make nothing of them. Privily he catalogued Looms—or Williams, which he thought was his cell-mate's name—as a sort of harmless lunatic; in short, a nut. Looms meantime made copy out of The Plumber. He meant to use The Plumber as a character in his book—as one of the principal characters. A criminal of the type of The Plumber ought to furnish much material; and without his suspecting it he did furnish much.

At the end of nine months they parted. The Plumber, having completed his term, went forth to sin some more. Thereafter Looms had a cell to himself. Before very long, his record being clean, he was the recipient of a mark of favor from the warden's office. He became a trusty. As a trusty he was doubly alert to win special privileges for himself. He knew all the tricks and devices of the place by now. Outwardly he was every inch a convict—a commonplace convict if not a typical one. Inwardly he now frequently caught himself slipping into a convict's mode of thinking—found himself viewing his prison existence, not as an observer of the system but as an integral part and parcel of the prison machine.

Drugged by the stupefying monotony of it he felt sometimes as though he had always been a convict. The days passed, leaving no conscious impressions on the retina of his brain. It was as though he rode on an endless band, which circled once in twenty-four hours, never changing its gait or its orbit. It took an effort to rid himself of this feeling.

The graybacks which crawled over his body at night, coming out of the cracks of the wall and the folds of his blanket to bite his flesh, no longer made him sick, for they were part of the system too.

Not once did he regret what he had done to get himself into Sing Sing.

The first year went by thus, and the second, and Looms entered on the third. He still kept his flat packet of manuscript close and safe, wearing it in its leather envelope next to his skin; but now he added no more notes in his cryptic shorthand code. He told himself he added no more because he already had at his fingers' ends, waiting to be transcribed into copy, the whole drama of prison life—the poisons it distills; the horrors it breeds; its qualities and its inequalities; its wrongs that might be reformed and its wrongs that can never be reformed. This was what he told himself. The fact remained that for the last seven months of his imprisonment he set down no notes.

At the end of the third year he was discharged.

The man who had entered Sing Sing three years before was not the man who came out. The man who went in had been slender and quick of movement, careful of his personal appearance, almost old-maidish in his neatness. He carried himself erectly; he walked with rather a brisk tread. This man had shapely hands.

The man who came out resembled the other in that he was small of frame and wore thick-lensed glasses. In nearly every other essential regard he differed from him. Even his height seemed less, for now he moved with a stoop in his shoulders and with his head sunken. His hands dangled at his sides as though they had grown too heavy for the arms on which they were hung. They were the hands of one who has done coarse manual labor—the nails were blunted and broken, the palms bossed with warty calluses. This man walked with a time-killing shamble, scraping his feet along. Beneath the natural sallowness of his skin his face had the bleached, unhealthy look of any living thing that has been kept too long in artificial twilight, away from fresh air and sunshine. By its color it suggested a pale plant growing in a cellar, a weed sprig that had sprouted beneath a log. It suggested a white grub burrowing in rotted wood.

The greatest change of all, however, was in the expression of the face; for now the eyes moved with a furtive, darting movement—a quick scrutiny that lingered on its target for a second only and then flashed away. And when the lips framed words the mouth, from force of training, was pursed at the corner, so that the issuing speech could be heard with greater distinctness by one who stood alongside the speaker than by one who faced him.

The clothes Looms had worn when he entered the prison had disappeared; so for his reëntrance into the world the authorities gave him a suit of prison-made slops, poorly cut and bunchily sewed. They gave him this suit of clothes, a shirt and a hat and a pair of shoes; also a small sum of money, a ticket back to the point from which he had been brought, and the small articles that had been taken from his person at the time he entered Sing Sing.

These and his sheaf of shorthand notes pasted together, folded flat and inclosed in his small leather pack, were all that Felix Looms brought away with him from the prison.

Once more he went afoot along the dusty road, followed the ridge along the river, crossed the bridge above the railroad tracks and descended to the station below to wait for a train bound for the city. Persons who were gathered on the platform looked at him—some understandingly; some curiously. He found it easier to evade these eyes than to return their stares.

Presently a train came and he boarded it, finding a seat in the smoker. The exaltation that had possessed him when he went to Sing Sing was all gone. A certain indefinable numbness affected his body, his limbs, his mind, making his thoughts heavy and his movements sluggish. For months past he had felt this numbness; but he had felt certain that liberty and the coming of the time for the fulfillment of his great work would dissipate it. He was free now, and still the lassitude persisted.

He viewed the prospect of beginning his novel with no particular enthusiasm. He said to himself that disuse of the pen had made him rusty; that the old exaltation, which is born of creation, of achievement, of craftsmanship exercised, would return to him as soon as he had put the first word of his book on paper; and that after that the story would pour forth with hardly a conscious effort on his part. It had been so in the past; to a much greater degree it should be so now. Yet, for the moment, he viewed the prospect of starting his novel with almost physical distaste.

In this mental fog he rode until the train rolled into the Grand Central Station and stopped. Seeing his fellow passengers getting off he roused himself and followed them as they trailed in straggling lines through the train shed and out into the great new terminal. It was late afternoon of a summer's day.

His plans immediately following his advent into the city had all been figured out long in advance. He meant to seek obscure lodgings until he could secure a few needed additions to his wardrobe. Then he would communicate with his publisher and make to him a private confession regarding his whereabouts during the past three years, and outline to him the book he had in mind to write. Under the circumstances it would be easy to secure a cash advance from any publisher.

Thus fortified with ready money Looms would go away to some quiet place in the country and write the book. Mulling these details over in his head he shambled along automatically until suddenly he found himself standing in Forty-second Street. He slipped backward involuntarily, for the crowds that swirled by him daunted him. It seemed to him that they were ten times as thick, ten times as noisy, ten times as hurried as they had been when last he paused in that locality.

For a minute, irresolute, he hesitated in the shelter of the station doorway. Then, guided by habit, a thing which often sleeps but rarely dies, he headed westward. He walked as close to the building line as he could squeeze himself, so as to be out of the main channels of sidewalk travel. When he came to Fifth Avenue he mechanically turned north, shrinking aside from contact

"Oh, *Save* it! Save the Big Taste"

FOR what would any picnic be without the tantalizing taste of Underwood Deviled Ham spread in sandwiches of fresh white bread?

"Save" your next picnic or "partynic" with delicious Underwood sandwiches. Try, too, mouthwatering Underwood omelets, salads, etc. The famous Little Red Devil Recipes tell how to make many "hungrifying," easily-prepared home dishes. Free. Just mention grocer's name and say whether he keeps Underwood. Or send 15c. for economical trial can. Makes 12 big sandwiches.

If your grocer doesn't keep Underwood, ask him to put it in. He'll gladly do it. Ask him to-day.

Try Little Red Devil Recipe No. 55; For a Hot-Weather Luncheon

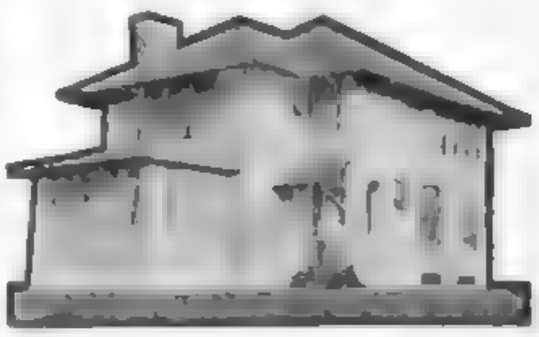
Beat one cup cream stiff; add two large cans Underwood Deviled Ham. Mix thoroughly with 1 tablespoonful granulated gelatine dissolved in half-cup hot water. Turn into cold timbale cases; chill and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

WILLIAM UNDERWOOD COMPANY, 64 FULTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

"Branded with the Devil, but Fit for the Gods"

$50 Saved Last Winter in this Chicago Home!



Read This Startling Letter

This past winter I enjoyed, for the first time, ideal heating, and at the same time saved fully $50.

To my mind the Underfeed is so far ahead of the topfeed, that there really is no comparison.

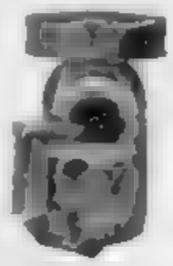
I would not think of going back to a topfeed any more than I would think of leaving Electric Light for Candles. Wishing you success, I am

Yours very truly,
R. E. DICKINSON,
2210 Estes Ave., Chicago.

Mr. Dickinson's experience, as given above, is similar to that of over 25,000 other users of Williamson heaters. A saving of *one-half* to *two-thirds* of *your* coal bills is the positive result with the Underfeed.

What Others Say About It

If you want further proof we'll send you the names and addresses of over 2,000 Underfeed users—some right in your vicinity—who *know by experience* that *clean, even, economical* heat is obtainable easily with the Underfeed. Here are what just six out of 25,000 users say: "Coal bill $16.22 for seven rooms." "$5.40 to heat four rooms." "Reduced coal bill from $109 to $53." "Heats two flats for $30 per year." "Heats ten-room house for $25." "Saved $122 a season."



Cut-Out View of Furnace

WILLIAMSON NEW-FEED UNDERFEED Furnaces and Boilers

Cut Coal Bills ⅓ to ⅔

With the patented coal feeding device below. Made in sizes to fit any furnace or boiler. Sold and guaranteed by dealers everywhere. Can be installed in a few hours' time. Operates automatically. Saves dirt, ashes, labor. Gives even, healthful heat. Burns cheapest grades of coal. Fully tested and approved. If you are going to build or want to cut down your high cost of heating, send the coupon for full information. Write today NOW. (30)

THE WILLIAMSON HEATER COMPANY
Formerly The Peck-Williamson Company
306 Fifth Street Cincinnati, Ohio

This Coupon Brings All The Facts

THE WILLIAMSON HEATER COMPANY
306 Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

I would like to know how to cut my coal bills from one-half to two-thirds with a Williamson *New-Feed* Underfeed.

Warm Air _____ Steam or Hot Water
(Mark an X after System interested in.)

Name _____

Address _____

My Dealer's Name is _____

The Safe Milk

Always ready for use

You need not worry about your milk supply in warm weather if you keep on your pantry shelves

CARNATION MILK

Clean—Sweet—Pure *From Contented Cows*

It is always clean, sweet and pure as when fresh from the cow. Nothing taken out but part of the water and nothing is added. It is sterilized and hermetically sealed to keep it free from contamination, to protect you and to retain all its wholesomeness and richness.

Use Carnation Milk in your daily cooking and baking. It gives everything a rich, buttery and creamy flavor.

Try Carnation Milk this summer. Ask your grocer—the Carnation Milkman—for booklet, "The Story of Carnation Quality," containing choice recipes, or write us.

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IF you have some spare time you can increase your earnings. If your entire time is at your disposal you can earn a good salary. We want a representative in every city and town in the country to look after the subscription business of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Let us tell you about it.

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Make Your Dog a Safe Playmate

Send for this free book and learn how to keep him harmless and healthy at all seasons. How to make his eyes clear, coat glossy and muscles sound by feeding him

Austin's DOG BREAD

"About Dogs"

Austin's Dog Bread & Animal Food Co
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METAL-to-metal contact in bearings is what eventually sends the finest cars to the scrap heap.

DIXON'S Graphite Lubricants

absolutely prevent wear in bearings. They cost more than plain grease, but their cost is a trifle compared with repairs.

Equally good for motor boats.

Write for Lubricating Chart.

THE JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Jersey City, N. J.

Established in 1827

with the swarms of well-dressed, quick-paced men and women who passed him, bound in the opposite direction. From the asphalt beyond the curbing arose a clamor of wheels and hoofs and feet which dinned unpleasantly in his ears, creating a subconscious sense of irritation.

He moved along, dragging his feet, for two blocks; then halted on a corner. A big building rose before him, a building with many open windows. There were awnings and flower boxes at the windows; and, looking in at the window nearest him, he caught sight of well-dressed men and women sitting at tables. With almost a physical jolt he realized that this was a restaurant in which he himself had dined many a time on such an evening as this; somehow, though, those times seemed centuries back of him in a confused previous existence.

A uniformed carriage starter, who stood at one of the entrances, began staring at him and he went on up the avenue with his hands rammed deep into his pockets, his head bent between his shoulders, and his heels dragging on the sidewalk. He had a feeling that everybody was staring at him. It nagged and pestered him—this did.

He continued his way for four or five blocks, or possibly six, for he took no close note of his progress. Really he had no purpose in this northward progress; a restlessness he could not analyze kept him moving. He came to another building, also with awninged windows. He knew it for a club. Once or twice, he recalled, he had been in that club as a guest of a member, but for the moment he could not remember its name. Sitting at a window facing him were two men and in a spurt of reviving memory he recalled one of them as a man he had known slightly—a man named Walcroft, a corporation lawyer with offices downtown.

This man Walcroft stared straight into Looms' face, but in his eyes there was no glint of recognition; only on his face was a half-amused, half-contemptuous expression as though he wondered why a person of so dubious an appearance should be loitering along Fifth Avenue at such an hour.

Looms, squinting back at Walcroft through his glasses, felt a poke in the small of the back. He swung round; a policeman approaching from the rear had touched him with a gloved thumb. The look the policeman gave him as they faced each other was at once appraising, disapproving and suspicious.

"Move on!" he said briskly. "Keep movin'!"

"I'm doing nothing," said Looms slowly; but as he spoke he backed away a pace or two and his eyes flickered and shifted uneasily, avoiding the policeman's direct and accusing stare.

"That's the trouble," said the policeman. "You're doin' nothing now, but you're likely to do something if you stay here. Beat it! You're in the wrong street!" With an air of finality the policeman turned away.

Irresolutely the ex-convict retreated a few yards more, stepping out into the roadway. Was he indeed in the wrong street? Was that why he felt so uncomfortable? Yes, that must be it—he was in the wrong street! Fifth Avenue was not for him any more, even though once he had lived on Fifth Avenue.

As he shambled across to the opposite sidewalk he shoved his hand up under his hat, which was too large for him, and scratched his head in a new perplexity. And then to him, in a flash, came a solution of the situation, and with it came inspiration and purpose. It was precisely in that brief moment that Felix Looms, the well-known writer, died, he having been killed instantaneously by the very thing after which he had lusted.

The man who had been Felix Looms—Felix Looms, who was now dead—headed eastward through a cross street. He hurried along, moving now with decision and with more speed than he had shown in his loitering course from the station. In turn he crossed Madison Avenue and Park Avenue and Lexington Avenue, so that soon the district of big restaurants and clubs and churches and hotels and apartment houses lay behind him and he had arrived in a less pretentious and more crowded quarter. He reached Third Avenue, with its small shops and its tenements, and the L structure running down the middle of it; he crossed it and kept on.

Midway of the next block he came to a place where a building was in course of construction. The ground floor was open to the street, for the façade, which was to be a shop front, had not gone up yet. The slouching passer-by stopped and looked in searchingly. He saw scattered about over a temporary flooring, which was laid roughly on the basement rafters, a clutter of materials and supplies. He saw a line of gas pipes and water pipes, which protruded their ends from beneath a pile of sheathing, looking rather like the muzzles of a battery of gun barrels of varied bores.

At sight of this piping the eyes of the passer-by narrowed earnestly. Over his shoulders, this way and that, he glanced. There was no watchman in sight. The workmen—all good union men, doubtless—had knocked off for the day; but it was not yet dark and probably the night watchman had not come on duty.

He looked again, and then he stepped inside the building.

In a minute or so he was out. He had one arm pressed closely against his side as though to maintain the position of something he carried hidden beneath his coat. Head down, he walked eastward. Between Third Avenue and Second he found the place for which he sought—a small paved passageway separating two tenements, its street end being stopped with a wooden door-gate which swung unlocked. He entered the alley, slipping into the space just behind the protecting shield of the gate.

When he emerged from here the brick paving of the passage where he had tarried was covered with tough paper, torn to ragged fragments. There was a great mess of these paper scraps on the bricks. A small leather envelope, worn slick by much handling, gaped emptily where it had been dropped in an angle of the wall behind the door. The man responsible for this litter continued on his way. His left arm was still held tight against his side, holding upright a fourteen-inch length of gas pipe the man had pilfered from the unfinished building a block away.

About the gas pipe was wrapped a roll of sheets of thin paper, pasted together end to end and closely covered with minute characters done in indelible, purplish-blue shorthand ciphers. The sheets, forming as they did a continuous strip, spiraled about the gas pipe snugly, protecting and hiding the entire length of the heavy metal tube.

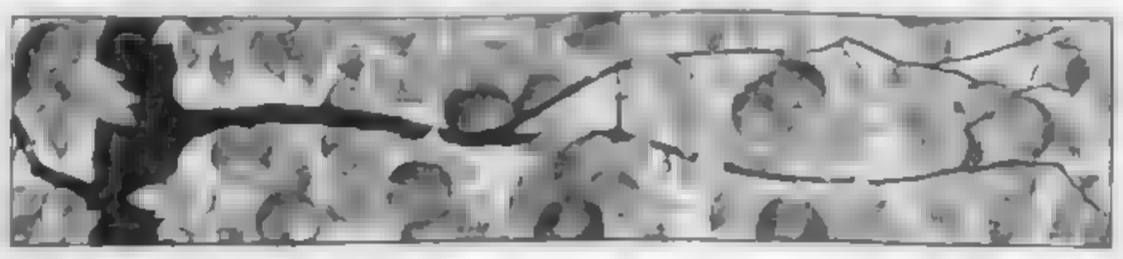
This was about six o'clock. About nine o'clock Isadore Fishman, a Russian Jew tailor, going to his home in Avenue A from a sweatshop in Second Avenue, was stalked by a footpad at a dark spot in East Fifty-first Street, not far from the river, and was knocked senseless by a blow on the head and robbed of eleven dollars and sixty cents.

A boy saw the robbery committed and he followed after the disappearing robber, setting up a shrill outcry that speedily brought other pursuers. One of these stopped long enough to pick up a paper-covered gas pipe the fugitive had cast aside.

The chase was soon over. As the fleeing footpad turned the corner of Fiftieth Street and First Avenue he plunged headlong into the outspread arms of Policeman Otto Gottlieb, who subdued him after a brief struggle. The tailor's money was still clutched in his hand.

In the Headquarters Rogues' Gallery the prisoner's likeness was found, and his measurements were in the Bertillon Bureau, thus identifying him beyond doubt as James Williams, who had been convicted three years before as a pickpocket. Further inquiry developed the fact that Williams had been released that very day from Sing Sing.

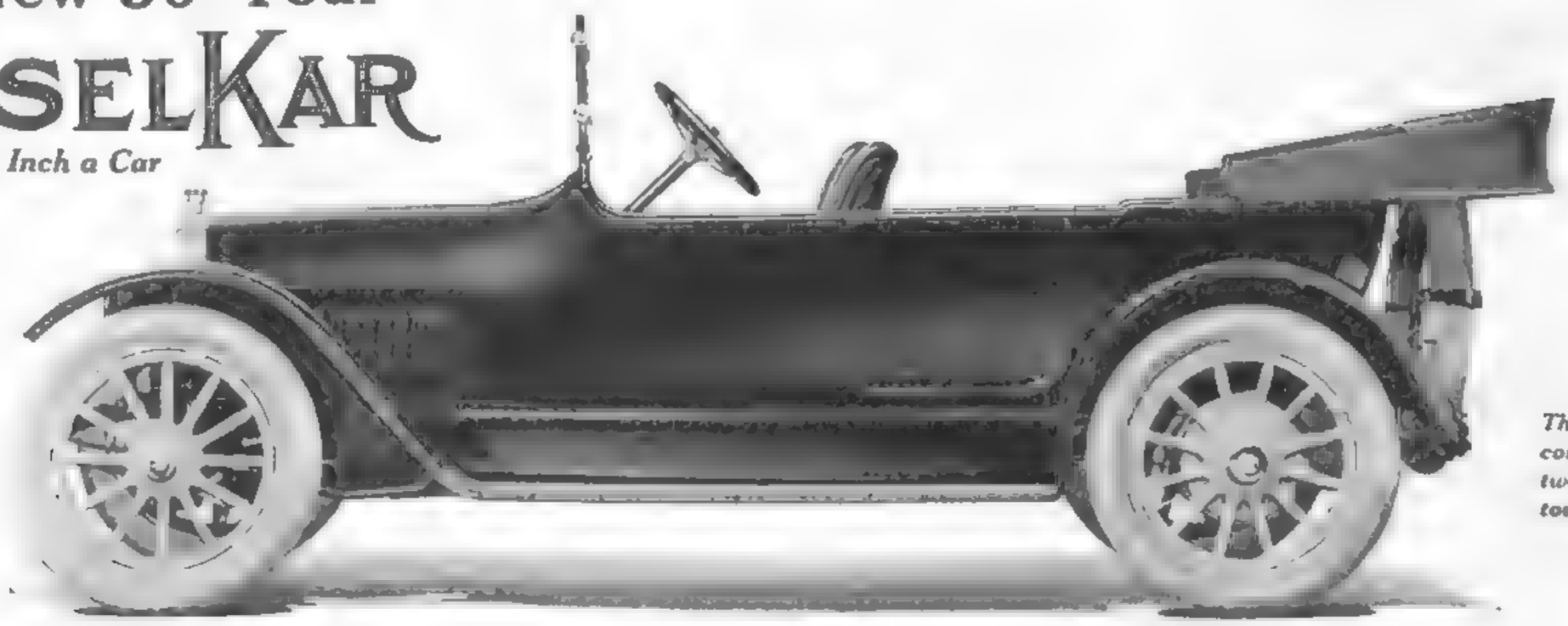
On his trial for highway robbery, Williams, as a confirmed and presumably an incorrigible offender, was given no mercy. He got five years in state prison at hard labor.



The New 36-"Four"

KISSELKAR

Every Inch a Car



The single compartment two-door touring body

And now, a high grade, full sized manufactured car at a popular price—$1450. (*with either 2 door or standard 4 door body*)

Here it is, a fully equipped, regular sized *MANUFACTURED* automobile of established high grade at $1450—*a hitherto unapproached price for a car of this class, size and specifications*—the first single compartment two-door touring car, readily converted into a closed coach for winter driving—a family carriage for *all-year* service without the expense of changing bodies. Kissel-built in every main essential in one plant, of the same high grade materials, and by the same careful methods that have justified the KisselKar eminence among upper class automobiles. Not an assembled car, mind, but a *manufactured* car that stands out as a strikingly conspicuous value when compared with others in the field selling for as much or more.

The Right Weight—a Great Engine Every bit of unnecessary weight has been eliminated from the 36, but not an ounce taken out where it is needed for safety, strength and long service, or at the expense of comfort—for an easy riding car, one that holds the road, must have properly balanced weight. No car in America of its class can be operated more economically.

It has the best engine Kissel ever built—a powerful 4¼ x 5½ motor of great flexibility—silent, compact and capable. The riding qualities of this car are superb—it has all the conveniences—every accepted mechanical improvement. It has *style* and *beauty*, and plenty of room.

Back of this great car lie the same experience, the same permanence, the same integrity, the same responsibility, the same thoroughness, the same keen regard for reputation and good will that have won for the KisselKar its enviable position in the $3000 and $2500 fields.

Quality and Refinement in Big Measure

Analyze If you are motor-wise, and will analyze and compare, you will appreciate the KisselKar 36.

Construction If you know steels, workmanship and the importance of perfect balance, you will appreciate the *construction* of the KisselKar 36.

Value If you have been looking for a popular priced *MANUFACTURED* car, built as carefully and expertly as cars of higher cost, you will appreciate the *value* of the KisselKar 36.

Comfort If you have sought vainly in other cars for your conception of easy riding, quiet operation and freedom from vibration, you will appreciate the *riding comfort* of the KisselKar 36.

Flexibility If you have wished for a car that will take the hardest hills on high, and slow down to a pedestrian's pace without changing gears, you will appreciate the flexibility of the KisselKar 36.

Economy If you realize that a car to be economical must not have large depreciate slowly, be reasonably easy on tires and fuel and be therefore of medium weight, you will appreciate the economy of the KisselKar 36.

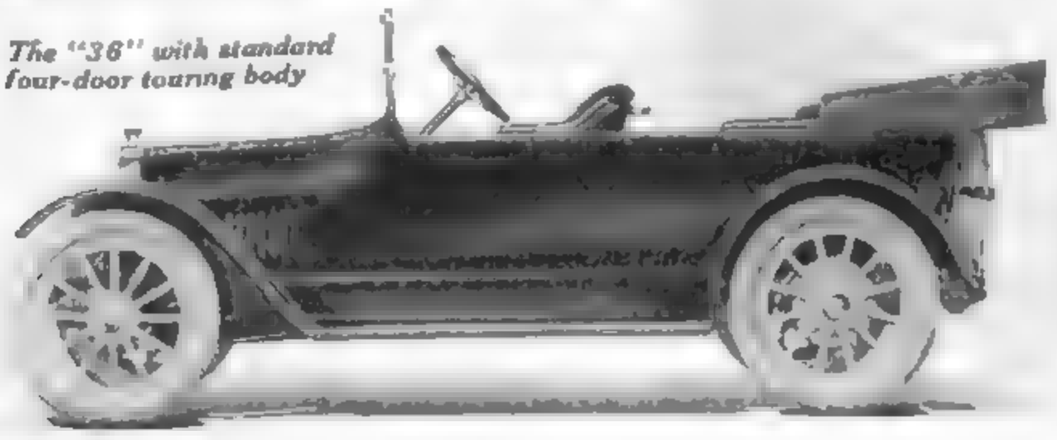
Convenience If you have deplored the necessity of either garaging your car during cold weather or buying a separate closed body, with the incidental expense of making a change twice a year, you will appreciate the convenience of the detachable top that is furnished, at small additional cost, with the KisselKar 36.

Beauty If you are critical, and exacting in regard to appearance and refinements, you will appreciate the beauty of the KisselKar 36.

Completeness If you demand the newest mechanical improvements, such, for instance, as springs guaranteed against center breakage, vacuum fuel feed, dimming head lights, automatic spark advance, and other up-to-the-minute innovations, you will appreciate the *completeness* of the KisselKar 36.

Price The KISSELKAR 36-"FOUR" at $1450 fulfills, in every respect, the full measure of value expected by far-seeing men, who have prophesied that a capable and complete manufactured car of recognized upper-class would one day be offered at a much lower price.

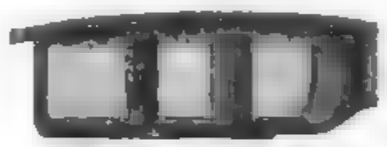
The "36" with standard four-door touring body



The All-Year Car

KisselKar Detachable Top on Two-Door Body

At but slight additional cost, the KisselKar detachable top transforms the open car to a closed car for winter driving without the necessity of changing bodies. For $350 additional, a detachable top is furnished with the two-door 36-"Four" touring KisselKar, thus converting it into a perfect Sedan—the ideal family car for winter. Without the cost of two separate bodies or the expense and delay of employing a carriage maker twice a year to make the changes, the KisselKar 36-"Four" is fitted to all-year service.



The Detachable Top

The owner, with the assistance of one other person, can attach or detach this top without the slightest trouble—no tools but a wrench and screw driver are required.

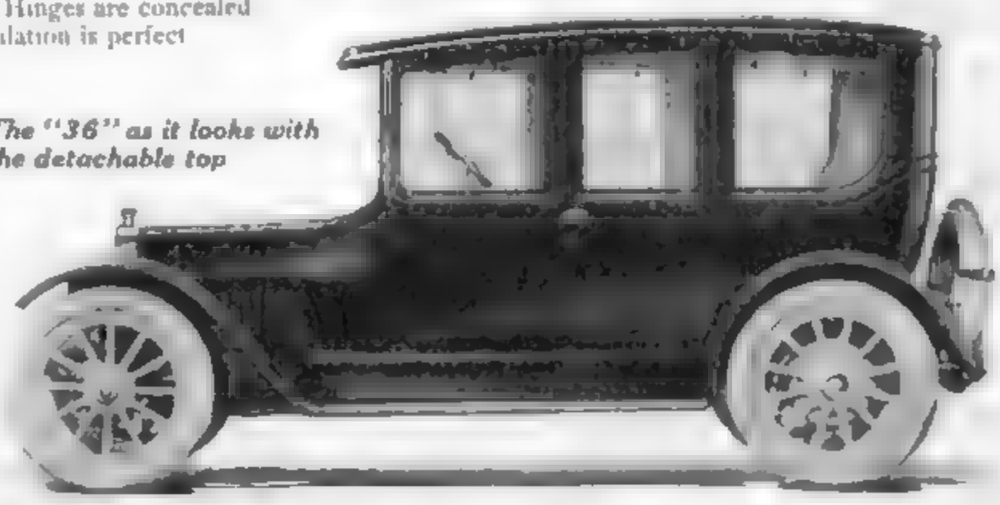
No sacrifice of any of the luxuries of the finest closed coaches has been necessary—electric dome and corner lights and every nicety of equipment are retained. Material and workmanship of the best throughout.

Small sockets, concealed beneath the trimming of the touring body and top, meet at six points and are fastened together with bolts. Dowel plates attached to the upper doors are screwed to the lower doors. Electric wiring is automatically connected as the top and lower bodies meet

Hinges are concealed

ventilation is perfect

The "36" as it looks with the detachable top

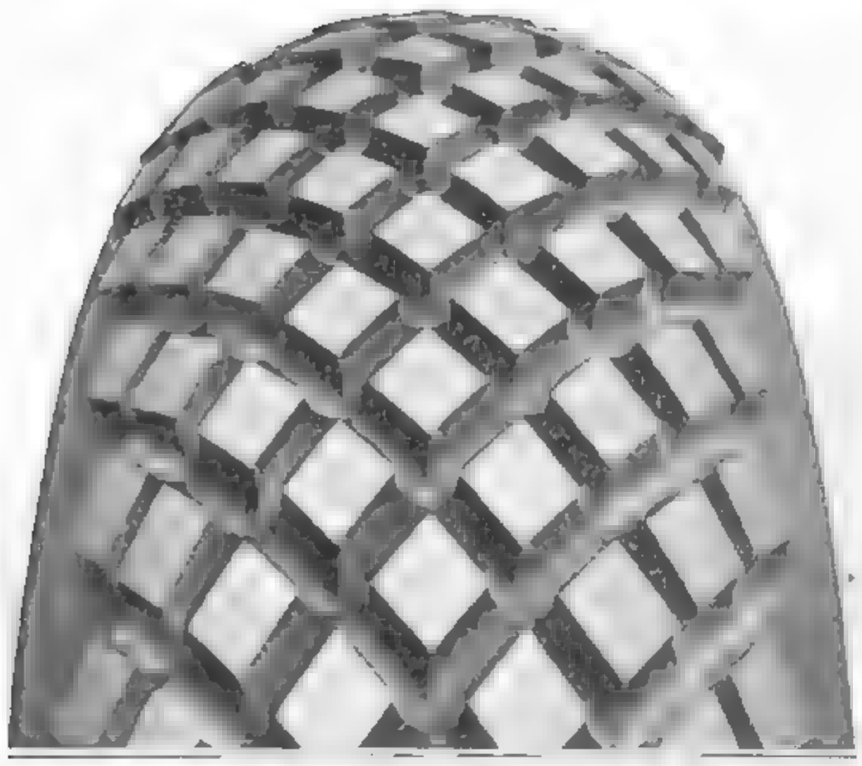


Would you think of expending from $1500 to $1800 for an automobile without taking advantage of this opportunity to secure a car that will meet all your requirements for open driving in summer, and that can be quickly turned into an elegant closed Sedan for use during the winter months? KisselKar distributors at leading points are now prepared to show you the 36-"Four"—also the new 48-"Six" with the two-door body and detachable top or Standard four-door—and the 60-"Six", America's leading big, popular priced "Six"

See a dealer or write for descriptive and illustrated portfolio.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO. 400 Kissel Avenue **Hartford, Wisconsin**

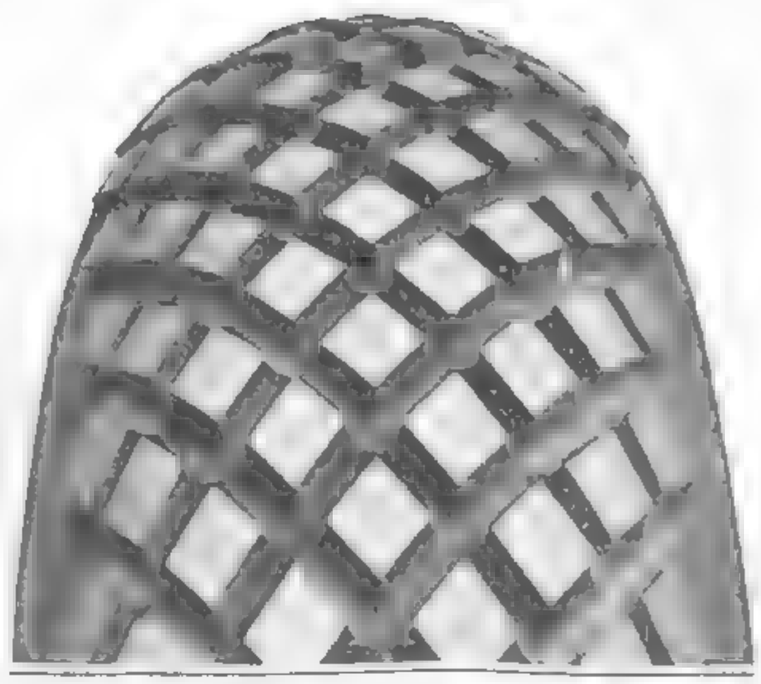
Boston, New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Dallas, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Oakland, Philadelphia, Salt Lake City, Denver, St. Louis, Houston, El Paso, New Orleans, Washington, Baltimore, Nashville, Duluth, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Hartford, Conn., New Haven, Albany, Troy, Rochester, Providence, Marshalltown, Iowa, Omaha, Hastings, Neb.; Madison, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, and 300 other principal points throughout America



This Extra Half-Inch

means 20 per cent more air, one extra ply of fabric and a thicker tread

It means more mileage, less tire trouble and lower cost of upkeep



More Tire

The Only Way to Get a Better Tire

The Same Price

The same price as some tires cost you nowadays will buy a half-inch larger Goodyear.

And the wider tires fit the same rim.

You have choices like these, for instance:

A 30x3½ or a 31x4
A 32x3½ or a 33x4
A 34x4 or a 35x4½
A 36x4½ or a 37x5

The smaller tires, if you buy some makes, cost as much as the wider Goodyears.

No Extra Quality

To better Goodyear quality is utterly impossible. We have proved that by thousands of tests. Positively the only way to get a better tire is to get a larger size.

A half-inch added to the width means an extra ply of fabric. It means, on the average, one-fifth more air, which measures tire capacity. It means a thicker tread.

Get that extra size for your extra price, and you've something well worth having. It will lessen your tire troubles and reduce your tire upkeep.

Get These Things, Too

Get protection from rim-cuts. We guarantee that in Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Save the blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. We save them for you by our exclusive "On-Air" cure, at a cost of $1,500 daily.

Combat loose treads. A patent method—used by us alone—reduces this danger by 60 per cent.

Get All-Weather treads. These are tough, double-thick anti-skids. They are flat and regular, so they run like a plain tread. And they grasp wet roads with deep, sharp, resistless grips.

Not one of these four great features is found in any other tire. Together they are saving tire users millions of dollars each year. And Goodyear tires, because of these savings, outsell any other tire.

Today they undersell 16 other makes because of our mammoth output. But they still are the best tires men can build. And they still are the only tires which offer you these four great Goodyear features.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

Inner Tubes

Buy Goodyear Reinforced

(Never Colored)

In tubes we offer you the Goodyear Reinforced. They are extra thick where they meet the rim—where the pinching occurs which ruins most inner tubes.

They are made of pure rubber in layers. They have 30 per cent more rubber than the average inner tube—due to this reinforcement.

They are never colored—all are natural gray. To color a tube we would need to add a large percentage of mineral alloy.

There is no way known to lengthen tube service like this Goodyear reinforcement.

Any dealer, if you ask him, will supply these things to you.

(1757)

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada
Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

London, England
Dealers Everywhere

Mexico City, Mexico
Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

YOU BRAT!

(Continued from Page 13)

inquiry on each point; but his perceptions of life were not of this order—he saw in life rather the fairy-tale whimsicality of things. We offer this as an explanation of his surprise that evening upon reading his name printed thus on the program:

"Signor Lanier, Violinist to His Imperial Majesty the Czar of Russia. The violin used is a genuine Stradivarius valued at one million dollars, presented by the Grand Lama of Thibet. Locks of Signor Lanier's hair may be had from the ship's barber."

His shy nature was shocked; but this was nothing to the shock he received some time toward the middle of the concert when Madame Turner, by special permission of the Metropolitan Opera Company, stepped forward to sing The Angels' Serenade.

Lanier, who was struggling to replace a broken A-string on his violin, looked up vaguely, expecting to see a robust prima donna take her place beside the piano. Instead, his eyes fell on a slender young girl, a pretty, smiling, blushing divinity in white muslin, whose very prettiness, smile and blush had evoked an immediate storm of applause from the audience.

For a moment he could not believe his eyes. Where was Madame Turner of the Metropolitan Opera Company? Then, with a sense of swooning away, he suddenly understood. He had taken no stock in the impresario's humor. Madame Turner and the pretty girl with the giggle were one and the same person!

Crash! Smash! Thump! The accompanist quieted the room with a few loud chords. Miss Turner subdued her features and threw back her head and prepared to sing. Silence! The accompanist looked at Lanier, who made a violent effort at twisting the peg of the new string.

"The A, please," he said automatically. Miss Turner's eyes flashed on him with surprise, apparently demanding to know the meaning of his interruption.

Then the master of ceremonies sprang up and made a hasty announcement of the obbligato, which had, by some accident of haste, been omitted from the program. Miss Turner said, "Oh, very well!" in an audible tone, the pianist pounded all the A's in the keyboard impatiently, and the audience again applauded.

A new A-string on a damp night is a trying matter. The other strings, you must understand, are tuned from it. If, therefore, it persists in going flat as fast as brought to pitch there is reasonable difficulty in tuning the instrument.

Add to this difficulty the facts that the audience is never patient; that the accompanist will not be quiet, and when asked to strike the A does so with the worst possible grace; and that everybody thinks you are merely wasting time, or that you do not know enough to tune your instrument—this is written from experience.

Between his nervousness and the new string, Lanier was perhaps a trifle longer in tuning than he would otherwise have been. He saw Miss Turner sit down. The audience applauded several times malevolently.

"Ready?" demanded the accompanist, pounding out chords that made tuning an impossibility. "Ready?"

At last, however, Lanier was ready. He stood up. Silence again! Miss Turner also stood up. The first notes of the accompaniment were struck.

Ah, the tragedy of it! It is almost more than we have courage to tell—but alas! those first chords were in a different key from that with which Lanier was familiar. It had not occurred to him—though he knew the fact well enough—that vocal music is published in various keys to suit various voices. As though in some horrid nightmare he found himself transposing the obbligato without notes. He had no time to consider the matter; it was too late to withdraw. He could only do his best.

We have said that he was a musician far above the average amateur, and it is true that in this terrible predicament he managed for a while not badly—a little uncertain perhaps in tone; but then there came a few bars where the obbligato was silent. He counted them carefully and came in exactly on the proper beat, but not—not on the right note! It was on the A-string, and that had gone flat about three-quarters of a tone.

Vainly he felt about for it, producing a sound that closely resembled a yodel. In an instant he was lost. He stopped; Miss Turner stopped; the accompanist stopped. A sort of gasp went up from the audience.

Oh, the terrible, unforgiving look she gave him! And, worst of all, he felt he deserved it. He had spoiled her piece; he had humiliated her before all these people. A thousand times would he rather have died!

"I'm—I'm so sorry!" he stammered foolishly; but the audience, always indulgent, applauded violently, and his apology was quite lost.

As though overcome by mortification she fled from the room. Nor could the audience, for all its applauding, bring her back—which was a pity, for she had a sweet voice. When, twenty minutes later, Lanier was called on to play his solo she was still nowhere to be seen. As he stood up to play he thought of her weeping up on deck in the starlight.

Perhaps that was why he put an expression into the Adagio he had never before put into it. He turned his innocent soul inside out all to no purpose, since she was not there to hear.

A fearful thing is an apology. In our hero's case it almost invariably made matters worse. Some men never feel the need of apologizing—their very blandness causes them to be understood and forgiven; whereas others cannot rest until they have explained and so accomplished their ruin. Lanier belonged to the latter class. He yearned to rush up on deck, find Miss Turner where she wept, and throw himself at her feet, pleading not guilty and craving pardon; but experience warned him that such an act would probably be fatal. Yet he must apologize at once—his nature required it of him; and so he evolved the idea of a letter.

A letter—simple expedient—no stammering or blushing or saying the wrong thing! The final—twenty-third—draft was as follows:

"Dear Madam ["Miss Turner" would have been too familiar; "Madam," on the other hand, sounded like a humorous reference to the program; the decision cost him about half the night]: If I appeared to be smiling at you on the second day out I beg you to consider it an accident of absentmindedness. I had no intention of committing an act of familiarity. I sent my apologies to you by Von Dietrich, the third officer, who, acting on a description of your costume—I did not know your name—introduced me to a certain Miss Brown, for whom I mistook you the following morning.

"When I removed the newspaper from your face yesterday, believe me, madam, I had no idea that the steamer chair was occupied; nor had I thought to intrude my society on you in ordering my chair placed next to yours. As for last evening's occurrence, I hope you will understand that I had no notion to whom I had offered my assistance, or that you had not been notified and your consent obtained. The lamentable outcome I must admit as my own fault in not having anticipated a different key.

"I am, with the most sincere apologies," and so on.

It sounded stilted, but that was as he wished it to sound. The written words gave him a certain mental easement. The privilege of explaining and apologizing was all he craved, and he felt that this was as good as done. If she failed to pardon him now she must be both suspicious and unforgiving—and that would be her own misfortune.

At ten o'clock the next morning he took his letter, inclosed in a blank envelope, and went boldly on deck. Peering from the cabin door he saw her at once. She had moved her chair back from the sheltered spot into the regular line of chairs. He called the deck steward.

"Do you see that young lady in a white Ang—the young lady three—no, four—no, three from the end?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to hand her this."

The deck steward took the letter and Lanier drew back under cover of the doorway to watch him as he went on his errand. At last the apology was made! At last his anguished spirit might rest! At last —— Good heavens! Was it possible the steward was handing the letter to the wrong person? Yes; that was just what he was doing.

In consternation and horror he saw his apology handed to a fat, middle-aged matron. The lady put on a pair of tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles and read the letter

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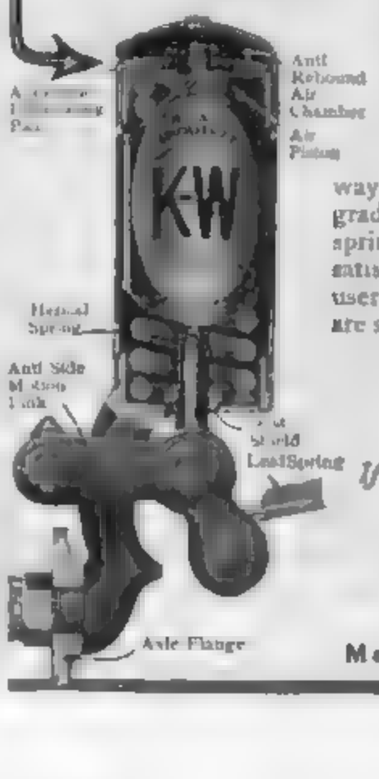

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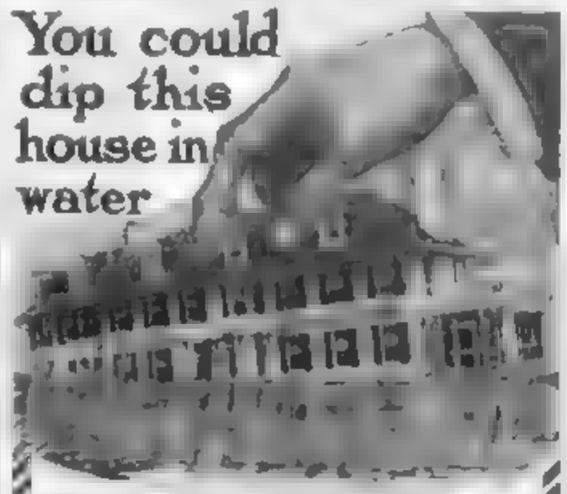

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with surprise. It was many minutes before her comprehension, dwarfed by knitting, took in the fact that it had been handed to her by mistake. "Dear Madam"—— She looked at the pretty young girl on her left and then deliberately passed the letter to a second fat, middle-aged matron on her right.

And so Lanier, peering from the cabin door, saw his sacred apology passed from hand to hand down the long line of chairs. He did not watch until the end. He never knew, in fact, how many of the ship's company became acquainted with his intimate misfortunes. A sort of sickness seized him. He stumbled blindly to his stateroom, where he tore off part of his clothes and flung himself into his bunk.

He knew now, too late, that his first impulse to remain in his stateroom had been the correct one. At any rate, he would remain below the rest of the trip or until the ship reached the Azores. He could go ashore there and wait for the next steamer. It would cost him half the price of his passage to Naples; but what did that matter? What did anything matter?

The thought of the letter circulating among all the gossipy old ladies on board made him desperate. He even hoped the ship might run into an iceberg in the night and go down with everybody on board. There was a satisfaction in the thought of the salt waves closing above him and his shame. Or perhaps he would be the sole survivor!

No, not the sole survivor—for he would rescue Miss Turner. His imagination made for him a whimsical picture of himself and Miss Turner cast away together in an open boat—just the two of them; and, of course, not on speaking terms!

We sincerely wish the facts of the case would permit us to make use of this charming dénouement. It seems commonplace, indeed, to turn from such wonderful possibilities to the consideration of our hero's appetite—not that this was not a serious consideration; starvation is always a serious matter. For, you see, there was some difficulty about getting his meals. How could he ask the steward to bring his food to his stateroom? He was hypersensitive about what the steward might think.

There was only one thing to do, and that was to sham seasickness. The ruse, as any one can see, but poorly served his purpose. His appetite made nothing of the cups of soup and bits of toast the sympathetic steward persuaded him to try. Luncheon, dinner, breakfast; luncheon, dinner—— Hunger made him increasingly bold. Breakfast—— What did it matter what the steward thought? He ordered him to bring a chop. The taste of it maddened him. He dressed and went on deck.

He had need of a good deal of moral courage, too, besides the pangs of starvation, to show himself on deck after the incident of the letter; but he had plenty of moral courage. All his life he had fought his shyness with inflictions of self-torture that would have done credit to an Indian ascetic.

You would never have guessed his mental suffering had you seen him on this particular morning as he paced the deck. He was such a nice-looking young man, with such an intelligent, pleasant, smiling sort of face, you never would have suspected him of a single care, even though you had read that letter apologizing about a key—which unfortunately did not make it very clear whether he had locked the lady, whoever she was, in her stateroom by a mistake in doors, or just what.

He was, whatever he appeared, anything but happy as he walked round and round the deck, with a quick nervous step and looking neither to right nor to left. He was also a little giddy from two days' fasting.

It is not unpossible to find an explanation of how it was that in turning the deck corner he collided with a young lady who happened to be turning the corner at the same moment in the opposite direction—only the coincidence is a matter of wonder that it should have been Miss Turner with whom he collided.

It had something of deliberateness about it, this accident. He had tried to dodge; but it almost seemed as though she were trying to make him run into her, and almost as though she insisted on falling down, notwithstanding the fact that he did his best to hold her up.

He said "Damn!" quite aloud; but who would not have sworn under such exasperating circumstances? He felt suddenly angry at her. She was his evil genius, a fate dogging his footsteps. His anger was only a desperate form of his humiliation, however. Wormlike, his spirit had turned at last with goaded impotence.

"You'll—you'll have to excuse me for speaking to you; but—but this simply can't go on!" he burst forth. "I insist on explaining. If you will kindly listen to me for a moment I promise you that you shall be spared any further molestation. We're due at the Azores to-morrow and I'll leave the ship and wait there for the next steamer, but I can't leave without apologizing. The circumstances warrant my speaking to you, I think, without an introduction. I trust you will pardon me for taking the liberty when you have—when you understand—er—when ——"

She had risen by this time, refusing his assistance, and stood with her back to him facing up the long deck. Her attitude did not inspire him in his apology; in fact, he would probably have gone on apologizing for apologizing, without getting anywhere, and have made a fearful botch of it had he not been providentially interrupted by the approach of an elderly lady, who addressed herself with great concern to the girl:

"Silvia, my dear, I do hope you haven't hurt yourself! If you sprain your ankle again it may spoil our trip. You must try to be careful. Oh, how do you do, Mr. Lanier? It is such a long time since we've met! But I'm sure you remember me—Silvia's aunt. I was so sorry to have missed your playing at the concert; but you know I never get on deck until the fourth day at least. Silvia said it was lovely—the Adagio. And she is such an admirer of your books ——"

"Oh, Aunt Emma!" cried the girl. "Now you've gone and spoiled everything—and just when it was getting so exciting!" And then, turning suddenly on Lanier, she added with her most inimitable giggle: "And it has been such fun!"

Lanier stood flabbergasted! Silvia! Was it possible? The little girl who had once sat on his knee and made him tell her fairy stories at the fixed price of a kiss apiece! Turner—Silvia Turner! He had never troubled about the Turner then. He had dedicated his first book of fairy stories to Silvia.

Flabbergasted indeed! You will have to give the word a dozen meanings to get the full significance of what he felt. Was it—was it for this he had suffered all he had suffered?

"You see," continued Silvia with a certain wistful mischief, "I just simply had to make you appreciate that I had grown up while I had the chance. I'm eighteen and I was determined that you shouldn't treat me like a sweet kiddie. People never seem to realize when one grows up. So when Miss Brown told me —— You know, Miss Brown is Aunt Emma's trained nurse, and we got our sweaters at the same shop."

She paused here to giggle, and in giggling she seemed to lose the connection of her speech; for, instead of continuing, she drew from her sweater pocket a crumpled letter—his letter of apology.

"Dear Madam," she read, half choked with merriment. "Dear Madam!"

With a quick motion he reached out and caught her by both wrists as she would have fled. The "Dear Madam" seemed to have touched the quick.

"You—you—you brat!" he said.

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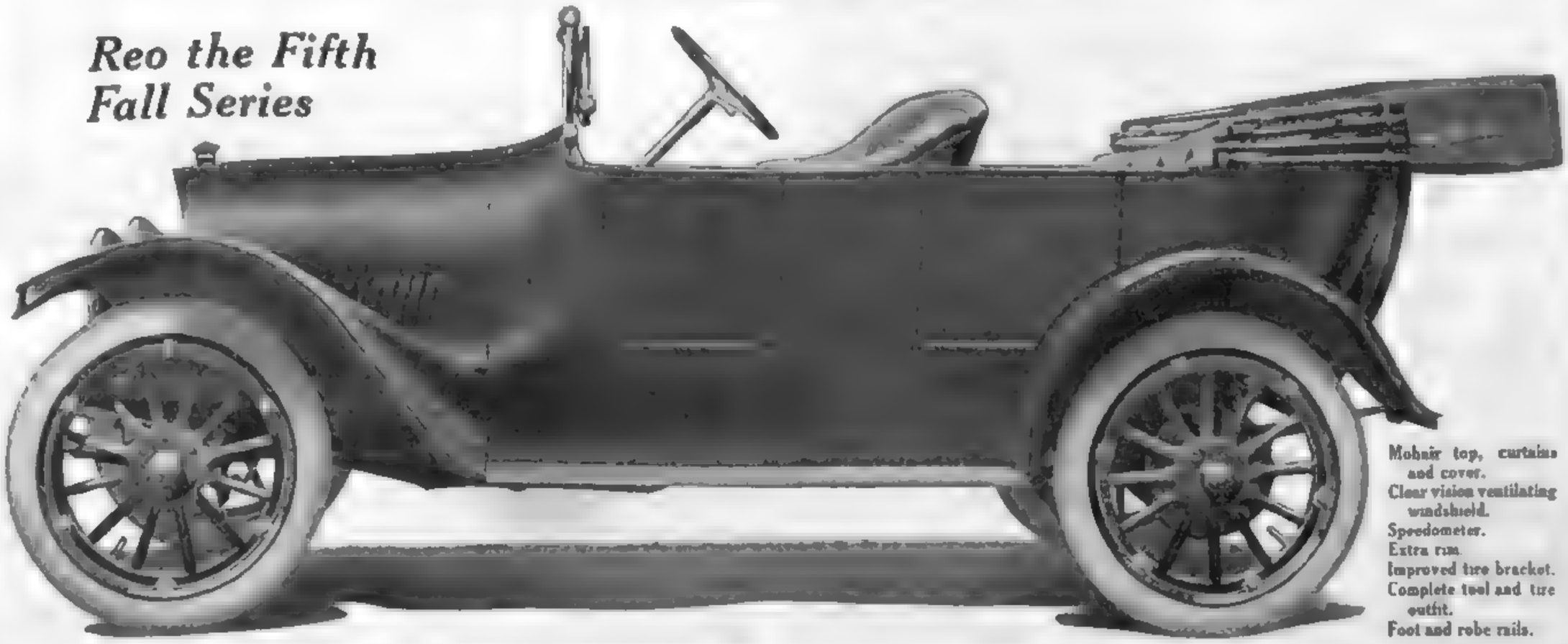

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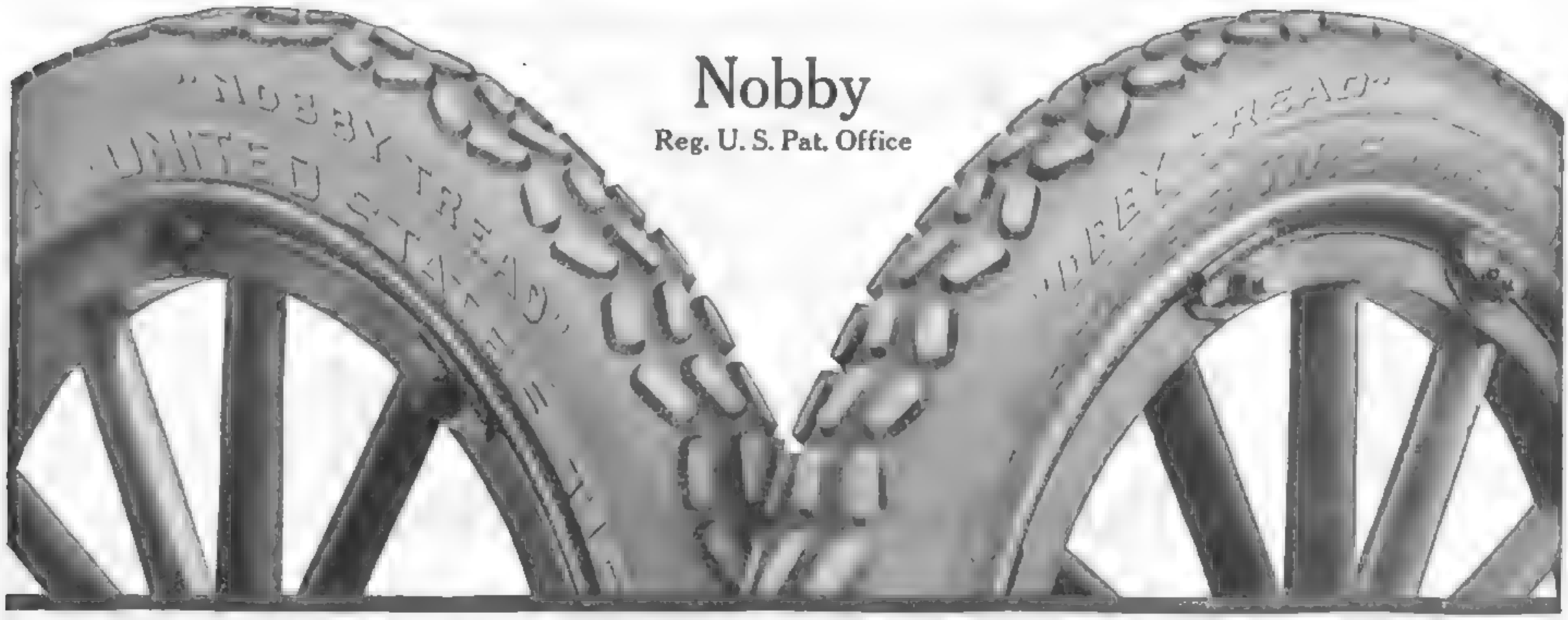

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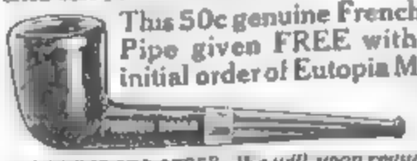

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Henry the Eighth and the Pilgrim Fathers

DEAR AUNT: Henry Begg and me are back in school agen for the fall turm and both very bussy getten a good start but not too bussy to rite to you as we promist we would and let you know how we are getten along. From the way it looks now we will get our furst vacation the day befoar Thanksgiven witch is a long time to look forward to but it will come after wile and last five days from the way the boys have got it figgered out now.

About the onley uther chance of enny vacation between now and Thanksgiven would be the meezles or hoopen cough and Henry and me have both had them so it looks as though we would go strate through without stoppen for witch we are verry glad. Last year we had two weeks' vacation for diptheria but so far it seems very helthy this year and we are all in hopes nuthen will happen but you never can tell.

A good menny boys come in from the country and thare is always a good chance to bring in some new diseeze and spred it round befoar you hardly know it.

Last year we had diptheria in the middul of the multiplication tabul and it put us all back a grate deel and if ennything comes this year it will come rite in fractions witch would be just as bad.

Henry and me hope we will neather of us get enny diseeze in our 'rithmetick or fizzickle geogafy. Henry had the hoopen cough once in the middul of his grammer and it was a long time befoar he could catch up agen. One of the uther boys had a bad cold rite in his vurbs and had to stay out witch made it hard for him when he came back but he is caught up now.

Henry and me have got a new teecher this year witch is the third new one we have had since we started to school. They seem to ware out pretty fast. We have got neerly all new books witch we are both very glad of. The old ones were a good deel wore out. Henry said his old geogafy was hardly enny good. He spilt red ink all over Ostralia by axsidunt and anuther time he dropt a peace of appul pie on China and the juce run down into the Indian Oshun so he was hardly abul to studdy and he was glad to get a new one this year.

The old ones are goen to the boys and gurls in the B class after they get fewmugated. Henry is goen to tell the boy who gets his geogafy about the appul juce runnen into the Indian Oshun because if he did not the boy who gets it mite not know witch was the Oshun and witch was onley appul juce.

Henry and me are studyen hisstery this year and we are both offle fond of it. We finnished Henry the Eighth last Friday and Henry was sorry to see him go because he is always very interesten on account of so menny wives behedded. Some of his wives onley lasted part of one lessen and one lessen had three wives in it and they did not last all through. His wives took up nine pages of the hisstery befoar Henry the Eighth could get rid of them all witch he finaly did except one.

So menny queens behedded makes a grate impreshun on you so you always remember Henry the Eighth best of all the kings. It must have been verry exsiten to be a queen in the days of Henry the Eighth but it is all over now. Henry said it was not very safe to be alive in those days and menny of the pages of hisstery are staned with blood so the book said but Henry and me did not find enny of it in ours.

This week we are haven the Pilgrim Fathers witch are very interesten but they are probily no news to you and Uncle William because it was sevrul hunderd years ago when they came over in the Mayflower and it was all in the schoolbooks when you and Uncle William went to school. They just got landed at Plimuth Rock when school was out Monday afternoon because hisstery is the last thing. Henry said he read a grate deel about them befoar he studdied them in hisstery but a grate menny of the boys did not know about them till this week but the news of them is pretty generel now in our class.

Henry said the ones he remembers best are Captain John Smith, Pockahontus,

When Seneca meets Seneca

This Seneca Indian Chief, Wy-ten-ac (Quick eye), with his years of training, cannot get as accurate an impression of the things he sees as can any Boy Scout with the Seneca Scout Camera—
There's both education and fun in taking pictures with

Seneca CAMERAS

for Roll Film, Film Packs or Plates

Simple, quick, sure, accommodating any make of film or plate, these serviceable cameras open your eyes to things about you and keep an intensely interesting record of happenings and events.

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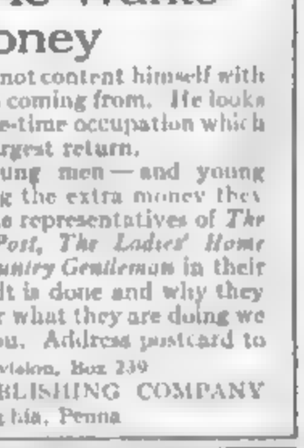

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To make a quick, good job you *must* have the *right* tool. Choose from your KIT Plier Kit one of the fifteen head combinations—there'll be one there to cut the wire, grip the pipe, punch the leather, cut the tin, prune the branches, and an alligator, pipe, or nut wrench that won't slip, and other heads for every job you'll ever need a plier-like tool on.

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Our priming mixture is a strictly chemical composition and our double size flash passage brings the whole fiercely hot primer flame directly into the main charge. Hence The Black Shells explode with wonderful speed and deadly uniformity. The shot pattern is regular and bird proof. The penetration is phenomenal.

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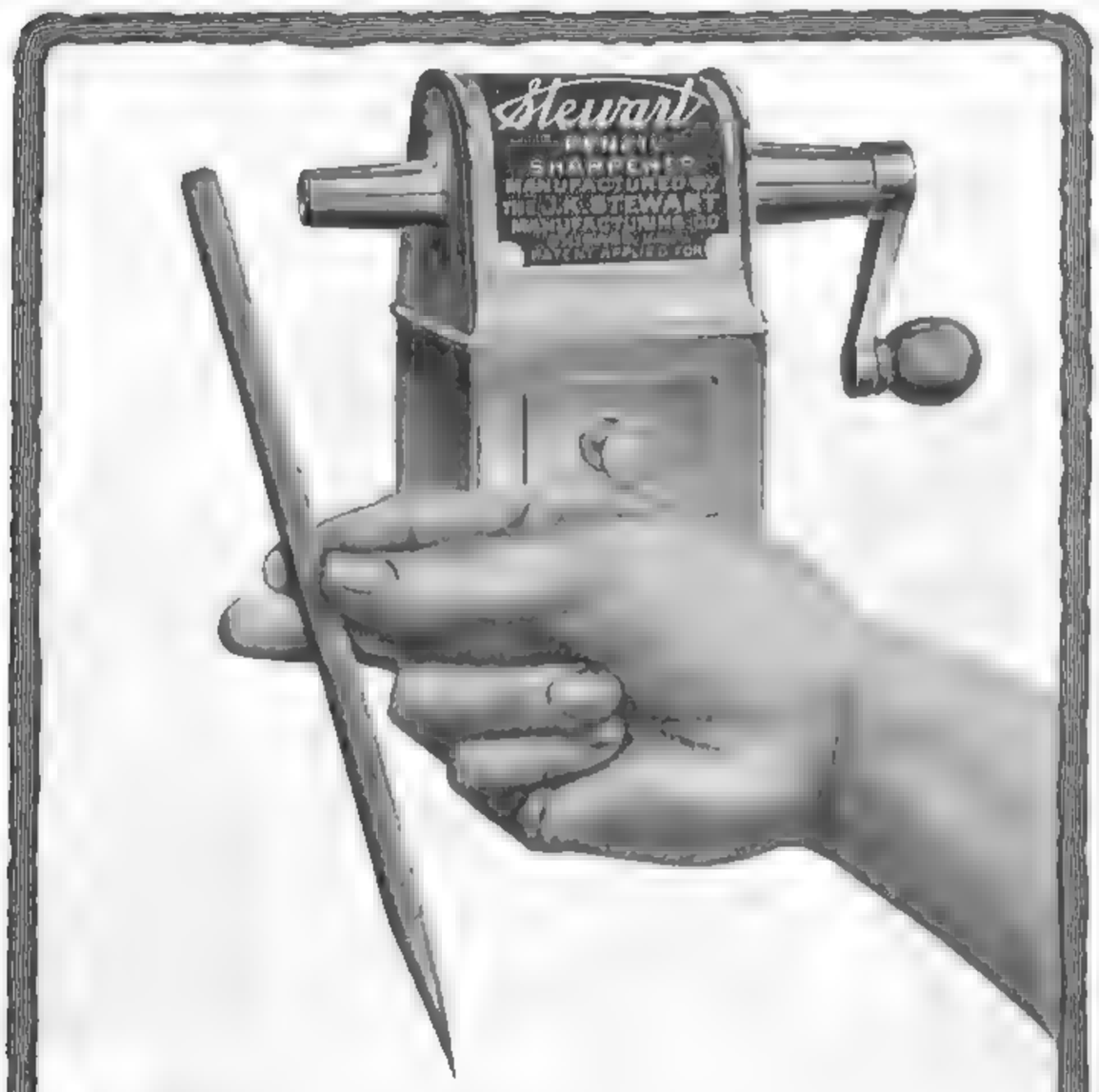

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$3.50

Paul Revere, Isreal Putnam and Benjamin Franklin, and he thinks George Washington, but he is not quite sure about him but we will probily know for sure sometime this week. Henry said Sir Walter Raleigh also was one he thinks and discuvered tobacco witch made his survent think he was afire and he threw a pale of wotter on him menny years afterwurd. Sir Walter Raleigh was afterwurd behedded so Henry said but he hardly thought it was for smoken but he was not quite sure.

Henry said the Pilgrim Fathers was very sturn on account of so mutch hard wurk to do getten settuld and finden a home in the United States witch was very new and quite uncumfortabul from Indians witch killed off a grate menny. But afterwurd the Indians were moar frendly and would trade off a whole island for a old mussket and some glass beeds. William Penn took Pennsylvania for his but Henry said he would hardly know it now.

After the Indians traded off the Thurtene Collonies the Pilgrim Fathers would go out and kill wild turkeys and everything would be very happy and plesunt for quite a wile.

Afterwurd they passed the Blue Laws witch made everybody quite peaceful for a long time. The Blue Laws was not to kiss your wife on Sunday and duck them in a ducken stool for scolden you. The Pillery was a hole for your head sticken through and holes for your hands and feat in the Mane Strete witch was very uncumfortabul but the neckst time you would not kiss your wife on Sunday.

There is not mutch else very interesten to tell you exsept Furst Steps in Fizzieology. Henry and me have onley had our skellton so far but after wile we will probily get into our stummick and liver and find it very interesten. The liver is the largest and ways fore pounds but you would never know it unless you studdied Fizzieology. Henry was very mutch supprized at his.

Alcohol is bad for the stummick witch is apt to be full of ulsters from drinken it witch is not good for food because there is not so mutch flower in a barrel of beer as you can get on the end of a tabul knife. The hart is the bussiest and does the most wurk and could probily lift a horse three feat high in twenty-four hours but Henry said he could not see what for.

Henry and me hope to get a grate deel of nollidge out of school this year. We are both older now and more seryus and are beginnen to understand how valyubul nollidge is. When you think of all the poor boys in the wurld who could not tell you the names of Henry the Eighth's wives and the Pilgrim Fathers and the two hundred bones in your skellton and how mutch thare liver ways it makes you love your teecher more and more and hope you will not get diptheria in your fizzieology or hisstery.

Henry wanted me to aat you the names of the kind of nuts you sent up a big bag of last fall after they got ripe down on you's and Uncle William's farm. They are the kind with the hard shell and you crack them on a flatiron in your lap with a hammer. They are quite hard to pick out of the shell but by wurken pretty steddy all evening you can get nearly enuf before you go to bed. Henry and me would sit down many an evening after you sent them and crack for a cupple of hours on a flatiron hardly sayen a wurd because of being so busay but thinken of you with mutch love because you sent them.

Henry was not sure if it was black walnuts or hickery nuts. You probily do not remember senden them because you do so menny nice things but Henry and me remember them very well. It was quite a big bag of them and Henry and me have the bag yet and could sent it back to you if you should happen to need it for ennything this fall.

The reesen Henry said to ast you was because he had an orgument with a boy who is in school from the country about the kind of nuts they grow and the time they get ripe. Henry had an idea it was about now or a littul later and we thought of asten you to be sure.

Henry and me are well and send love and would not be supprized if we knew the names of all the bones in our skellton by Thanksgiven and hope you and Uncle William will be the same.

Your affeckshunate nephew,
WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S. Henry said to tell you about two cakes of mapul sugar sent with the bag of nuts witch mite help you to remembur about it. But if it is too mutch bother never mind.—W. G. —*J. W. Foley.*

Ends Millions of Corns

Do you know that millions of corns are now ended in one way?

Blue-jay takes out about one million corns a month; it frees from corns legions of people daily. Since its invention it has ended sixty million corns.

The way is quick and easy, painless and efficient. Apply **Blue-jay** at night. From that time on you will forget the corn.

Then **Blue-jay** gently undermines the corn. Generally in 48 hours the loosened corn comes out. There is no pain, no trouble.

Don't pare your corns. There is danger in it and it brings only brief relief.

Don't be discouraged because inefficient methods have failed.

Do what millions do—use **Blue-jay.** It is modern, scientific. And it ends the corn completely in an easy, pleasant way.

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Cash's Woven Names

Required by schools and colleges.

Are *better* than marking ink for wearing apparel, household linen, etc. Any name in fast color thread can be woven into fine white cambric tape. $2.00 for 12 doz., $1.25 for 6 doz., 85c for 3 doz. More than save their cost by preventing laundry losses. Orders filled in a week through your dealer, or write for samples and order blanks direct to

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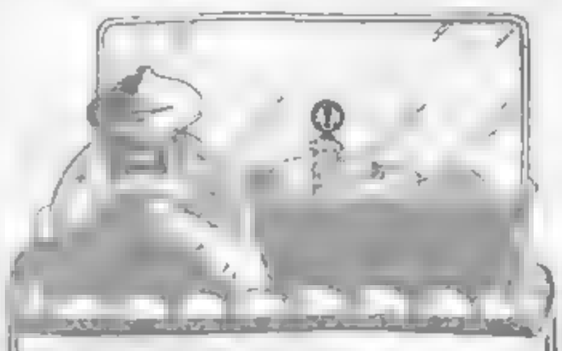
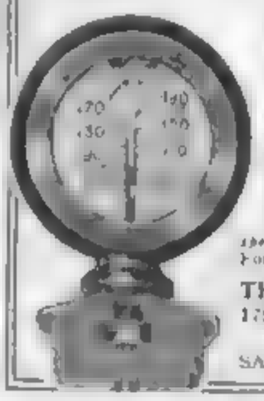


Makes motor damage impossible

No matter how experienced a driver you may be, the Motometer reveals dangerous conditions long before you could possibly detect them. It is the block signal against repair bills and annoying roadside delays.

BOYCE MOTOMETER

warns you when the motor needs oil; when to stop for water; when the bearings are overheated; or when there is heat congestion anywhere throughout the car.



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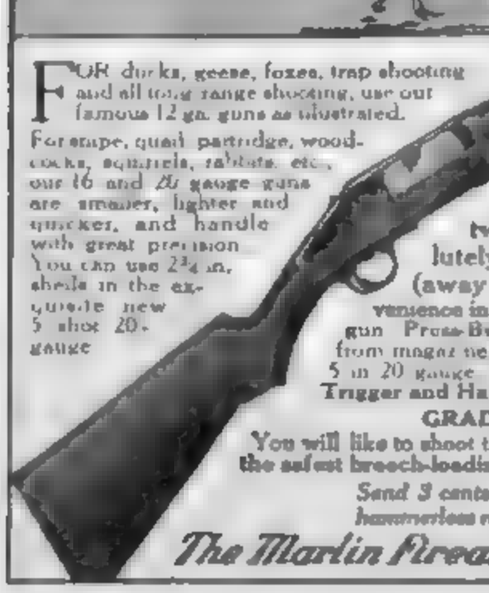

FOR ducks, geese, foxes, trap shooting and all long range shooting, use our famous 12 ga. guns as illustrated.

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They have **Solid Top**—a thick steel wall of protection that also keeps out rain, snow, dirt, leaves, twigs and sand. **Solid Steel Breech**—the receiver absolutely solid steel at rear as well as on top. **Side Ejection** (away from face and eyes). **Matted Barrel**—a great convenience in quick sighting—costs extra on any other standard grade pump gun. **Press-Button Cartridge Release**—to remove loaded cartridges quickly from magazine. **Double Extractors**—they pull any shell. **Six quick shots**—5 in 20 gauge. **Take-Down Feature**—for convenient carrying and cleaning. **Trigger and Hammer Safety**—a double guard against accidental firing.

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Send 3 cents postage for big catalog of our hammer and hammerless repeating shotguns and Marlin repeating rifles

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HUDSON Six-40—This Year $1,550

New-Day Refinements

Which Now Mark the Quality Car

The HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 is a very fine example of the latter-day car. You should see it at once—all you men who watch advances in car building.

It marks the fruition of countless hopes, shared by owners and designers. And last year's model proved this type to be the coming car. Its popularity compels us this year to build three times as many.

No More Over-Tax

Men have come to rebel at excesses in cars. Not in price alone, but in upkeep, in operative cost, in weight. This new HUDSON Six-40, in all ways, offers ideal relief.

First, in modest size. The wheelbase is 123 inches, yet no one is crowded. Not even when the car is carrying seven with the two extra tonneau seats. What need is there for a larger car, unless it better meets your idea of impressiveness?

Next, in modest power. This motor shows 47 horsepower. That's ample, unless a car has excess weight or size.

Next, in lightness. This new HUDSON Six-40 weighs 2,890 pounds. That's 1,000 pounds less than former averages for cars of this capacity. Yet last year proved this light-weight Six one of the sturdiest cars on the road. Skillful designing and better materials account for this record lightness.

Next, in operative cost. This new-type motor—a small-bore Six en bloc—reduces fuel cost immensely. The lightness saves on tire cost. In these two items we save you fully 30 per cent.

New-Day Comforts

Here are also attractions which make old-time cars seem crude and inartistic. The body is a perfect streamline. The finish is superb. The seats are high-backed, wide, luxurious.

Here is new weight distribution. No extra tires, no gasoline tank to overload rear wheels. Here are many new ideas in equipment.

During all last year the 48 HUDSON engineers worked on nothing but refinements. Every part and detail now shows their final touch. You will revel in the beauties of this car.

The New-Day Price

This exquisite car—the finest model that we ever built—sells for $1,550 this year, f. o. b. Detroit. Last season's price was $1,750, and that was the year's sensation. We are saving $200 now by building three times as many.

In your old ideas, $1,550 meant a low-grade car. Not a Six on the market three years ago cost less than twice that price. It marks a new record among cars of comparable quality.

Now that price buys the finest HUDSON model. It buys the latest production of Howard E. Coffin and his famous corps of engineers.

It buys a car whose very lightness denotes the costliest materials and the ablest designing.

The car shows its quality. Every detail proves it. You will see no chance to better any feature in it. The price simply shows how HUDSON efficiency has brought down high-grade costs.

Our Lucky Car

We are frank to say that this car's excellence is partly due to luck. The perfect balance, for instance—the hardest thing to attain. Mr. Coffin's great skill has been helped by good fortune.

But the result is a car which we regard as the top-notch car of the times, and you'll agree with us, we think.

We don't argue Sixes these days. They have proved themselves, and won. Continuous power is a matter of course in practically every quality car.

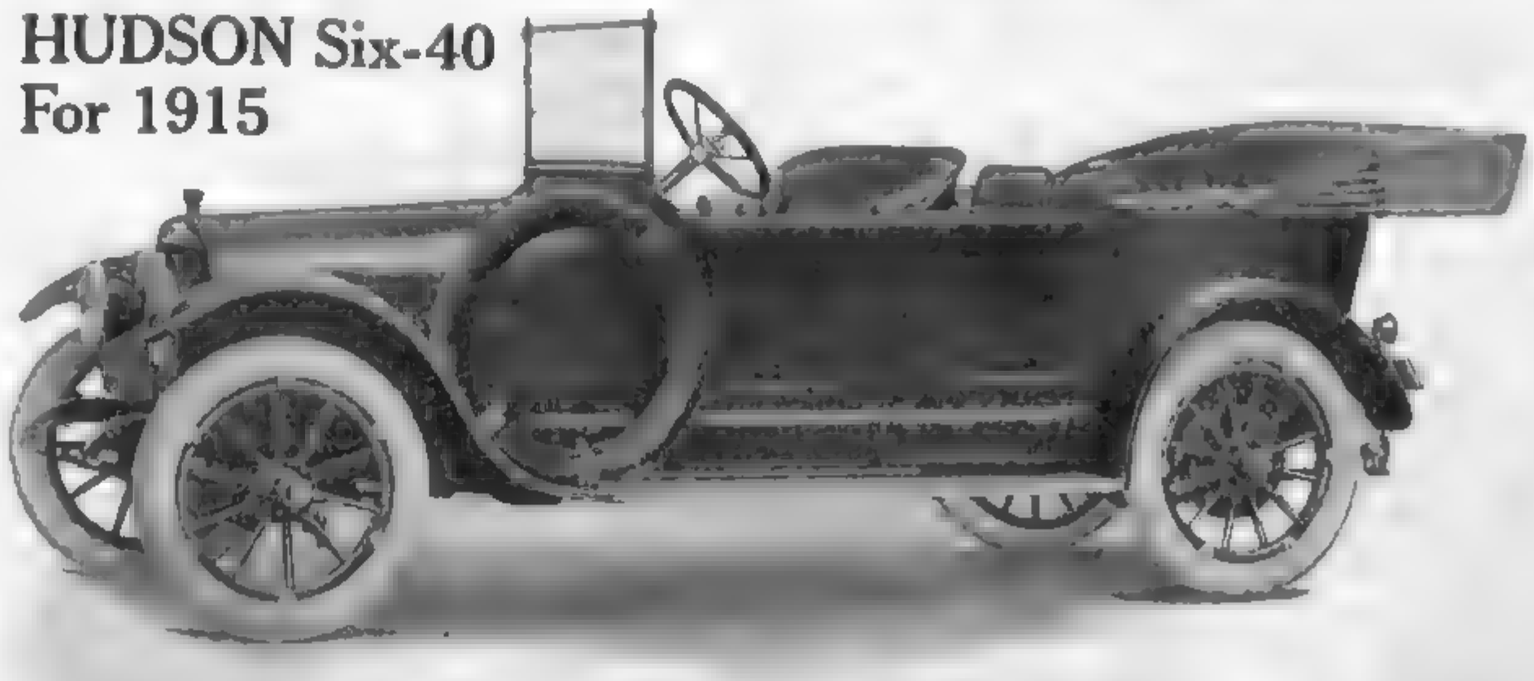
But note what a revolution we have wrought with a HUDSON Six, with seats for seven passengers. You never expected that price, even in a high-grade Four.

Hudson dealers are everywhere. So see this model car. Catalog on request.

Some Features

A perfect streamline body.
Disappearing tonneau seats.
Invisible hinges.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
Gasoline tank in dash.
Tires carried ahead of front door.
"One-Man" top with quick-adjusting curtains attached.
Dimming searchlights.
Simplified starting, lighting and ignition system.
Wires in metal conduits.
Locked ignition and lights.
Speedometer drive on transmission.
Automatic spark advance.
New-method carburetion.
Horn button in wheel.
Trunk rack on back.

HUDSON Six-40 For 1915



Phaeton, seating up to 7 Passengers, $1,550 f. o. b. Detroit
Standard Roadster, same price

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 8082 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

(163)

$1050

Complete with Westinghouse Starting and Lighting Equipment

The New Detroiter

Literally and absolutely, the finest ideals of two continents have now been combined in one motor car. The result is a new type—the first pure European streamline to be produced this side of the Atlantic. The first actual long-stroke, high-speed, ball-bearing motor in this country. And all at a modest American price.

First Actual European Design

The *Detroiter* has *always* equalled the most expensive cars in type of chassis construction. It is the *only* car of its class with such features as long-stroke motor, full-floating rear axle, and platform rear spring. And now manufacturers of cars of greater price are all endeavoring to reach this new ideal of European design,—a design which the Detroiter has in all its exquisite perfection of curving lines and luxury of refinements.

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European motors won the four first places at the Indianapolis race this year. *All these motors were ball-bearing.* So is the *Detroiter* motor, the only motor of this type, to our knowledge, made in America. It is a high speed motor of tremendous power and low gasoline consumption.

A red electric flash gives warning when the oil level drops too low. All recording instruments are combined in one unit. Every control is at your finger tips. The latest and best engineering genius of two continents is found in the new *Detroiter.*

This is the car that first got clear of the rut of commonplace design. Mark it as the leader of the coming type—the biggest advance ever made at one stride in the history of American automobile construction.

Other models, without starters, $850 to $925.

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Dealers and Distributors:
Greatly enlarged production makes possible many new distributing agencies. Valuable territory is being allotted. Write, wire or come.

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34 Special Features

The biggest car at the price.
The lightest car of its class—less than 2300 pounds.
First complete streamline.
112" wheelbase.
32 horsepower.
Worm-driven silent starting motor.
Full-floating rear axle.
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Actual one-man top.
14-inch service brake; 10-inch emergency brake.
Four 24-inch doors.
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20-operation body finish. Luxurious upholstery.
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Fuel tank in cowl.
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Multiple disc clutch in oil.
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Aluminum encased instrument board. All recording instruments combined in one unit.
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Both automatic and manual spark advance.
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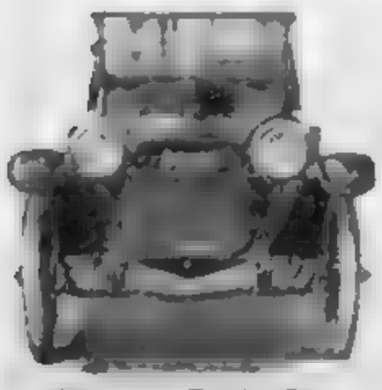
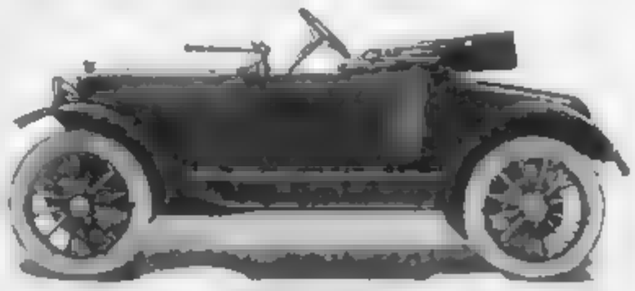
Horn button in center of steering wheel.
20 to 25 miles per gallon of fuel.
100 miles to quart of lubricant.



Front view, Touring Car



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The Chocolates Dear to Her Heart

They are *Johnston's*—a fact most women gladly confirm when thoughtful men ask them. Try it. Try Johnston's, too—this seasonable new package—

All Caramels Chocolate Dipped

Containing Pecans, Walnuts, Almonds and Filberts imbedded in thick, luscious caramel and cloaked in chocolate as smooth as a rose petal.

Should your dealer fail to supply you, send us his name and one dollar for a package de luxe holding "more than a pound," prepaid.

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"THE APPRECIATED CHOCOLATES"

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"The Old Reliable"

Never excelled in Quality, Reliability and Convenience.

A small wrench of the highest grade for automobiles, etc.

More than six million sold.

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We sell everything pertaining to the Automobile at substantial reductions.

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TIMES SQ. AUTOMOBILE CO.

WORLD'S LARGEST DEALERS in CUT PRICE AUTOMOBILES and SUPPLIES

NEW YORK — Broadway & 56th St.

CHICAGO — 1210-12 Michigan Av.

BURBANKING GRANDMA

(Continued from Page 25)

These steeds are turned on by an electric switch, but they are saddled in quite the conventional way. Behold, then, grandma mounted on her palfrey, her gray locks streaming in the breeze, her eyes alight with this reckless ride to youth and a perfect liver! And admit that Cowper might have done better on Jack Gilpin if he had ever viewed the Nature-faking gymnasium.

In addition to grandma's literal hobby there is advised for her an intellectual one. Be it butterflies or suffrage or esoteric Buddhism, there is nothing, says the modern doctor, so successful in keeping mind and body young.

As an illustration of the efficacy of this theory may be mentioned a very famous grandmother of Chicago who now, at almost ninety, followed with ease the devious course of the Currency Bill; and she knows the Mexican situation so thoroughly she can tell a leading mountain from a leading rebel. Asked to explain how it came about, this marvelous old lady replies:

"I have always followed an unpopular cause. Before the war it was abolition. Then when the Emancipation Proclamation was signed I started in to support the temperance cause. By and by, though, I noticed that people were eager to listen to my friend, Frances Willard, and I had an uneasy feeling that I should have to shift, so I took up successively free silver and suffrage. Now that the Currency Bill is through and equal franchise is becoming fashionable I am adrift. It seems as though there were only one good reliable unpopular cause—and that is Mormonism."

Incidentally we may mention here that the unpopularity tonic gave to this grandmother an unceasing activity. Further than that, she kept those about her active, as is illustrated by the story that one morning her young grandson stuck his wet face out the bathroom doorway and called satirically: "Is there anything you want done before I dry my face, grandma?"

Looping the Loops of Hegel

Everywhere you go to-day this rally round the standard of some intellectual interest is noted among women past fifty. Grandma keeps up her French and can trace the most snubnosed Gallic verb to its foundation. Browning long ago took on for her the taste of a game of dominoes, and she now tires herself in the wordy loops of William James and Hegel. Classes of art, music, medicine, sociology and interior decorating all have a respectable quota of grandmothers. And several years ago a certain Chicago grandmother—not the highly galvanized one already mentioned—electrified her friends by going to Oxford to take a course in sociology.

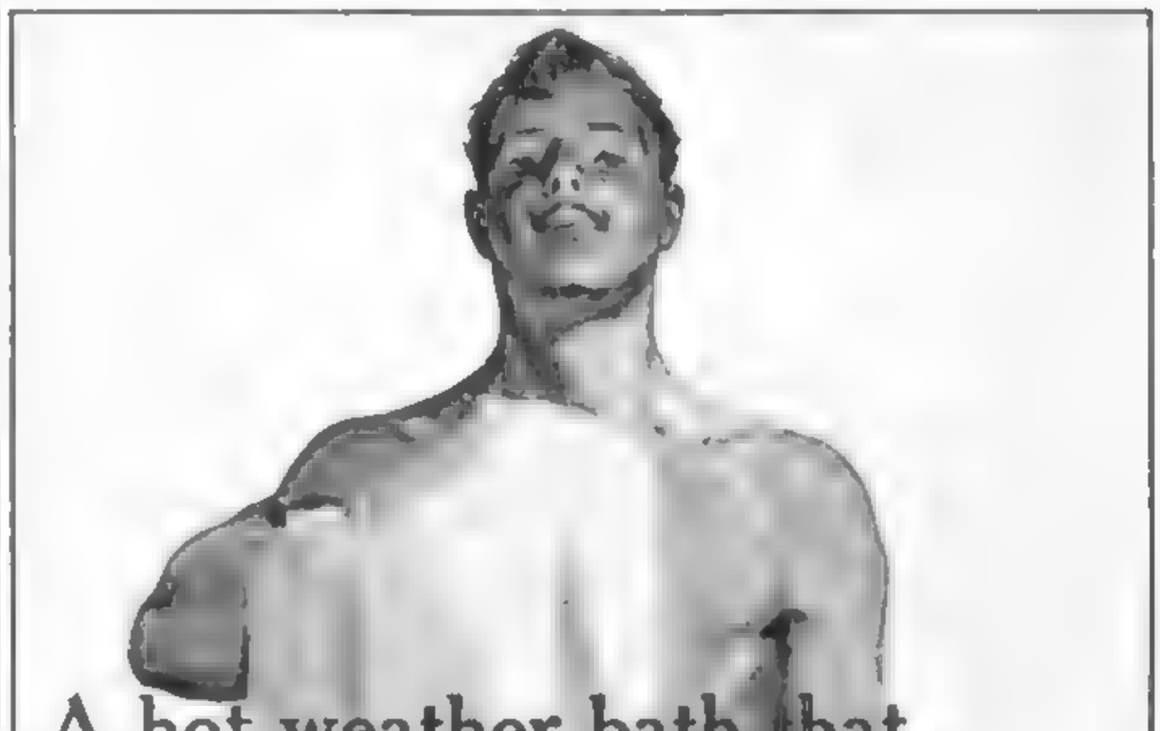
Suffrage has proved a wonderful intellectual lever to many a woman past middle age; and if we wish to assert the efficacy of the suffrage grandmother we have only to look at the heads of the movement. All these are women who, if not grandmothers in fact, are grandmothers in years. Each of them testifies not only to the mental concentration but to the actual physical endurance imposed by long and arduous campaigns.

Under the spur of the equal-franchise movement grandma's kerosene lamp, by which she was wont in other days to read the faded autograph album, has been translated into the kerosene torch which she carries in the suffrage parade; the fireside has been exchanged for the forum; and from the reticule that used to shelter those delectable yellow cookies our elderly relative now pulls forth a yellow suffrage pamphlet.

Even though you be, indeed, a double-distilled grandmother, you will not hesitate at the most acid test of suffrage. Illustrative of this point is an incident of the last great night parade in New York. Here, to the graphic strains of Everybody's Doing It! and beneath her great golden bubble of a lantern, there walked over that long stretch between Fifty-seventh Street and Union Square a tall woman, whose magnificent shoulders and back were defined by the most faultless of imported white-serge suits.

"Who is that?" whispered some one on the sidewalk, attracted by the regal bearing of this marcher.

"That?" replied the man beside her. "That is Mrs. X ——. She was a famous beauty of the Civil War."



A hot weather bath that refreshes and protects

Frequent baths with Lifebuoy Health Soap will refresh you wonderfully these hot summer days. You will not only feel thoroughly cleansed, but cooled and invigorated.

More than this, Lifebuoy contains an antiseptic solution which *protects* the skin.

Have a Lifebuoy bath tonight. See how thoroughly it cleans out your pores and *removes all perspiration odors*. Its use promotes that clear, fine complexion which only a healthy skin can have.

Get Lifebuoy at your druggist's or grocer's today. See for yourself how delightful it is to use and what a splendid effect it has on your skin.

LIFEBUOY 5c

HEALTH SOAP

If you do not find it really send 5 cents (stamps or coin) for a big generous cake to LEVER BROS. CO., Dept. S, Cambridge, Mass.

At $2.48 EACH These Bicycle Tires Are Winning the Country

Goodyear Construction — Goodyear Quality — Goodyear Guarantee — Why Pay Twice the Money for Tires That Cannot Be Made Better?

Goodyear has solved the bicycle tire problem. Which means that you can now secure a high-grade tire at about one-half the price of other standard makes.

No tire ever offered more in quality, workmanship, beauty and *service*. And riders are coming to these Goodyear-Akrons more and more through sheer force of the super-value they offer.

How It Is Done

The Goodyear tire plant is the world's largest. Here up to 10,000 pneumatic tires are made daily. Here modern methods, master equipment and expert workmen produce the best that money can buy.

Gigantic production means minimized manufacturing cost. Besides this, you get the advantage of the lower prices of best rubber. A scant of small Goodyear profit, which last year averaged 6¼ per cent

GOODYEAR AKRON Bicycle Tires

Price Difference

Such quality tires have been costing you $4.25 apiece. For a few cents more than that you get the Goodyear-Akrons.

In these tires quality governs throughout. Both the laboratory-tested rubber and fabric used are of the highest grade. The method of making is the costliest and requires the highest type of skilled labor.

Three-Fold Leadership

Goodyear leadership has been won in the field of automobile tires. Goodyear motorcycle tires equip three out of every four of this year's new machines, and hold every world's record for speed and durability. And Goodyear-Akron Bicycle tires are fast forging to the front in their field.

How To Get Them

Dealers everywhere are stocking up with Goodyear Akrons. If your dealer hasn't them order from us direct. The plain tread costs you $2.48 per pair. The Non-Skid $2.75 [illegible] tire and you see what beauty and super-quality Goodyear Akrons offer. You can pay more, but you can't get more. Also you can pay less, but poor tires are always costliest.

For utmost money value and tire value get Goodyear-Akrons.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Dept. 224, Akron, Ohio

Dealers Everywhere — Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

(1755)

Electricity and the *Thor* Washer

have solved the problem of washday in over 85,000 homes. Once you start the tireless motor the *Thor* takes care of *all* the hard work. There's no hand rubbing, no hand wringing, no actual work but hanging out the clothes, and this *mechanical servant* is always ready for work. With the

Improved *Thor* Electric Washing Machine

the clothes are washed better and quicker than when done by hand. They are washed by the reversing cylinder principle which has proven the only successful way. They come out fresh and pure, spotlessly clean, and absolutely unharmed. The entire washing of the average family is done in 90 minutes. And all it costs is just 3 cents a week for electricity. The Improved *Thor* is

Accident-Proof — Chainless — Beltless

The wringer is fitted with a safety guard which eliminates all possibility of accident. All moving parts are enclosed. Two levers control operation. It is shaft driven, no gears inside of tub. Motor is under machine, out of way. Goes through a door as narrow as 25 inches without removing any part. On easy rolling swivel casters. Handsomely white enameled. Operates from any electric light fixture.

Sent to Your Home for 2 Weeks' Free Trial

If you have electricity in your home, the Improved *Thor* will be delivered to you for 15 days' free trial. It costs you nothing and if unsatisfactory, you may send it back. Dealers everywhere sell the Improved *Thor* on small monthly payments. Write us for handsome illustrated folder.

If your dealer cannot show you a *Thor*, write us. We'll see that you get one for trial. Live dealers wanted where we are not now represented.

Hurley Machine Company

For 8 years the World's Largest Manufacturers of Electric Washing Machines for the Home.

Executive Offices: 21 So. Clinton Street, Chicago

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Representatives Wanted

We have positions for several young men and women of the right kind to assist us with our summer subscription work. These positions are only for men and women of good address, refinement and ability. Services will be paid for in cash. If you feel you are our type of person and would like to be out of doors during the warm weather, we shall be glad to consider your application.

Address letter as below, stating your qualifications.

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Heats Seven Room House

THROW away your stoves. Heat the whole house for less than you now heat a couple of rooms.

ALADDIN Quality Furnace, perfect heater, uses little fuel, burns wood, coal or coke. All sizes, warm air, steam and hot water. Write for Catalog No. F-2 today.

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North American Construction Co.
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"And who is the beautiful young woman beside her?" questioned the other.

"That is her daughter," replied the man. "She's a grandmother too."

The stage is another phase of activity that proves to the skeptical the continued powers of the woman past middle age. Formerly it might have been truly said that there was some discrimination against the actress in her fifties. Only ten years ago, in fact, we received in a sympathetic mood the complaint of that footlight personage who, relegated now to the position of nurse, beheld the man to whose Romeo she had played Juliet thirty years before tearing off the same lyric passages of the Veronese lover.

To-day, however, all this is changed. The leading woman does not grow fat and she does not play the middle-aged friend of the ingénue's mamma. Instead of that, the calcium lights on her lissome figure clad in a girlish gingham; and as she turns back from the dewy pastures of the stage background the big blue eyes and the curving red lips are alight with first love's wondrous rapture.

To assure ourselves of that fact we need not go to the world-famed French actress who has Camilled it for nearly fifty years. Our own American boards show a number of really truly grandmothers who can put over a love scene quite as convincingly as a girl of twenty-two. Nor does the rabbit's foot and the kindly pink light assume all the responsibility. On the contrary, meet one of these stage grandmothers in the glaring proximity of an afternoon tea and you will probably be surprised to learn that she has advanced even so far on life's highway as to be a mother.

Her figure will be like a young birch tree. Her hair will lie under a dreamy auburn spell. According to the very latest French style of make-up her red lips will flare against her white cheeks like a hollyhock against the clownish white of the paling fence. When she starts to play bridge she does so with a masterly regard for correct leading. When she starts to dance she shows everybody just how the Argentine tango really should be executed.

"And yet," some one whispers, "that woman has a daughter of thirty-five who is the mother of several children!"

Grandma in Europe

The grandmother who cannot be kept out of the red and green electrics over the theater door, or deprived of bridge, dancing and intellectual interest, will naturally claim all that is coming to her on the big ocean liner. Here, indeed, we see our venerable relative at her boisterous best. Who is it we hear pacing and laughing about the deck before we have had the courage to be propelled into our clothes? Who is it that gets up all the potato races and wins them? Who is it that clutches at our sickly and prostrate form, spread out like a stick of lemon candy on the chair, and urges us to run round with an egg in a teaspoon? Why, grandmama, of course! Nor does Europe bring us any respite from her activity.

Once in the fields of foreign culture our mother's mother rapidly adjusts herself to the tenuous Continental breakfast. Very soon she is taking three cathedrals and two art galleries with only the one-roll-and-one-cup-coffee power; and ere a single week has passed in a foreign city she has pursued Baedeker to the italic limits and is upbraiding him for the incompleteness of his directions. She gives herself trustfully to jaunting car, camel, donkey or funicular. She spurs our own flagging energies to the ascent of the Pyramids or of Vesuvius, and deposits us—at the end of two months' travel—a limp and lifeless burden on the shore of New York Harbor.

A woman past sixty does not, indeed, have to be taken to Europe in these days of prolonged youth. On the contrary she herself takes others; and many a woman who is literally a grandmother earns her livelihood by directing groups of twittering schoolgirls through the solemn passes of European sophistication.

Perhaps nothing so fully indicates the distance we have sped from the old-fashioned grandmother as our modern fashion of addressing this person. No longer do we rend the air with that sharply definitive word grandmother. Our methods are now softly oblique, and today the child in the household slurs over the two generations by speaking of Jessie or Louise or Bo-Peep. Not respectful, perhaps; but then the present-day grandmother solicits respect no more than she does the black silk basque and tie-bonnet of a former generation!

The ideal summer garters are

They hold up your socks snug. They're light in weight, strong in support. Good, live elastic web is the best way to hold up your socks. "Tailored to fit the leg."

All dealers have **PARIS** —insist upon them.
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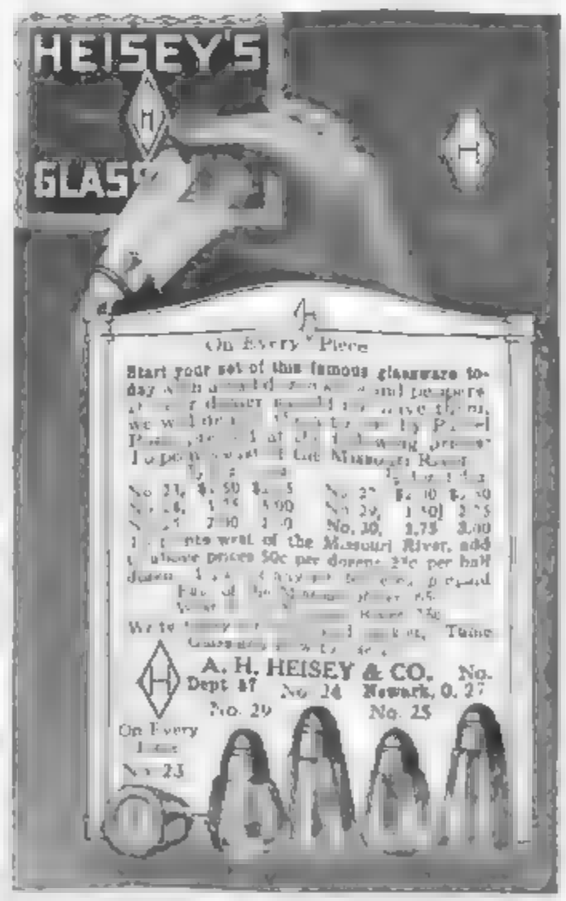

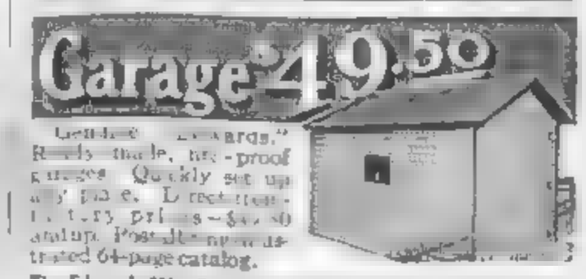

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Quality, not price, sells

The Jeffery Chesterfield Six

The kind of a man who demands a light Six for economy will be careful not to buy a Six that is light in quality also, even at a difference of a couple of hundred dollars. One Jeffery feature alone, the worm drive, is worth that difference.

The owner of a Jeffery Chesterfield Six is respected for his judgment of quality and style by the motor-wise owners of cars of every price.

First, because everybody knows that he has bought *quality*—all the quality he could get, no matter how much he paid.

Second, because he has bought *style*. This car has the graceful lines of the best foreign cars. It is a style carriage. He does not refer to it as his "machine."

Third, because back of his choice is the splendid, big Jeffery plant and organization, with five million and a half in assets, and three million dollars invested in the kind of modern machinery that builds the best motor cars most economically.

These are the things which make a man justly proud of his motor car. With these elements back of his choice, he need not apologize to his friends. His car is not, in itself, an acknowledgment that he could not afford to buy a car of *quality*, *style* and *comfort*.

On the other hand, his car is evidence that he dares to enjoy this *quality*, *style* and *comfort*, without paying two or three times what is necessary to get it, in a Jeffery Chesterfield Six.

The Jeffery Chesterfield Six is a car which makes its appeal to people of good taste, as well as good judgment. All that need be said of it mechanically is that it is the distinguished companion of the Jeffery Four. The Four, you know, is the car in which the high-speed, high efficiency motor was introduced into America—the car that changed the trend of motor car design in this country.

You should know all about the Chesterfield Six. You should experience the atmosphere of refined taste and dignified simplicity in the simple lines of the body, the richness of the leather upholstery, and even in the harmony of the carpet, robe rail, foot rest and other appointments.

You should realize that the worm drive rear axle,—an exclusive feature—contributes that noiseless operation so striven for by manufacturers of electric vehicles.

The motor is the high-speed, high-efficiency bloc type, 35-42 h. p. The Bijur two-unit, starting and lighting system is used by the most popular high-priced car in America. There is a four-speed and reverse transmission, full-floating rear axle, three-plate, dry-disc clutch, Rich Tungsten steel valves, and imported annular ball bearings.

The accessories are those which perfect service, on the best cars in the world, have made the vogue, or style, in their respective fields. Among these are: Bosch ignition, Rayfield carburetor, cantilever springs, Gemmer steering gear, Spicer universals, Daimler leather coupling, one-man top, Collins curtains, Stewart speedometer and Klaxet horn.

There are literally scores of other things which you should know about this car, and which will make you wonder how it can be sold at so slight an advance in price over some of these assembled "light" Sixes of the more common American streamline appearance, and lacking the elements of quality which we have briefly enumerated as those of the Chesterfield Six.

We will send you an advance Booklet containing several views and a description of this "Leader Among Sixes," if you will ask for it.

The Jeffery Chesterfield Six, $1650

THE JEFFERY FOUR, the car which introduced the European high-speed, high-efficiency motor into America, **$1450**

THE JEFFERY "BIG SIX," Chesterfield body, 7 passenger, for the man who wants a larger car, **$2400**

A beautiful poster is ready for dealers.

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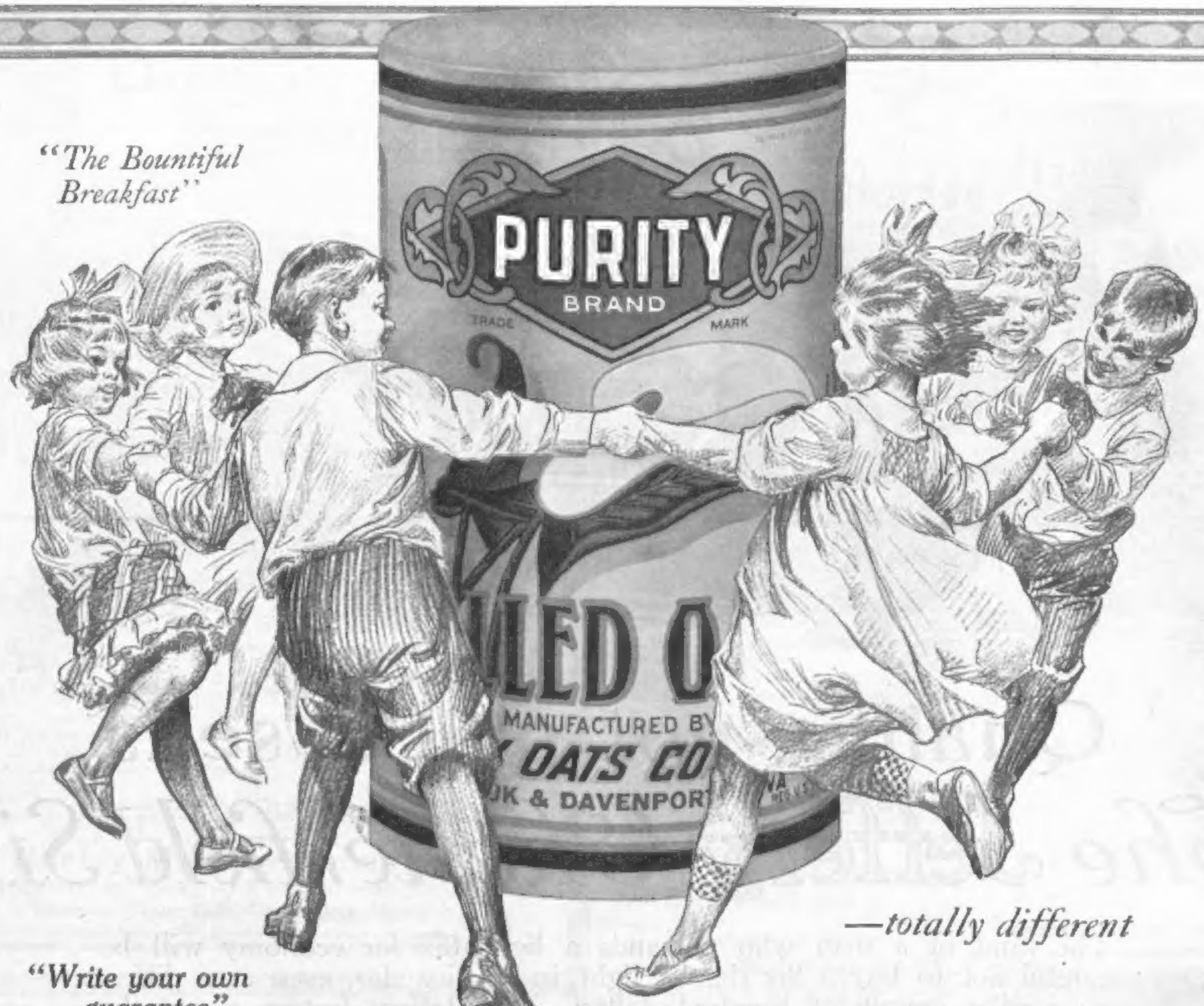


—totally different

PURITY OATS

—the summer breakfast that's worth while for the youngsters—and for you

HERE are oats that are "*totally different.*" Made by a new process which eliminates the indigestible portion. Each flake is perfectly sterilized. A new delicacy of flavor is added—and, above all, PURITY OATS are *easily digested.*

Even a dyspeptic can eat PURITY OATS. Leading hospitals serve them exclusively. They're always fresh, clean and good—the flavor is *delightful.*

PURITY OATS come to you fresh and in perfect condition, in the round, paraffine-lined Purity package, which we originated. It's moisture-tight and practically air-tight. *Try* these fresh, clean, delicious oats—an appetizing, strengthening breakfast.

Order PURITY OATS today of your grocer

If you have not felt safe in buying rolled oats in August, let PURITY OATS convince you that at last you can have your favorite cereal in perfect condition in the hot days. They are made germ-free, kept germ-free, and guaranteed in any climate against the common defects of most cereals.

If for any reason you cannot get them at your grocer's, send us his name and address, together with 60 cents (90 cents in extreme West and South), and we will send you six packages of PURITY OATS, prepaid. Your grocer will receive his regular profit on this sale.

Send today. "It's always safe to buy PURITY OATS in large quantities."

"Write your own guarantee"

Purchase a package of PURITY OATS.

Note the freedom from hulls and shorts.

You will find PURITY OATS perfectly sterilized.

You will find the PURITY OATS package to contain *positively clean* oats.

You will find each flake slightly toasted and parched, retaining the original nut-like flavor of the grain.

You will find PURITY OATS will cook in one-half the usual time and that every particle is digestible.

You will find PURITY OATS the most palatable.

You will find the sanitary round package—original with us—in perfect condition or your money will be refunded.

Since PURITY OATS were first made, we have said to dealers everywhere, "*Write your own guarantee and we will cheerfully sign it.*"

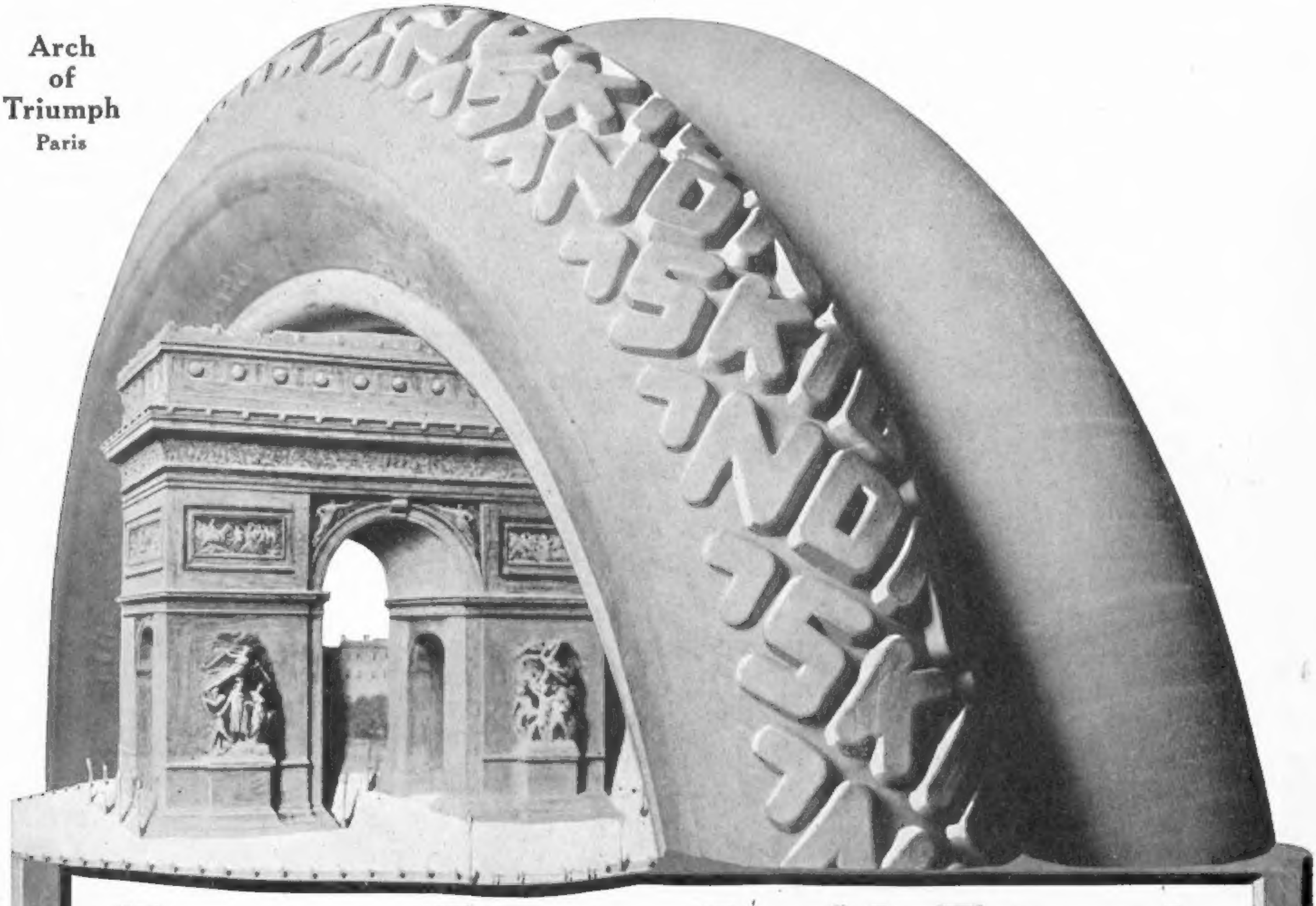
In all this time no guarantee or promise of ours ever has been amended or rescinded. This same offer and pledge is made to *each consumer of PURITY OATS.*

PURITY OATS must please you *best of all* or your grocer is instructed to return your money.

PURITY OATS COMPANY

Rich
PRESIDENT

Davenport, Iowa **Purity Oats Company** Keokuk, Iowa



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—the triumph of Firestone manufacturing and marketing efficiency, as proved by the price lists of eight other makers of any reputation.

The triumphant quality of Firestone tires, the extra mileage, safety and comfort cost you no more than the average. The law of specialized production and the law of volume give you that advantage.

The picked tire specialists of America, with the matchless facilities of America's largest exclusive tire factory, save you enough in manufacture to give you more in quality and quantity.

Make the Firestone advantage in production your advantage in buying. Get the extra rubber, fabric and workmanship in Firestones at the price of ordinary tires.

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"NO, SAH! AH DON'T WANT NO 'STUBSTUTE'. AH WANT CREAM O' WHEAT."

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